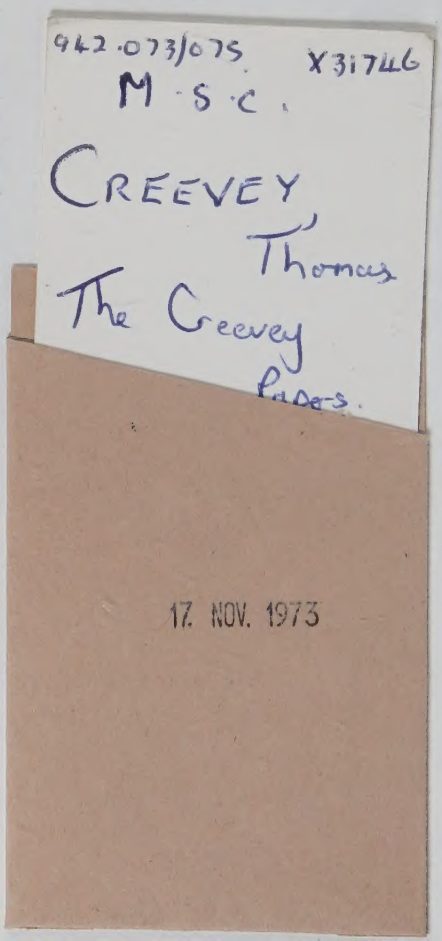
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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

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Thomas Creevey.

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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

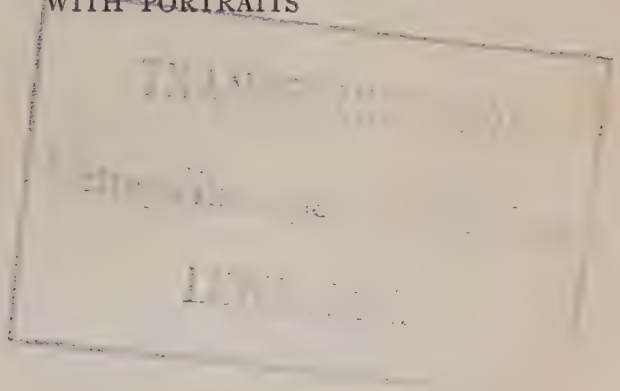
A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE & DIARIES OF THE LATE THOMAS CREEVEY, M.P.

BORN 1768—DIED 1838

EDITED BY
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL
BART., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS



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INTRODUCTION.

"How little," exclaims Mr. Birrell, in his recent memoir of William Hazlitt, "how little is it we know about the character of a dead man we never saw!" Little enough, as a rule, of the performer, even when the part he has played has been historical; still less when his natural gifts have not availed to raise him to distinction, or circumstances refused him a place above the common run of his kind. Nevertheless it is given to certain men of subordinate importance in their day so to reveal themselves in correspondence or, more rarely, in their journals, as to leave upon him who, in after years, shall stir the venerable store and decipher the faded pages, an impression of their personality so vivid as to convince him of the writer's character and motives.

Of such was Thomas Creevey, sometime member of Parliament for Thetford, and afterwards for Appleby —both of them pocket boroughs of the most unregenerate type. He was born in Liverpool in March, 1768, and certain allusions in his correspondence seem to show that his parents were natives of Ireland. But Creevey himself seems to have been pretty much in

the dark as to his own origin. He formed an early and intimate friendship with Dr. J. Currie, a distinguished physician and leading citizen of Liverpool,* who writes as follows in 1803:—

"Well, I know all about your birth and parentage. You came originally from Galloway in Scotland, and settled on the Irish coast right opposite, within sight of the sweet country you had left—you are of an ancient Scottish family in that county, now nearly extinct (except that it revives in your own person) to whom belonged the castle and manor of Castle Creevey near Glenluce (with which I am perfectly acquainted) now in the family of Lord Selkirk, I believe. Then your grandfather who was an officer in the army, if not born was certainly begotten in Scotland, and as far as Mrs. Eaton and I can ascertain the fact, in the very town of Dumfries—but that we won't be sure of.—And to come to the point, it would not be at all surprising if in the last 500 years some of our ancestors had joined issue together, and if our great-grandfathers, ten or twenty times removed, had been one and the same person!"

Now in one respect, at least, the learned doctor's statements herein will not bear examination. Castle Creavie, indeed, is in Galloway; but it is not near Glenluce, which is in Wigtownshire (Western Galloway), and it never belonged to the family of Lord Selkirk. It is a farm in Rerwick parish, in the Stewartry of Kircudbright (Eastern Galloway), distant fully fifty miles from Glenluce, and has been owned successively by different families; but not since 1646, at least, by any of the name of Creevey or Creavie. Neither is there, nor has there

* James Currie, M.D. [1756–1805], son of a Scottish minister, emigrated to Virginia in 1771, where he studied medicine. Returning to Great Britain in 1777, he continued his studies at Edinburgh University, and ultimately became the chief exponent of the cold-water cure, and the advocate of thermometrical observations in fever.

been, any castle there, although the prefix doubtless was derived from a couple of pre-historic hill forts, of which the mounds remain on the north and east of the present farmhouse.*

This Thomas Creevey was educated at a grammar school at Hackney—"old School Lane," he calls it—and at Cambridge; after which he read law at Gray's Inn. The voluminous correspondence and journals left by him afford no explanation of how he obtained in 1802 the Duke of Norfolk's nomination for the snug little borough of Thetford with its thirty-one docile electors. That year was notable for another important event in his life, namely, his marriage with the widow of William Ord, Esq., of Fenham, Newminster Abbey, and Whitfield. This lady, who was the daughter of Charles Brandling, Esq., of Gosforth House, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, was possessed of comfortable, if not of considerable, means. To her first husband she had borne two sons and four daughters; and one of these daughters, Elizabeth Ord, who never married, became her step-father's confidante and favourite correspondent. After their mother's death in 1818, the Miss Ords lived at Rivenhall in Essex, and in Cheltenham; and Miss Elizabeth corresponded regularly with Mr. Creevey, whose industry and volubility in response are truly amazing. A large proportion of the following pages are filled with extracts from these letters—extracts which probably do not amount to more than one-fiftieth of the whole. As time went on, Mr. Creevey conceived the idea of compiling a history of his own times, and used to tell Miss Elizabeth Ord to keep his letters, "for," said he,

* *Land and their Owners in Galloway*, by P. H. McKerlie, vol. v. p. 113.

"in future times the Creevey Papers may form a curious collection."

In regard to the papers as a whole, Miss Ord faithfully observed her step-father's instructions. They have been admirably kept; many of them having been copied out in her clear, pretty handwriting—an immense advantage to the present editor, for Mr. Creevey's penmanship was simply execrable. It is characteristic of such matters that some of the events and episodes of which Creevey thought it most important to leave a detailed record, have parted with much of their moment, having received full explanation and description from other sources. What the modern reader is most likely to enjoy are the gossip of a bygone day, side-lights on society of the late Georgian era, and traits and illustrations of persons who figured prominently on the stage of public life. Creevey was admirably equipped as a purveyor of such information. His activity must have been as ceaseless as his curiosity was insatiable. His was one of those active intellects not of the first, nor even of the second, order, amassing details of the busy life in which they are cast, recording traits and chronicling episodes whereon the greater actors have no attention to bestow or time to dwell, and revealing his private motives and animosities with an almost Pepysian frankness. A very poor man most of his days, for with his wife Creevey lost whatever income she brought to him, he must have had social and conversational powers of no mean order to attract the endless hospitality of which he was the subject, and which he was wholly unable to return. The repository of innumerable confidences from persons of both sexes, it must be confessed that he was not always very

scrupulous in observing the seal of secrecy, neither has it appeared expedient, even at this distance of time, to dispense with a severe system of selection in dealing with his *chronique scandaleuse.*

It is natural to compare a collection such as this with the well-known "Croker Papers" which have already seen the light, and indeed they cover much the same ground, but from an opposite point of view. John Wilson Croker was a Tory, and his party were in office during the long, weary years when it was the lot of Thomas Creevey and his friends to gnash their teeth in opposition. The two men probably were of not unequal calibre. Creevey had not the literary turn of Croker; but it was opportunity alone which prevented him becoming at least as distinguished a legislator as the other; and, had the fortune and position of parties been reversed, Creevey would, in all likelihood, have attained to higher office than Croker ever filled. He had been but four years in Parliament when, after Fox's death, the brief "All-the-Talents" Ministry was formed, and in this he received the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. By the time his party came into power again, Creevey was sixty-two, and had lost his seat; but his services received instant recognition by his appointment, despite his age, first to the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and afterwards to that of Greenwich Hospital.

If any evidence were wanting as to the disunion and its causes, which sapped the efficacy of the Whig opposition during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, it is amply forthcoming in Creevey's letters, and nobody can complain that it is not expressed in forcible enough language. It must ever be

a source of wonder to the student of history how the Tory Government weathered the stress and storm of those years. For twenty years a mighty war, taxing to the utmost the physical resources of a population not exceeding fifteen millions, was sustained at the cost of a crushing increment of debt. The fall in prices suddenly ensuing upon the peace of 1815, plunged the whole agricultural community into dire distress, and was accompanied by an almost total cessation of continental demand for British manufactures, arising from the utter loss of buying power in foreign markets, which involved the artisan population in the terrible distress. Nor was this all, though well it might be reckoned enough to bring about the fall of any administration. Ministers groaned under the affliction of a mad King and a deplorable Regent. The whole heart of the nation was stirred against the Administration by reason of the part assigned to Ministers in the proceedings against Queen Caroline. How was it that they survived a single session?

The answer may be clearly read in Creevey's correspondence. First, in regard to the war, the people were practically of one mind—*to see it through.* It has ever been so in our country, and please God it ever shall be so! Once let the drums beat the point of war, and they rouse an echo in British hearts which dies not away till the thing has been carried to a finish. Men will not listen to those counsellors who would have them believe that the policy which led to war was foolish or wrong—nay, they will not pause to weigh even the justice of the cause. Of all sentiments, patriotism is perhaps one of those least amenable to reason—the least calculating; those that hesitate in the crisis, still more those who carp and

thwart, become by force of circumstance and quite apart from their own honesty of opinion, the anti-national party. We have seen the same in every great war that it has been the lot of England to wage; and it is the knowledge of this and the feeling that lies deepest in every Briton's heart, that disorganises opposition at such times. The extreme men move resolutions which the moderate men will not support; then, when the moderates agree upon a line of action, the others stand resentfully aloof. Perhaps the most interesting and instructive political passages in these papers are those in which are revealed the most secret counsels of the opposition, and the course of action which repeatedly saved Lord Liverpool's administration from shipwreck.

References to Thomas Creevey in the published writings of his contemporaries are few, and for the most part slight. The fullest notice I have encountered is in some passages in the Journal of Charles Greville—he of whom it has been written

> "For forty years he listened at the door,
> He heard some secrets, and invented more."

Writing in 1829, he has the following:—

"Old Creevey is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister; he married a widow, who died a few years ago; she had something, he nothing; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs, displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humour, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory Government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year or

less; no home, few connections, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes; no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys everything as he wants it at the place he is at; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing."*

Again in 1838:—

"*Feb. 20th.*—I made no allusion to the death of Creevey at the time it took place, about a fortnight ago, having said something about him elsewhere. Since that period he had got into a more settled way of life. He was appointed to one of the Ordnance offices by Lord Grey, and subsequently by Lord Melbourne to the Treasurership of Greenwich Hospital, with a salary of £600 a year and a house. As he died very suddenly, and none of his connexions were at hand, Lord Sefton sent to his lodgings and (in conjunction with Vizard the solicitor) caused all his papers to be sealed up. It was found that he had left a woman who had lived with him for four years as his mistress, his sole executrix and residuary legatee (the value of which was very small, not more than £300 or £400), and to all the papers which he had left behind him. These last are exceedingly valuable, for he had kept a copious diary for thirty-six years, had preserved all his own and Mrs. Creevey's letters, and copies or originals of a vast miscellaneous correspondence. The only person who is acquainted with the contents of these papers is his daughter-in-law, whom he had

* *Greville Memoirs*, i. 235.

frequently employed to copy papers for him, and she knows how much there is of delicate and interesting matter, the publication of which would be painful and embarrassing to many people now alive, and make very inconvenient and premature revelations upon private and confidential matters. . . . Then there is Creevey's own correspondence with various people, especially with Brougham, which evidently contains things which Brougham is anxious to suppress, for he has taken pains to prevent the papers from falling into the hands of any person likely to publish them, and has urged Vizard to get possession of them either by persuasion, or purchase, or both. In point of fact, they are now in Vizard's hands, and it is intended by him and Brougham, probably with the concurrence of others, to buy them of Creevey's mistress ; though who is to become the owner of the documents, or what the stipulated price, and what their contemplated destination, I do not know. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that the woman has behaved with the utmost delicacy and propriety, has shown no mercenary disposition, but expressed her desire to be guided by the wishes and opinions of Creevey's friends and connexions, and to concur in whatever measures may be thought best by them with reference to the character of Creevey, and the interests and feelings of those who might be affected by the contents of the papers. Here is a strange situation in which to find a rectitude of conduct, a moral sentiment, a grateful and disinterested liberality, which would do honour to the highest birth, the most careful cultivation and the strictest principle. It would be a hundred to one against any individual in the ordinary ranks of society and of average good character acting with such entire absence of selfishness, and I cannot help being struck with the contrast between the motives and disposition of those who want to get hold of these papers, and of this poor woman who is ready to give them up. They—well knowing that in the present thirst for the sort of information Creevey's journals and correspondence contain, a very large sum might be obtained for them—are endeavouring to drive the best bargain they can with her for their own particular ends, while she puts her whole confidence in them,

and only wants to do what they tell her she ought to do under the circumstances of the case."

A couple of years later, Greville has a further reference to Creevey.

"12*th March*, 1840.—Her Majesty went out last night to the Ancient Concert (which she particularly dislikes), so I got Melbourne to dine with me, and he stayed talking till 12 o'clock. . . . He expressed his surprise that anybody should write a journal. . . . He talked of Creevey's journal, and of that which Dover is supposed to have left behind him. . . . He said Creevey had been very shrewd, but exceedingly bitter and malignant."

Mrs Blackett Ord, of Whitfield, whose husband was the grandson of Mr. Creevey's eldest step-daughter, Anne, by her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, having entrusted to me the task of examining these papers, and preparing for the press such parts of them as should seem worthy of publication, I have endeavoured to let Mr. Creevey tell his own story as much as possible, connecting the extracts only by such explanatory paragraphs as may serve to refresh the memory of the reader. The "copious diary" referred to by Charles Greville has not come into my hands with the letters. If it ever existed in fact, Lord Brougham probably succeeded in his attempt to get hold of it, for it is only brief and broken periods that are covered by anything of that kind in Creevey's handwriting.

In respect to orthography, I have thought it better to retain the characteristic archaisms of the period, such as "chuse," "compleatly," and "politicks." Misspellings of proper names, such as "Wyndham" for "Windham," I have altered for the sake of

identification, and ordinary slips in spelling have also been rectified. Words and sentences enclosed in marks of parentheses ( ) stand so in the original; those added by myself to supplement the meaning will be found in square brackets [ ].

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MONREITH, 1903.

NICKNAMES USED BY MR. CREEVEY TO DESIGNATE SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

Atty . . .	Lord Arthur Hill, 2nd son of 2nd Marquess of Downshire, and afterwards succeeded his mother as Lord Sandys.
Arch-fiend, The .	See *Beelzebub.*
Barney . . .	12th Duke of Norfolk. See also *Twitch* and *Scroop.*
Beau, The . .	The Duke of Wellington.
Beelzebub . .	Henry, 1st Lord Brougham and Vaux. See also *Bruffam*, *The Arch-fiend*, and *Wicked-shifts.*
Billy, Old . .	4th Earl Fitzwilliam.
Billy, Our . .	William IV.
Billy Russell . .	Lord William Russell, brother of 5th Duke of Bedford.
Bogey . . .	Lord Grenville.
Bruffam . . .	See *Beelzebub.*
Calibre, Old or *Lord*	Mr. Western, M.P., created Lord Western in 1833.
Cheerful Charlie .	5th Duke of Rutland.
Ciss . . .	Lady Cecilia Buggin, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Arran and widow of Sir George Buggin, married in 1826 to H.R.H. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, and was created Duchess of Inverness in 1840.
Clunch . . .	Lord Althorp.
Cole, Mrs. . .	Mr. Tierney.

Cole, Young . .	Hon. James Abercromby, elected Speaker in 1835 and created Lord Dunfermline in 1839.
Comical Bob . .	Lord Robert Spencer, brother of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough.
Cupid . . .	Viscount Palmerston.
Dear Eddard . .	Hon. Robert Edward Petre.
Denny . . .	Mr. Denison of Denbies.
Doctor, The . .	Right Hon. Henry Addington, created Viscount Sidmouth in 1805.
Fergy . . .	General Ronald Ferguson of Raith.
Frog, The . .	King William I. of Holland.
Frog, Young . .	The Prince of Orange.
Frothy . . .	Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P.
Gooserump . .	The 6th Earl of Carlisle.
Jack the Painter .	Right Hon. T. Spring Rice, created Lord Monteagle in 1839.
Jaffa . . .	General Sir Robert Wilson.
Jenky . . .	Lord Liverpool.
Jockey, The . .	The 11th Duke of Norfolk.
King Jog . .	J. G. Lambton of Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham.
King Tom . .	Thomas Coke of Holkham, afterwards Earl of Leicester.
Madagascar . .	Lady Holland.
Merryman, The .	Mr. Canning.
Mouldy . . .	Lord Bexley.
Mrs. P. . . .	The Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline).
Mull . . .	Lord Molyneux, son of the 3rd Earl of Sefton.
Niffy-naffy . .	Earl of Darlington, afterwards 1st Duke of Cleveland.
Og or *Ogg* . .	The 2nd Lord Kensington.
Old Nobs . .	George III.
Old Sally or *Dow. Sally*	Mary Amelia, Marchioness of Salisbury.
Old Stiff-rump or *The Squire*	Mr. Western, M. P., afterwards Lord Western.
Pet, The . . .	3rd Earl of Sefton.
P., Young . .	Princess Charlotte of Wales.
Pie and Thimble .	Lord John Russell.

Pop, The . .	Countess of Darlington, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland.
Prinney . . .	The Prince of Wales (George IV.).
Punch . . .	Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council.
Roscius . . .	Lord Henry Petty, afterwards 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne.
Sally . . .	Sarah, Countess of Jersey.
Sally, Old or *Dow.*	Mary Amelia, Marchioness of Salisbury.
Scroop . . .	The 12th Duke of Norfolk.
Slice . . .	H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.
Snip . . .	Right Hon. Thomas Robinson, successively Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon.
Snipe . . .	Princess Lieven.
Snoutch . . .	Not identified.
Squire, The, or *Old Stiff-rump*	Mr. Western, M.P., afterwards Lord Western.
Suss . . .	H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.
Spinning Jenny .	Sir Robert Peel.
Taffy . . .	Lord Dinorbin.
Twitch . . .	The 12th Duke of Norfolk.
Vandernoot, Old .	William Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham.
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THE CREEVEY PAPERS.

CHAPTER I.

1793–1804.

The earliest letter preserved in the huge mass of Mr. Creevey's correspondence is a very brief one; but it strikes the note which carried dismay and indignation into every court in Europe, and was the prelude to twenty years of widespread war.

Hon. Charles Grey, M.P. [afterwards 2nd Earl Grey], to Mrs. Ord.

"24th Jan., 1793.

"Dear Mrs. Ord,

"I have only a moment before the post goes out. . . . An account is come that the King of France was executed on Monday morning. Everything in Paris bore the appearance of another tumult and massacre. Bad as I am thought, I cannot express the horror I feel at this atrocity.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. Grey.

"War is certain, and—God grant we may not all lament the consequences of it!"

There are few letters during the remaining years of the eighteenth century referring to anything except

private affairs of little interest. Dr. J. Currie of Liverpool wrote pretty regularly to Mr. Creevey, who seems to have been reading for the Bar at this time.

Dr. Currie to Thomas Creevey.

"Liverpool, 30th Dec., 1795.

". . . I once thought you a modest fellow—now I laugh at the very idea of it. Upon my soul, Creevey, it was all a damned hum. What with your election songs and your rompings—what with your carousings with the men and your bamboozlings with the women, you are a most complete hand indeed. Widow, wife, or maid, it is all one to you. . . . If you go on in this way, and keep out of Doctors Commons, the Lord knows what you may rise to. . . ."

"17th Dec., 1798.

". . . I am, I assure you, deeply concerned to hear that you think so poorly of Dr. Tennant's health; and perfectly disturbed to think that he has had any trouble about my thermometers.* The truth is I wished to avail myself of his intuitive skill in framing an instrument free of all exception for taking heat in contagious diseases where approach is hazardous. But since he left us . . . I have so far succeeded in constructing a *sensible* [? sensitive] instrument with Six's iron index as to answer my purpose. . . . I have done very little but read Voltaire since I saw you. He is an exquisite fellow. One thing in him is peculiarly striking—his clear knowledge of the limits of the human understanding. He pursues his game as far as the scent carries him, but no further. Where this fails, he turns off with a jest, that marks distinctly where a wise man ought to stop. . . . You know, my dear fellow, I owe the delight of reading him to you."

* The most enduring part of Dr. Currie's work as a physician consists in the advance he made in the use of the thermometer in fevers.

"20th Jan., 1801.

". . . I envy you the company you keep. When you tell me of meeting Erskine, Parr and Mackintosh familiarly, I sigh at my allotment in this corner of the Island. It is impossible not to rust here, even if one had talents of a better kind. In London, and perhaps there only, practice and exercise keep men polished and bright. . . . So you are become an intimate friend of Lady Oxford. My dear Creevey—these women—these beautiful women—are the devil's most powerful temptation—but I will not moralize, on paper at least. . . ."

In 1802 Mr. Creevey was returned to Parliament as member for Thetford, a pocket borough in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk. How he obtained this nomination there is no evidence to show; but he was an enthusiastic Whig of the advanced type which was about to reject that time-worn title, and adopt the more expressive one of Radical. Indeed, the animosity of this section against the old Whigs, under the lead of Lord Grenville, was almost as intense as it was against the Tories under Pitt.

Sir Francis Burdett, M.P., to Mr. Creevey, M.P.

"Piccadilly, August 18th, 1802.

"My dear Creevey,

"I have scarcely time to turn round, but will not defer sending a line in answer to your very kind letter—as I am entirely of your opinion in every point. I look upon your advice as excellent, and intend consequently to follow it. You know by this time the Petition is taken out of my hands, in a manner most flattering and honourable. The conduct of the Sheriffs I believe quite unprecedented, but whether they will be punished, protected or rewarded exceeds my sagacity to foretell, perhaps both the latter.

"I regard the issue of this contest exactly in the same light as you do—a subject of great triumph and not of mortification. My friend is compleatly satisfied.

I have done my duty and the Public acknowledge it—surely this is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of an honest man.

"I, however, cannot help envying you your happiness and comfort, and wish most heartily I was of the party. You cannot think how friendly Ord was nor how much I feel obliged to him—we used his house, but I hope not injure it.

"Sherry is quite grown loving again; he came here yesterday with all sorts of [*illegible*] from the Prince, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c., &c.; it is a year and half, I believe before this Election, since we almost spoke. Mrs. Sheridan came one day on the Hastings, and was much delighted and entertained at being hailed by the multitude as Mrs. Burdétt. . . .

"Yours sincerely,
"F. BURDETT."

Mr. Creevey, M.P., to Dr. Currie.

"Great Cumberland Place, 8th Nov., 1802.

". . . The Grenvilles are in great spirits; the *Morning Post*, and *Morning Chronicle* too, are strongly suspected of being in their pay, and to-day it is said Tom Grenville is to be started as Speaker against Abbott. Great are the speculations about Pitt: it is asserted that he is fonder of his relations [the Grenvilles] than the Doctor,* but I hear of no authority for this opinion. I, for one, if they try their strength in the choice of a Speaker, tho' I detest Abbott, will vote for him or anybody else supported by Addington, in opposition to a Grenville or a Pittite. I am affraid of this damned Addington being bullied out of his pacific disposition. He will be most cursedly run at, and he has neither talents to command open coadjutors, nor sufficient skill in intriguing to acquire private ones. Still I think we cannot surely be pushed again into the field of battle.

"Now for France—all the world has been there, and various is the information imported from thence.

* The Right Hon. Henry Addington, created Viscount Sidmouth in 1805. He was nicknamed "the Doctor" because his father was a physician.

Whishaw was my first historian, and I think the worst. He was at Paris only a fortnight, but he travelled through France. I apprehend, either from a scanty supply of the language or of proper introductions, he has been merely a stage coach traveller. He has seen soldiers in every part of his tour, and superintending every department of the Government . . . and has returned quite scared out of his wits at the dreadful power and villainy of the French Government. . . . Romilly* is my next relator, and much more amusing. His private friends were the Liancourts, de la Rochefoucaults, &c., and he dined at different times with Talleyrand, Berthier, and all the other Ministers at their houses. Ministers, however, and statesmen are alike in all countries; they alone are precluded from telling you anything about the country in whose service they are, and emigrants are too insecure to indulge any freedom in conversation. Romilly's account, therefore, as one might suppose, makes his society of Paris the most gloomy possible. He says at Talleyrand's table, where you have such magnificence as was never seen before in France, the Master of the House, who as an exile in England without a guinea was the pleasantest of Men, in France and in the midst of his prosperity sits the most melancholy picture apparently of sorrow and despair. Romilly sat next to Fox at Talleyrand's dinner, and had all his conversation to himself; but not a word of public affairs—all *vertu* and French *belles lettres*. Romilly would not grace the court of Buonaparte, but left Paris with as much detestation of him and his Government as Whishaw, and with much more reason.

"But the great lion of all upon the subject of Paris is Mackintosh.† He has really seen most entertaining things and people. He, too, dined with Ministers, and has held a long consultation with the Consul‡

* Samuel Romilly, K.C., entered Parliament in 1806, appointed Solicitor-General, and was knighted. An ardent Reformer, and father of the first Lord Romilly, he committed suicide in 1818.

† Sir James Mackintosh [1765–1832], barrister, philosopher, and politician.

‡ Bonaparte.

upon the Norman and English laws; but his means of living with the active people of France has far exceeded that of any other English. I think his most valuable acquaintance must have been Madame de Souza. She is a Frenchwoman, was a widow, and is now the wife of the Portuguese ambassador. She is the friend and companion and confidante of Madame Buonaparte, and satisfied all Mackintosh's enquiries respecting her friend and her husband the Consul. Her history to Mackintosh (confirmed by Madame Cabarenne, late Madame Tallien) of Madame Buonaparte and her husband is this.—Madame Buonaparte is a woman nearly fifty, of singular good temper, and without a little of intrigue. She is a Creole, and has large West India possessions. On these last accounts it was that she was married by the Viscount Beauharnois—a lively nobleman about the old Court; and both in his life and since his death his wife remained a great favorite in Paris.

"Immediately previous to the directorial power being established in 1795, the Sections all rose upon the Convention or Assembly, whatever it was, in consequence of an odious vote or decree they had made. At this period, no general would incur the risque of an unsuccessful attack upon the Sections; Buonaparte alone, who was known only from having served at the siege of Toulon, being then in Paris, said if any General would lend him a coat, he would fight the Sections. He put his coat on; he peppered the Sections with grape shot; the establishment of the Directory was the consequence to them, and to him in return they gave the command of the army of Italy.* He became, therefore, the fashion, and was asked to meet good company, and he was asked to Tallien's to put him next the widow Beauharnois, that he might vex Hoche, who was then after her and her fortune. Madame Tallien did so, and the new lovers were

* Napoleon's own report upon the suppression of the Sections places the responsibility of the act upon Barras, who employed him merely as a good artillery officer. Before being appointed to the command of the army in Italy, in 1796, Bonaparte was rewarded, in 1795, for his action against the Sections by succeeding Barras in command of the army of the Interior.

married in ten days. She never was Barras' mistress; Madame Cabarenne (Tallien that was) told Mackintosh that was calumny, for that she herself was his mistress at that very time.* Madame de Souza says no one but Madame Buonaparte could live with the Consul; he is subject to fits of passion, bordering upon derangement, and upon the appearance of one of these distempered freaks of his, he is left by all about him to his fate and to the effects of time. It is a service of great danger, even in his milder moments, to propose anything to him, and it is from his wife's forbearance in both ways that she can possibly contrive to have the respect she meets with from him.

"Every wreck of the different parties in France for the last ten years that is now to be found in Paris, Mackintosh met and lived familiarly with—La Fayette, [*illegible*], Jean Bon Saint-André, Barthelemy, Camille Jourdan, Abbé Morelaix, Fouché, Boissy Danglas, &c., &c. Tallien† no one visits of his countrymen; his conversations with Mackintosh, if one had not his authority, surpass belief. His only lamentation over the revolution was its want of success, and that it should be on account of only *half* measures having been adopted. He almost shed tears at the mention of Danton, whom he styled *bon enfant*, and as a man of great promise.

"Mackintosh dined at Barthelemy's the banker—the brother of the ex-director—with a pleasant party. The ex-director was there, and next to him sat Fouché—now a senator—but who formerly, as Minister of Police, actually *deported* the ex-director to Cayenne. There was likewise a person there who told M. he had seen Fouché ride full gallop to preside at some celebrated massacre, with a pair of *human ears* stuck one on each side of his hat.‡ The conversation of

* The beautiful Madame de Tallien, previously Comtesse de Fontenay, was as fickle as she was frail, for she was also the mistress of the rich banker Ouvrard. Tallien obtained a divorce in 1802, and she married the Prince de Chimay.

† Jean Lambert Tallien, one of the chief organisers and bloodiest agents of the Terror, leader in the overthrow of Robespierre.

‡ Joseph Fouché, afterwards Duc d'Otranto, had as yet but accomplished half his cycle of cynical tergiversation, which brought him to

this notable assembly was as charming as the performers themselves; it turned principally upon the blessings of peace and humanity,

"All the others whom I have mentioned above have no connection with Fouché or Tallien, and are reasonable men, perfectly unrestrained in their conversation, quite anti-Buonapartian, and as much devoted to England. To such men Fox has given great surprise by his conversation, as he has given offence to his friends here. He talks publicly of Liberty being *asleep* in France, but *dead* in England. He will be attacked in the House of Commons certainly, and I think will find it difficult to justify himself. He has been damned imprudent."

At the time of Creevey's entrance to the House of Commons, Pitt was in seclusion. He had retired from office in March, 1801, putting up the former Speaker, Mr. Addington, as Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons. George III. heartily approved of this arrangement, although on the face of it were all the signs of instability. Taking Pitt and Addington aside at the Palace one day—"If we three keep together," said he, "all will go well." But as the months went on, Pitt chafed at his own inactivity and fretted at the incapacity of his nominee. Pitt's friends were importunate for his return; he himself was burning to take the reins again, but was too proud, perhaps too loyal to Addington, to adopt overt action to effect it. Moreover, Addington, who had been an excellent Speaker, had no suspicion of the poor figure he cut as head of the Government. It never occurred to him to take any of the numerous hints offered by Canning and other Tories, until the necessity for some change was forced upon him by

office under Louis XVIII. after the fall of Napoleon. He died in 1820, a naturalised Austrian subject, having amassed enormous wealth.

the imminence of disaster from the disaffection of his followers. He offered to resign the Treasury in favour of a peer, Pitt and he to share the administration of affairs as Secretary of State. This proposal Pitt brushed contemptuously, almost derisively, aside; matters went on as before, except that the former friendship of Pitt and Addington was at an end. When Parliament met on 24th November, Pitt did not appear in the House.

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"25th Nov., 1802.

"I went yesterday to the opening of our campaign, with some apprehension, I confess, as I knew Fox was to be there, least his sentiments upon the subject of France and England should diminish my esteem for him. His conduct, however, and his speech were, in my mind, in every respect *perfect;* and if he will let them be the models for his future imitation, he will keep in the Doctor and preserve the peace. God continue Fox's prudence and Pitt's gout! The infamous malignity and misrepresentation of that scoundrel Windham did injury only to himself: never creature less deserved it than poor Fox. You cannot imagine the pleasure I feel in having this noble animal still to look up to as my champion. Nothing can be so whimsical as the state of the House of Commons. The Ministers, feeble beyond all powers of caricaturing, are unsupported—at least by the acclamations—of that great mass of persons who always support all Ministers, but who are ashamed *publicly* to applaud them. They are insulted by the indignant, mercenary Canning, who wants again to be in place, and they are openly pelted by the sanguinary faction of Windham and the Grenvillites as dastardly poltroons, for not rushing instantly into war. Under these circumstances their only ally is the old Opposition. . . . If they are so supported, I see distinctly that Fox will at least have arrived at this situation that, tho' unable to be Minister himself, he may in fact

prevent one from being turned out. . . . God send Pitt and Dundas anywhere but to the House of Commons, and much might, I think, be done by a judicious *dandling* of the Doctor.

"Lord Henry Petty and I dined together yesterday. He is as good as ever. We both took our seats behind old Charley."

The treaty of Amiens had been concluded in March, 1802, but Bonaparte's restless ambition, and especially his desire to re-establish the colonial power of France, menaced the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain, and Addington watched uneasily the war-clouds gathering again upon the horizon.

In February, 1803, M. Talleyrand demanded from Lord Whitworth, British Ambassador in Paris, an assurance of the speedy evacuation of Malta by King George's Government, in compliance with the tenth article of the Treaty of Amiens, which provided for the restoration of that island to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In reply to this, Lord Whitworth was instructed to point to the aggrandisement of France subsequent to and in contravention of the terms of the said treaty as justifying the British Government in delaying the evacuation. On 18th February Lord Whitworth had a personal interview with the First Consul, when he failed to obtain from him any admission of the violation by the French of the treaty, or any assurance that the redress claimed for certain British subjects would receive consideration. Negotiations dragged on till, on 13th March, Whitworth had a stormy interview with Bonaparte, who charged the British Government with being determined to drag him into war. Finally, on 12th May the rupture was complete; Lord Whitworth requested his passport, and the two countries were at war.

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"11th March, 1803.

". . . No one knows the precise point on which the damn'd Corsican and the Doctor* have knocked their heads together, but I must think, till I know more, that Addington has been precipitate. The injury done is incalculable. I defy any man to have confidence in public credit in future, till a perfectly new order of things takes place. . . . As long as the neighbouring Monster lives, he will bully and defy us; and being once discovered, as it now is, that even Addington will bluster as well as him in return, I see no prospect of prosperity in this country, that is—the prosperity of *peace*—as long as Buonaparte lives. . . . Was it not lucky that I sold out at 74¼? They are to-day about 64."

"7th April, 1803.

". . . I have barely time to say that of all the Men I have ever seen, your countryman General Moore† is the greatest prodigy. I thank my good fortune to have seen so much of him—such a combination of acknowledged fame, of devotion from all who have served under him—of the most touching simplicity and yet most accomplished manners—of the most capital understanding, captivating conversation, and sentiments of honour as exalted as his practice. . . . Think of such a beast as Pitt treating, almost with contempt, certainly with injury, such a man as Moore. . . ."

"18th.

". . . I think if I was to say anything more about General Moore to you than what I wrote to you from the House of Commons, it would only be diffusive. . . . I never saw the Man before who made me think so much about him after each time that I had seen him. We all think of him with the same devotion. . . ."

* Mr. Addington.

† General Sir John Moore, K.B.

Dr. Currie to Mr. Creevey.

"Liverpool, May 1st, 1803.

"I was infinitely obliged by your last report, and beg of you to give me another, as matters draw fast to a crisis. I will expect to have a few lines at latest by the post of Wednesday.

"I fear this Billy * will come in after all.

"I have to tell you one or two things about your friends here.

"First, I have been attending your aunt, Mrs. Eaton, who was very ill, but is recovered. I was to have written to you about the time she got better, but neglected it. But in answer to her earnest enquiries, I delivered your love (God forgive me) and your congratulations on her recovery. I said everything kind and civil for you to Eaton too, so that you are not to pretend that you did not hear of her illness. But you are now to write a few lines either to him or her as soon as convenient, saying what you see fit on so affecting an occasion—now do not forget this. I cannot think how the old lady came to trust herself in my hands, for I had just been in at the death of two of her neighbours, and I consider my being called to her as a symptom of great attachment to you, and probably in its consequences no way unfavourable to you. For I must tell you that she and I are wondrous great, and we talk you over by the half-hour together. She and he seem very much devoted to you. . . . They are quite pleased, too, with Mrs. Creevey.

"Give my love to Moore † when you see him. Scarlett ‡ has been here with his brother; a very worthy fellow. He says you are coming on. What sort of a thing is this presentation? I see you are a nominee in the Boston election. I hope it is for Maddock, whom I know a little and like a good deal.

"We are all cursed flatt here about the spun out negociations. Nothing doing. Everything stagnated.

* Mr. Pitt.

† Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Graham) Moore, R.N., brother to Sir John Moore.

‡ Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1834; created Lord Abinger in 1835.

We shall have war, because it is just the most absurd thing in creation."

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"Saturday, 7th May.

"No news is good news, you know they say, and at this moment I think it certainly is. Lord Whitworth was certainly at Paris on Wednesday night late, and I think he is traced as far as Thursday. It is equally certain that he had a new proposal from the Consul,* and this is still better news. There is a general inclination to-day to think we shall have peace after all. . . ."

"11th May.

". . . I supped last night with Fox at Mrs. Bouverie's . . . There were there Grey, Whitbread, Lord Lauderdale, Fitzpatrick, Lord Robert Spencer,† Lord John Townshend and your humble servant. . . . You would be perfectly astonished at the vigour of body, the energy of mind, the innocent playfulness and happiness of Fox. The contrast between him and his old associates is the most marvellous thing I ever saw—they having all the air of shattered debauchees, of passing gaming, drinking, sleepless nights, whereas the old leader of the gang might really pass for the pattern and the effect of domestic good order. . . . A telegraphic dispatch announces that Lord Whitworth has left Paris."‡

"Saturday, 14th May.

". . . A messenger has arrived to-day who left Paris at 9 o'clock Thursday night, and Lord Whitworth was to leave it in the night, or rather morning, at two; so I presume he will be in England on Monday. Think only what a day Monday or Tuesday will be in the House of Commons! and think likewise what a damn'd eternal fool the Doctor must turn out to be. Upon my soul! it is too shocking to think of the wretched destiny of mankind in being placed

* Bonaparte.

† Third son of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

‡ News was telegraphed by semaphore signals.

in the hands of such pitiful, squirting politicians as this accursed Apothecary* and his family and friends! . . ."

On 16th May the King sent a message to the House of Commons calling upon it to support him in resisting the aggressive policy of France and the ambitious schemes of the First Consul. Pitt might no longer hold aloof.

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"16th May.

". . . I supped with Fox, Grey, &c., &c., last night at Whitbread's. Fox says there are no state papers to be given us; the whole dispute has been carried on by conversation. It began in consequence of some intemperate furious expression of Buonaparte; it related to Egypt. . . . The Consul got irritated; said he would put himself at the head of his army and invade England. But the offence is about Egypt. He said upon this subject—*Nous l'aurons malgré vous!* Fox says he believes this conversation to be the origin of the dispute, and that our claims upon Malta are in the way of recognizance to make Buonaparte keep the peace. . . ."

"20th.

". . . This damned fellow Pitt has taken his seat and is here, and, what is worse, it is certain that he and his fellows are to support the war. They are to say the time for criticism is suspended; that the question is not now whether Ministers have been too tardy or too rash, but the French are to be fought. Upon my soul! the prospect has turned me perfectly sick. . . ."

"21st.

". . . It is really infinitely droll to see these old rogues so defeated by the Court and Doctor. I really think Pitt is done: his face is no longer red, but yellow; his looks are dejected; his countenance I

* Mr. Addington.

think much changed and fallen, and every now and then he gives a hollow cough. Upon my soul, hating him as I do, I am almost moved to pity to see his fallen greatness. I saw this once splendid fellow drive yesterday to the House of Lords in his forlorn, shattered equipage, and I stood near him behind the throne till two o'clock this morning. I saw no expression but melancholy on the fellow's face—princes of the blood passing him without speaking to him, and, as I could fancy, an universal sentiment in those around him that *he was done.* . . ."

An offer of mediation between Britain and France having been received from the Emperor Alexander of Russia, a debate arose in the House of Commons.

"24th May, 1803.

". . . Lord Hawkesbury* then began and made a very elaborate speech of two hours, containing little inflammatory matter, and being a fair and reasonable representation of his case and justification of the war. Erskine followed in the most confused, unintelligible, inefficient performance that ever came from the mouth of man. Then came the great fiend himself—Pitt—who, in the elevation of his tone of mind and composition, in the infinite energy of his style, the miraculous perspicuity and fluency of his periods, outdid (as it was thought) all former performances of his. Never, to be sure, was there such an exhibition; its effect was dreadful. He spoke nearly two hours—all for war, and for war without end. He would say nothing for Ministers, but he exhorted or rather *commanded* them to lose no time in establishing measures of finance suited to our situation. . . . Wilberforce made an inimitable speech for peace and on grounds the most calculated for popular approbation. . . . It is said the House of Commons never behaved so ill as in their reception of this speech. They tried over and over again to cough him down, but without effect. . . ."

* Afterwards Earl of Liverpool and Prime Minister.

The speech referred to above was universally acknowledged as one of the finest ever delivered by Pitt; but it is not included among his published speeches, owing to the accidental exclusion of reporters from the gallery. Fox replied on the second night of the debate in a speech of equal merit; but there is a gap in Creevey's letters covering the whole of the rest of the session, and we know not, though we may imagine, the effect of his leader's eloquence upon his mind. His next letter to Dr. Currie deals with a matter of common criticism and objection at the present day, by men of all parties—namely, the anomaly of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Nobody can explain its merits: its defects are patent to everybody; while the selection of a peer to fill what ought to be one of the most responsible posts in any administration, has to be made from a very limited number, with more regard to their private means than to their capacity for public service; so excessive is the expenditure entailed upon the Lord Lieutenant's private income. It is apparent from the following letter that the objection is nearly as old as the Union:—

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"22nd Aug., 1803.

". . . I saw a great deal of Sheridan. We dined together several times, got a little bosky, and he took great pains to convince me he was sincere and confidential with me. . . . A plan of his relates to Ireland, and it is the substitution of a Council for the present Viceroy, the head of the Council to be the Prince of Wales, his assistants to be Lord Moira, Lord Hutchinson and Sheridan himself. The Prince is quite heated upon the subject; nothing else is discussed by them. Lord Hutchinson is as deep in the design as any of them, but God knows it is about as probable as the

embassy of old Charley * to Russia. I believe Sherry is very much in the confidence of the Ministers. They have convinced him of the difficulty of pressing the King for any attentions to the Prince of Wales; he is quite set against him, and holds entirely to the Duke of York, who, on the other hand, is most odious to the Ministry. . . . Have you begun your visits to Knowsley yet? . . . If you see Mrs. Hornby, cultivate her. She is an excellent creature; her husband, the rector, is the most tiresome, prosy son of a —— I ever met with, but is worthy. . . ."

General Sir John Moore to Mr. Creevey.

"Sandgate, 15th Sept., 1803.

". . . The newspapers have disposed of me and my troops at Lisbon and Cherbourgh, but we believe that we have not moved from this place. I begun to despair of seeing you here, and am quite happy to find that, at last, I am to have that pleasure. If the Miss Ords do not think they can trust to the Camp for beaux, or if they have any in attendance whose curiosity to see soldiers they may chuse to indulge, assure them that whoever accompanies them shall be cordially received by everybody here. . . ."

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"Plymouth, August 7th, 1803.

". . . I never had to do with a new ship's company before made up of Falstaff's men—'decayed tapsters,' &c., so I do not bear that very well and I get no seamen but those who enter here at Plymouth, which are very few indeed. The Admiralty will not let me have any who enter for the ship at any of the other ports, which cuts up my hopes of a tolerable ship's company. . . . I hear sometimes from my brother Jack.† He says they have had a review of his whole Corps before the Duke of York. . . . My mother was more delighted with the scene than any boy or girl of fifteen. N.B.—she is near 70. . . . She is an excellent mother of a soldier. I am not afraid of showing her

* Mr. Fox. † General Sir John Moore.

to Mrs. Creevey, altho' she is of a very different cast from what she has generally lived with. If Mrs. Creevey does not like her, I shall never feel how the devil she came to like me.

"Jack says his Corps are not at all what he would have them, yet that they will beat any of the French whom he leads them up to. I am convinced the French can make no progress in England, and do not believe now that they will attempt it; but how is all this to end? However that may be, as I am in for it, I wish to God I was tolerably ready, and scouring the seas. What the devil can Fox mean by his palaver about a military command for the Prince of Wales? That may come well enough from Mrs. Barham perhaps."

"*Indefatigable*, Cawsand Bay, Sept. 16th, 1803.

". . . It has pleased the Worthies aloft to keep us in expectation of sailing at an hour's notice since Sunday last. This is very proper, I am sure, and rather inconvenient too. I hate to be a-going a-going. It is disagreeable to Jack, because I have sent all his wives and his loves on shore, and altho' I have made him an apology, he must think the Captain is no great things. The blackguards will know me by-and-by. They seem a tolerable set, and I am already inclined to love them. If they fight, I shall worship them. . . . There is another very fine frigate here, as ready as we are—the *Fisgard*, commanded by a delightful little fellow, Lord Mark Kerr.* He is an honour to Lords as they go. . . . If there is to be a war with Spain, it would be well to let us know of it before we sail, as money—altho' nothing to a philosopher—is something to me. I am growing old, and none of the women will have me now if I cannot keep them in style, and you know there is no carrying on the war ashore in the peace, when it comes, without animals of that description. . . . The most cheerful fellow on politics is my brother Jack; you'll hear no croaking from him. He says it's all nonsense. . . ."

* Third son of the 5th Marquess of Lothian: married the Countess of Antrim in her own right, and became father of the 4th and 5th Earls of Antrim. Died in 1840.

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"London, Dec. 21, 1803.

". . . My impression of Addington and his colleagues during this short part of the Session, has been pretty much what it has heretofore been. They are, upon my soul, the feeblest—lowest almost—of Men, still more so of Ministers. When there is anything like a general attack upon them, they look as if they felt it all; they blush and look at one another in despair; they make no fight; or, if they offer to defend themselves, no one listens but to laugh at them. When the House is empty and their enemies are scattered, they rally and fall in a body upon Windham, call him all kinds of names, and adopt all kinds of the most unfounded misrepresentations of his sentiments. Upon these occasions they are quite altered men; they talk loud and long, and cheer one another enough to pull the house down. These periodical triumphs look well upon paper, and no doubt must captivate a great portion of the publick; but rely upon it, the bitterest enemy Windham has in the world, who is possessed of any sense and any character, turns with disgust from the sound of these low-lived philippics. Bad—miserable as I have heard Erskine in the House of Commons, never was he so execrable as on the night when you rejoice that he attacked Windham. These creatures of imbecillity have no such thing as a plan; they live by temporary expedients from hand to mouth—by the contrary views and characters of their opponents—by that very feebleness which in itself cannot rouse up personal animosity in nobler minds—by low cunning—by appropriate adoption of humility and impudence. In addition to all this, they have done what the worst men might have done—they have most wickedly and wantonly plunged us into this contemptible war, and the just reputation of their besotted folly throughout the world is a security for our remaining in it, till chance or accident shall relieve us.

"With all their faults, I confess they are well-behaved and civil, as compleatly so as your own

servant can be, and I must believe that, had they no restraint upon them from their Master, the mediocrity of their understandings, their situation in life, their private characters and turns of mind, would not permit them to think of gratifying any ambition or resentment by either desolating the world by war or tyrannically invading the liberties of their country.

"The impression of Pitt was what his enemies most triumphantly delight in; but what they never could have been sanguine enough to expect, his speech was the production of the dirtiest of mankind, and so it was received. His intimates—his nearest neighbours—Canning and Co., sat mute, astounded and evidently thinking themselves disgraced by the shuffling tacticks of their military leader. His lingering after Addington, tho' at open war with him in print—his caution of touching either Fox or Windham, those proscribed victims of fortune—his senseless vapouring and most untrue and envious criticism upon volunteers, and, above all, his officious and disgusting sentiment as to the recovery of his Majesty's electoral dominion,* accommodated all his hearers with sufficient reasons for condemnation, and, for once in his life, I have no doubt this prodigy of art and elocution had in his favorite theatre not a single admirer. Canning and Sturges, talking to me afterwards about the excellence of Fox's speech, said what a pity it was Pitt had not taken the same manly part. I asked why he had not done so, and they shrugged up their shoulders and said a man who had been minister eighteen years was a *bad opposition man.*

"Old Charley was *himself,* and of course was exquisitely delightful. Unfettered by any hopes or fears—by any systems or connection—he turned his huge understanding loose amongst these skirmishers, and it soon settled, with its usual and beautiful perspicuity, all the points that came within the decision of reasoning, judgment, experience and knowledge of mankind. In addition to the correctness of his views and delineations, he was all fire and simplicity and sweet temper; and the effect of these united perfections upon the House was as visible in his favor as

* The kingdom of Hanover.

their disappointment and disgust had been before at the unworthy performance of Colonel Pitt.

"It is almost too advanced a state of my letter to take in the Windhams and Co. We all know that he and the Grenvilles have been the merciless blood-hounds of past times, and no friend of Fox can ever forget or forgive the bitter malignity with which Windham pursued and hunted down the great and amiable creature. But as a party, and with such a foil to it as the present administration, they are entitled to greater weight than they have."

One constantly hears lamentation from grave persons over the deterioration of the House of Commons from some past ideal; but just as people are accustomed now to look back upon the time when Pitt and Fox were protagonists as the true parliamentary golden age, so it was in that day. In concluding this long letter, Creevey, who had just one year of parliamentary experience, moralises upon the lowered tone of the debates.

"Windham, Lord Grenville and Elliott have great parliamentary talents, and Tom Grenville is most respectable in the same way, and of a high and unsullied character. They are of the old school as compared with the Ministry; they are full of courage, of acquirements, of elevated manners; there is nothing low in the fellows, there is no cringing to power or popularity. In Fox's absence they are the only representatives of past and better days in Parliament."

"21 Jan., 1804.

". . . When I repeat any of Sheridan's opinions, I do so with more doubt than in stating the opinions of any other persons, for he has acquired such tricks at Drury Lane, such skill in scene-shifting, that I am compelled by experience to listen with distrust to him. For the last three months he has been damning Fox in the midst of his enemies, and in his drunken and unguarded moments has not spared him even in the

circles of his most devoted admirers. He did so at Woburn, the Duke of Bedford's, and was (as you may have heard) challenged for it upon the spot by Adair.* Whitbread, who was present and who made it up (for Sheridan accepted the challenge), told me all the particulars. Now he apparently is much pacified and less inclined to volunteer his panegyric upon the Doctor;† and if one may venture to guess at the motive in so perfect a performer in all mysterious arts, I should say he had been damnably galled by the coldness with which Fox's friends resented the abuse of the old fellow, and that the dinners and stupidity of Addington and his family parties had been but a poor recompense for his treachery to Fox, and that he was creeping back as well as he is able into his old place. Tierney, as you may suppose, would be dished by Pitt and Addington embracing, and he is therefore laboring to keep the present administration as it is, and with this view is incessantly intriguing for support of it. . . . I forget whether I ever told you of his inviting me to dinner once. It was to meet Brogden and Col. Porter, two cursed rum touches that he has persuaded to vote with him and to desert Fox; so I told Mrs. Creevey before I went that I was sure I was invited to be converted. Accordingly, after a decent time and a considerable allowance of wine had been consumed after dinner, my gentlemen begun to open their batteries upon me. I returned their fire by telling them I should save them much time and trouble by stating to them at once that my political creed was very simple and within a very narrow compass—that it was 'Devotion to Fox.' And so we all got to loggerheads directly, and jawed and drank till twelve or one o'clock, and I suppose I was devilish abusive, for they are all as shy as be damned of me ever since."

* Sir Robert Adair [1763–1855], Whig member for Appleby, famous as the target of Canning's frequent satire. Canning wrote of him as "Bawba-dara-adul-phoolah," and introduced him to immortality by making him the hero of the ballad "Sweet Matilda Pottingen," which was supposed to describe the course of Adair's love when he was a student at Göttingen.

† Addington.

Pitt's intolerance of Addington now passed into an active phase, and the unfortunate Prime Minister found himself under a cross-fire directed by the two most powerful men in the House—Pitt and Fox. The following notes dispel any doubt which may still exist as to the formal and explicit understanding between these ancient antagonists for the object which both had at heart, though for very different reasons, namely, the overthrow of Addington :—

Rt. Hon. Charles Fox to Mr. Creevey.

"Arlington St., Saturday [1804].

"DEAR SIR,

"I enclose you a part of a letter from Grey. If you can speak to Brandling * upon the subject you may tell him that in all the divisions we shall have this next week, either Mr. Pitt will be with us or we with him.

"Yours,
"C. J. Fox."

Enclosure in above.

"MY DEAR FOX,

"I forgot yesterday to answer your question about Brandling. He is not at present in this county [Northumberland], and I don't know whether he is in London or in Yorkshire. Creevey, his brother-in-law, will be able to suggest the best mode of applying to him; but I should think, notwithstanding his hatred of the Doctor, that he would not vote against him without Pitt."

The unnatural alliance between Pitt and Fox was manifested in its least commendable aspect upon the occasion of Pitt's motion for an inquiry into the administration of the First Lord of the Admiralty,

* Mr. Brandling, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, was Mrs. Creevey's brother.

Earl St. Vincent, who had not only contributed to securing for his country the mastery of the ocean, but, by means of the Commission of Inquiry which he established as First Lord, had exposed and put an end to many abuses in the service. Pitt's motion, of course, was hostile to the gallant admiral, through whose discredit he sought to bring Addington's Government into disgrace; and Fox supported the motion in a speech the insincerity of which was not inferior to that of Pitt, and staggered even such a good party man as Creevey.

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"Plymouth Dock, Feby. 1st, 1804.

". . . I suppose you mean to join the set that prepare to worry the poor Doctor when Parliament meets. What can he do? He seems, or we seem, to do as well as Bonoparte—fretting and fuming and playing off his tricks from Calais to Boulogne and back again. The fellow has done too much for a mere hum; he certainly will try something, and I hope to be in at the death of some of his expeditions. If they do not take my men, we shall soon be ready for sea again. New copper, my boy! we shall sail like the wind. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"22 March, 1804.

". . . With respect to the debate . . . nothing could be . . . so unlike a *case* against Lord St. Vincent: I really doubted the fidelity of my ears all the time I listened to him (Fox), he was so very unlike himself. His first reply was a great and striking display of his powers, but the charge against the Admiralty derived little support or elucidation from it. I confess I felt a wish that Fox would not have taken the part he did, because I cannot reconcile it to my notions either of private friendship or parliamentary justice to put a

man upon his trial, because I am sure he is innocent. There were, however, most powerful arguments urged by Fox that in a great measure reconciled me to the vote I gave, and indeed had they been much less and much weaker, I should most readily have gone with him. A Leader of a Party has a most difficult part imposed upon him on such an occasion. It is impossible he can be alone influenced by the abstract question of merit or demerit of the motion but of course must calculate *in every way* upon the effects of his vote. As a private of a party there is nothing so fatal to publick principle, or one's own private respect and consequence, as acting for oneself upon great questions. I am more passionately attached every day to Party. I am certain that without it nothing can be done, and I am more certain from every day's experience that the leader of the party to which I belong is as superior in talents, in enlightened views, in publick and private virtues, to all other party leaders as one human being can be to another. He must therefore give many, many votes that I may think are wrong, before I vote against him or not with him.

"I scarcely know an earthly blessing I would purchase at the expense of those sensations I feel towards the incomparable Charley!"

"2nd April.

". . . The fact is I believe, as I have always done, that the Regal function will never more be exercised by him (George III.), and the Dr.* has most impudently assumed these functions in doing what he has done.

"And now again for speculation. I can swear to what Sheridan will try for, if the thing does not too suddenly come to a crisis. His insuperable vanity has suggested to him the brilliancy of being first with the Prince and governing his councils. He will, if he sees it practicable, try, and is now trying, to alienate the Prince from Fox, and to reconcile him to the wretched Addington. The effect of such a diabolical project is doubtless to be dreaded with a person so unsteady as the Prince; but then again there are

* Mr. Addington.

things that comfort me. If the Prince has a point on which he is uniform, it is a proud and just attachment to the old Nobility of the country, articles which fortunately find no place in the composition of the present ministers. His notion, too, of Sheridan, I believe, has not much to do with his qualities for a statesman. Devonshire House, too, is his constant haunt, where every one is against Sheridan; and where the Prince, at his own request, met Grey three weeks ago and offered him any pledge as a security for his calling Fox to his councils whenever he had the power. Master Sherry does not know this, and of course it must not be known; but I know it and am certain of the fact. Sheridan displays evident distrust of his own projects, and is basely playing an under game as Fox's friend, in the event of defeat to him and his Dr. I never saw conduct more distinctly base than his."

"1st May.

". . . The enemy of mankind is Pitt. I detest from the bottom of my heart him and all his satellites. I am sure, too, that, independent of his dispositions, his mind is of a mean and little structure, much below the requisite for times like these—active, intriguing and most powerful, but all in detail, quite incapable of accompanying the elevated views of Fox."

Addington stuck stiffly to his post, but the forces allied against him in the Commons proved irresistible in the end; in May, 1804, he resigned, and Pitt entered upon his last administration. Addington showed no overt resentment for the rough handling he had received, and joined Pitt's Cabinet as President of the Council in January, 1805, accepting at the same time the peerage which he had previously declined. Pitt would have given Fox a share in the administration hardly inferior to his own, but the King would not hear of it, and thus was lost for ever the noble project of uniting the chief political parties for the defence of the Empire.

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"2nd May, 1804.

". . . It is felt by the Pittites that the Prince and a Regency must be resorted to, and as the Prince evinced on every occasion the strongest decision in favor of Fox, the Pittites are preparing for a reciprocity of good offices. God send we may have a Regency, and then the cards are in our hands. I wish you had seen the party of which I formed one in the park just now. Lord Buckingham, his son Temple, Ld. Derby, Charles Grey,* Ld. Fitzwilliam, Canning, Ld. Morpeth† and Ld. Stafford.‡ . . . The *four* physicians were at Buckingham House this morning: I feel certain he (the King) is devilish bad. . . ."

"3rd May.

"Under our present circumstances no news is good news, because it shows there are great difficulties in making the peace between the King and Pitt. . . . The King has communicated to him that he will see him to-morrow or Saturday, *which communication Pitt immediately forwarded to Fox.* There is, I hope, much value in these facts: they show, I hope, that the Monarch *is done,* and can no longer make Ministers; they show too, I hope, that Pitt thinks so. Why this delay at such a time if the King is well? Why this civility from Pitt to Fox? if the former did not suspect no good was to come of his interviews with his Master. We are all in better spirits—by 'all,' I mean the admirers of Fox and haters of Pitt. . . ."

"8th May.

". . . I was too late for last night's post, and besides I was struck dumb and lifeless by the elevation of that wretch Pitt to his former fatal eminence—sick to death, too, with something like a sensation of Fox's disgrace and defeat, and of the

* Afterwards 2nd Earl Grey.

† Afterwards 6th Earl of Carlisle.

‡ 2nd Marquess of Stafford; created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

termination of all our hopes. But I am better to-day; the Grenvilles and Wyndhamites have to a man stuck fast to Fox and refuse to treat with Pitt. The Prince, too, loads Fox with caresses, and swears his father's exception to Fox alone is meant as the last and greatest of personal injuries to himself, because the King knows full well that Fox is the first favorite of the Prince."

"Park Place, June 2nd, 1804.

". . . Well—I think, considering we have certainly been out-jockeyed by the villain Pitt, we are doing famously. Pitt, I think, is in a damnable dilemma; his character has received a cursed blow from the appearance of puzzle in his late conduct, from the wretched farce of [*illegible*] turning out Addington, and keeping those who were worse than him; and from his having produced no military plans yet, after all his anathemas against the late Ministers for their delay. The country, I now firmly believe, was tired of Pitt and even of the Court, and conceived some new men and councils, and above all an union of all great men, was a necessary experiment for the situation. Pitt has disappointed this wish and expectation, and has shown no necessity that has compelled him so to do. He has all the air of having acted a rapacious, selfish, shabby part; he is surrounded by shabby partizans; in comparison with his own relations, the Grenvilles, he is degraded; he has no novelty to recommend him; his Master* is on the wane, and to a certain extent is evidently hostile to him. In addition to all this, the daily and nightly attendance of Dr. Simmonds and four physicians at Buckingham House must inevitably increase the Prince's power, and diminish that of Pitt. I saw these five Drs. and Dundass, the surgeon from Richmond, come out of Buckingham House with Pitt half an hour ago. Simmonds and one of the physicians allways return at five in the evening—the former for the night—the latter for some hours. I have watched and know their motions well. This must end surely at no distant period—a Regency—and then I hope

* George III.

the game's our own! In the mean time, these dinners and this activity of the Prince are certainly doing good, and our friends are much more numerous than I expected. We are a great body—the Prince at the head of us. Fox, Grey, &c., are all in great spirits. . . . Your humble servant partakes in the passing festivities of these Opposition grandees. I dine to-morrow at Lord Fitzwilliam's, this day week at *Carlton House;* Monday I dined at Lord Derby's. I really believe I have played my cards, so far, excellently with these people."

General Sir John Moore to Mr. Creevey.

"Sandgate, 27th Aug., 1804.

". . . We understand that Government have positive information that we are to be invaded, and I am told that Pitt believes it. The experience of the last twelve months has taught me to place little confidence in the information or belief of Ministers, and as the undertaking seems to me so arduous, and offering so little prospect of success, I cannot persuade myself that Bonoparte will be mad enough to attempt it. He will continue to threaten, by which means alone he can do us harm. The invasion would, I am confident, end in our glory and in his disgrace.

"The newspapers continue to mention secret expeditions, and have sometimes named me as one of the Generals to be employed. I put these upon a par with the invasion. We have at present no disposeable force, and, if we had, I see no object worthy upon which to risk it. Thus, without belief in invasion or foreign expeditions, my situation here becomes daily more irksome, and I am almost reduced to wish for peace. I am tired of the confinement, without the occupation, of war."

In the following letter from Dr. Currie occurs the first mention of one, hitherto unheard of, with whom Creevey was destined to be long and intimately

associated. Currie complains of the unfairness of Henry Brougham's criticism of "Lord Lauderdale's very ingenious book."

"2nd October, 1804.

". . . The review of his book in the *Edinr. Review* is every way unfair and foul. It is by a scatter-brained fellow, one Brougham, who wrote two volumes on colonial policy, the two practical objects of which were—to abolish the slave-trade, and to propose that we should join our armies to those of the French for the extirpation of the Negroes of St. Domingo. . . . He has got a sort of philosophical cant about him, and a way of putting obscure sentences together, which seem to fools to contain deep meaning, especially as an air of consummate petulance and confidence runs through the whole. He has been taken up, I am told, by Wilberforce, and is paying his court to Pitt. He is a notorious prostitute, and is setting himself up to sale. It seems Ld. Lauderdale offended him by refusing to be introduced to him, but it is to pay court to Pitt, depend on it, that he writes as he does. . . . You may mention this to Mr. Grey."

Lord Henry Petty [afterwards 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne] to Mr. Creevey.

"Bath, Nov. 23rd, 1804.

". . . [We are] within a few doors here of Ld. Thurlow's house, which has been recently honor'd with a Royal visit, when, as you may suppose, the whole scene of ministerial intrigue and family negociation was laid open: some *legal business* of importance was also transacted, for one lawyer came down with the P., and another was sent for while he remained. . . . Most probably it relates to some arrangement for the Princess. I am really glad to find he has conducted himself with so much firmness, and at the same time with some decorum. I give *him* the more credit for it, as I suspect the councils of

Carlton House are not composed of the most high-minded or immaculate statesmen.*

"I have received a long and interesting letter from Mr. Parnell with an account of the Catholic proceedings in Dublin, which have at last assumed a very formidable aspect. . . . He says—'In a month's time three millions of men will be formed into a well-disciplined and united body, headed by men of great wealth, and, what is better, great prudence. Weak as this Empire was in civil power, it is still further weakened by being divided with Foster;† so that I do not think I shall be mistaken in saying that all the moral force which influences men's minds and their actions thro' their opinions will be lodged in the hands of the Catholics; and unless the Irish Govt. can raise a rebellion, which I do not think they can, they will fall into an insignificance equal to their deserts.' He adds that the meeting in Dublin was attended by upwards of eighty gentlemen, the poorest of whom has £2000 per ann. However the mere question of numbers may stand, Pitt's situation must, I think, appear far more critical at the commencement of the ensuing, than at the close of the last, session. No army raised at home—no foreign connections made or improved—on the contrary, a new war unnecessarily undertaken, and ungraciously entered upon—the Catholic body united in their demands, founded on past promises, and a powerfull and unbroken Opposition ready and willing to support. If such a combination of circumstances does not shake the Treasury bench, what mortal power can? . . ."

* "At that period we had a kind of Cabinet, with whom I used to consult. They were the Dukes of York, Portland, Devonshire and Northumberland, Lord Guilford (that was Lord North), Lords Stormont, Moira and Fitzwilliam and Charles Fox."—*Statement by George IV. to J. W. Croker* [The Croker Papers, i. 289].

† Right Hon. J. Foster, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

1805.

The following holograph note, without date, probably belongs to the year 1805, and is interesting as being written by the future William IV. on behalf of the future George IV. :—

H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Mr. Creevey
[holograph].

"St. James's, Friday night.

"Dear Sir,

"The Prince desires you will meet at dinner here on Saturday the Eighteenth instant at six o'Clock Lord [*illegible*] and Sheridan. I hope I need not add how happy your presence will make me. I remain

"Yours sincerely,

"William."

Foreign politics during these years absorbed all the energies of Ministers, and diverted Pitt from those schemes of reform which undoubtedly lay near his heart. But the spirit of reform was awake, though it was crushed out of the plans of the Cabinet by stress of circumstance. The Opposition enjoyed more freedom and less responsibility. Creevey attached himself to that section of it which was foremost in hunting out abuses and proposing drastic measures of redress. At this time Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was

First Lord of the Admiralty. The 10th Report of the Commission appointed "to inquire into frauds and abuses in the Royal Navy" contained grave charges against Melville, who was accused in the House of Commons of malversation in his office of Treasurer of the Navy, committed in years subsequent to 1782. The division on 8th April showed 216 votes in each lobby, when the Speaker gave his casting vote in favour of Whitbread's motion. Melville at once resigned, and his name was erased from the list of Privy Councillors. He was impeached before the House of Lords and acquitted, but not till 12th June, 1806, six months after Pitt's death.

"I have ever thought," wrote Lord Fitzharris, "that an aiding cause in Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to shorten his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague Lord Melville."

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"13th March, 1805.

". . . I am trying to learn my lesson as a future under-secretary or Secretary of the Treasury. . . . We had a famous debate on Sheridan's motion: never anything was so hollow as the argument on our side. Sherry's speech and reply were both excellent. In that part of his reply when he fired upon Pitt for his treachery to the Catholics, Pitt's eyes started with defiance from their sockets, and seemed to tell him if he advanced an atom further he would have his life. Sherry left him a little alone and tickled him about the greatness of his mind and the good temper of Melville; and then he turned upon him again with redoubled fury. . . . Never has it fallen to my lot to hear such words before in publick or in private used by man to man."

"April 13, 1805.

". . . We have had indeed most famous sport with this same Leviathan, Lord Melville. His tumbling so soon was as unexpected by all of us as it was by himself or you. It was clear from the first that he was ruined sooner or later, but no one anticipated his defeat upon the first Attack, and supported as he was by the Addingtons as well as Pitts, and with the nostrum held out, too, of further enquiry by a secret Committee. The history of that celebrated night presents a wide field of attack upon Pitt under all the infinite difficulties of his situation; a clamour for reform in the expenditure of the publick money is at last found to be the touchstone of the House of Commons and of the publick. . . . Grey is to give notice immediately when we meet to bring in a bill appointing Commissioners to examine into abuses in the Army, in the Barracks—the Ordnance—the Commissariat Departments. This plan, if it is worth anything . . . must place Pitt in the cursedest dilemma possible. Can he refuse enquiry when it is so loudly called for? or, if he grants it, what must become of the Duke of York and the Greenwoods and Hammersleys and Delaneys, &c., &c., &c., whose tricks with money in these departments would whitewash those of Trotter by comparison. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that Pitt must be more than man to stand it. . . . You can form no notion of his fallen crest in the House of Commons—of his dolorous, distracted air. He betrayed Melville only to save himself, and so the Dundas's think and say. His own ruin must come next, and that, I think, at no great distance. You may have perceived I have not deserted from my enquiries into less important jobs, although old Fordyce * got such assistance from Fox. The latter, I have reason to believe, repents most cursedly of that business. Grey and Whitbread have acted with unparalleled kindness to me. I mean to have another touch at Fordyce when we meet again. . . . At our

* John Fordyce, Esq., of Ayton, Berwickshire, Receiver-General of Land Tax in Scotland. He married Miss Catherine Maxwell of Monreith, sister of Jane, Duchess of Gordon.

first dinner after my motion about Fordyce, about three days after, there were, I daresay, fifty or sixty people, Fox in the chair. I was sulky and getting pretty drunk, when Fox call'd upon me for a toast—a publick man — and so I gave 'Fordyce.' This brought on a jaw, during which I got more and more drunk, but never departed from my creed that I was a *betrayed man.* However, say nothing of this, I beg. With reference to my own interest, I am sure I have been a gainer by all this."

"London, May 11, 1805.

"Upon my soul I don't know what to say for myself in vindication of my apparently *abominable* neglect of you; but these are really tempestuous times, and I bother myself with too many things and too many thoughts, and I get irritable, and I believe I eat and drink too much. The upshot of the thing is, that day after day passes and my intentions to write to you, and to do other good things, pass too.

"Our campaign for the last six weeks has been a marvellous one. . . . The country has surprised me as much as the votes of the 8th and 10th, and these meetings and resolutions have brought us safe into port, as far, at least, as relates to Melville. Pitt, too, is greatly, if not irreparably damaged by Melville's defeat and by certain irregularities of his own. Whitbread's select committee has done great additional injury to Melville, and has got sufficient matter established for a *resolution* against Pitt. The latter has confessed that he lent £40,000 to Boyd, Benfield and Co. out of money voted for Navy services, in order to enable them to make good their instalments upon Omnium. He has admitted, too, that he advanced them £100,000 in order to enable them to make a purchase for Government, at a time that he was informed by the Bank of their approaching ruin. A great part of that sum is now a debt to Government in consequence of their bankruptcy. This is a damned unpopular business—to advance publick money to two members of Parliament, who are bankrupts, too. It is a damned thing, too, for the friends and admirers of this once great man, to see him sent for by

Whitbread, and to hear him examined for anything like money irregularities. He is, I am certain, infinitely injured in the estimation of the House of Commons; and then think of his situation in other respects—his right hand, Melville, lopped off—a superannuated Methodist at the head of the Admiralty, in order to catch the votes of Wilberforce and Co. now and then—all the fleets of France and Spain in motion—the finances at their utmost stretch—not an official person but Huskisson and Rose to do anything at their respective offices—publick business multiplied by opposition beyond all former example—and himself more averse to business daily—disunited with Addington—having quite lost his own character and with a King perfectly mad and involving his ministry in the damnedest scrapes upon the subject of expense. . . . I know Pitt's friends think he can't go on, and they all wish him not to try it. You may guess how the matter is when I tell you that Abercromby, the member for Edinburgh, and Hope, the member for your county, have struck and fled, declaring they won't support Pitt any longer, whom they both pronounce to be a damned rascal. My authority is James Abercomby,* and I will answer for the truth of these facts.

". . . Bennet† has been here, and is now returned to Bath. He is most desirous to know you, and I promised I would write to you and mention him by way of introduction. He is most amiable, occasionally most *boring*, but at all times most upright and honorable. Make him introduce you to Lord and Lady Tankerville. The former is very fond of me; he is a haughty, honorable man—has lived at one time in the heart of political leaders—was the friend of Lansdowne—has been in office several times, and is now a misanthrope, but very communicative and entertaining when he likes his man. His only remaining passion is for clever men, of which description he considers himself as one, tho' certainly unjustly. Lady Tankerville has perhaps as much merit as any

* Hon. James Abercromby: Speaker 1835–9: created Lord Dunfermline 1839: died 1858.

† Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., 2nd son of 4th Earl of Tankerville.

woman in England.* She is, too, very clever, and has great wit; but she, like her Lord, is depress'd and unhappy. They compose together the most striking libel upon the blessing of Fortune; they are rich much beyond their desires or expenditure, they have the most elevated rank of their country, I know of nothing to disturb their happiness, and they are apparently the most miserable people I ever saw."

"Thorndon [Lord Petre's], 28th July, 1805.

". . . You must know that I came out of the battle [of the session] very sick of it and of my leaders. It appears to me we had Pitt upon his very last legs, and might have destroyed him upon the spot; instead of which, every opportunity for so doing was either lost or converted to a contrary purpose. Could the most inveterate enemy of Pitt have wished for anything better than to find him lending £40,000, appropriated by law to particular publick purposes, to two bankrupt merchant members of parliament who voted always with him?† and could the most pertinacious derider of Fox's political folly have dared to conceive that Fox on such an occasion should acquit Pitt of all corruption, and should add likewise this sentiment to his opinion, that to have so detected him in corruption would have made him (Fox) the most miserable of men? . . . In short, between ourselves, my dear Doctor, I believe that Fox has no principle about publick money, and that he would give it away, if he had the power, in any way or for any job quite as disgusting as the worst of Pitt's. It is a painful conclusion this to come to, and dreadfully diminishes one's parliamentary amusement. You can have no conception how feverish I became about Fox's conduct during this damned Athol business.‡ I talked *at* him

* She was Emma, daughter and co-heiress of Sir James Colebrooke, Bart.

† Boyd, Benfield and Co., to whom Pitt advanced the sum named out of money voted for Navy services. They were Government agents, and shortly afterwards went bankrupt.

‡ The 3rd Duke of Athol having inherited the sovereignty of the Isle of Man through his wife, daughter and heiress of his uncle, the

in private, and no doubt vexed him infernally; but this you'll say is but poor work, to be making myself enemies in the persons whose jobs I oppose, and to quarrel with my own friends for not opposing the jobs too. I must have some discussion with my conscience and my temper before the next campaign, to see whether I can't go on a little more smoothly, and without prejudice to my interest. . . . I see a great deal of Windham. He has dined with me, but my opinion of him is not at all improved by my acquaintance with him. He is, at the same time, *decidedly* the most agreeable and witty in conversation of all these great men. . . ."

The following notes are without date, but the allusion to Tom Sheridan's bride shows that they belong to the summer of 1805.

R. B. Sheridan, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Richmond Hill,
"Monday—the third day of Peace and Tranquillity.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"You must make my excuse to the Lord Mayor. Pray vouch that you should have brought me, but my cold is really so bad that I should infallibly lay myself up if I attempted to go. Here are pure air, quiet and innocence, and everything that suits me.

"Pray let me caution you not to expose yourself to the *air* after Dinner, as I find malicious people disposed to attribute to wine what was clearly the mere effect of the atmosphere. My last hour to your Ladies, as I am certainly going to die; till when, however,

"Yours truly,
"R. B. S."

2nd Duke, sold the same in 1765 to the Government for £70,000 and a pension of £2000 for their joint lives, but reserving their land rents. The 4th Duke, after two failures, succeeded in getting a bill through Parliament in 1805, settling one-fourth of the customs of the island upon him and the heirs general of James Stanley, 7th Earl of Derby. The bill was vigorously opposed, and Creevey denounced it as a job. The fourth of the customs was subsequently commuted for £409,000.

"Thursday evening.

"My dear Creevey,

"If you don't leave town to-morrow, come and eat your mutton with me in George St. and meet Adam and McMahon, and more than all, my Son and Daughter.

"Mrs. Creevey will excuse you at my request, and you will be a Piece of a Lion to have seen so early Mrs. T. S.,* whom I think lovely and engaging and interesting beyond measure, and, as far as I can judge, with a most superior understanding.

"Yours ever,

"R. B. S."

"Grosvenor Place, Saturday morning.

"My dear Mrs. Creevey,

"I left Hester about two hours ago: she violently expects you. Remember we have a bed for you, a fishing rod for Creevey on Monday morning. If you will stay over Monday, Hester and Richmond Hill will make you quite well, and there are, not cockney, but classical Lions for Creevey to see. . . ."

It is difficult in these later days to realise the degree in which Royal personages were allowed, and even expected, to interfere with politics and the work of Parliament under the Hanoverian dynasty. It is notorious that, George III. having evinced his determination to have a Tory Cabinet, the Heir Apparent chose his friends and counsellors from the Whig Opposition, trafficking in seats in Parliament as keenly as any boroughmonger of them all. Among others whom he sought to enlist in his Parliamentary party

* Sheridan's only son, Tom [1775–1817], married Caroline Henrietta Callander in 1805. She was a celebrated beauty, wrote three novels which had some popularity, and was the mother of four sons and three beautiful daughters—Mrs. Blackwood, afterwards Lady Dufferin, and lastly, Countess of Gifford; The Hon. Mrs. Norton, afterwards Lady Stirling-Maxwell of Keir; and the youngest, the Duchess of Somerset, Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament.

was the gentle and erudite Samuel Romilly, whose name must ever be associated with the unwearying efforts he made to reform and mitigate the atrociously sanguinary penal code of England. Measured by the extent of the immediate success of these efforts, Romilly's influence upon the statute-book may be reckoned trifling, seeing that all he was able to effect against Lord Ellenborough and the House of Lords was the repeal, in 1812, of the law which prescribed the death penalty upon any soldier or mariner who should presume to beg, without permission from his commanding officer or a magistrate. Nevertheless the fruits of his life-work ripened after his untimely death by his own hand in 1818, and although he cannot be reckoned among the noisiest nor among the most profusely munificent philanthropists, the influence of Samuel Romilly was indeed one of the most powerful and beneficent ever exerted in the cause of humanity.

Samuel Romilly, K.C., to Mr. Creevey.

"Little Ealing, Sept. 23rd, 1805.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I have just received your letter. . . . It has indeed very much surprised me, and I am afraid my answer to it will occasion as much surprise in you. I cannot express to you how much flattered I am by the honor which the Prince of Wales does me. No event in the whole course of my life has been so gratifying to me. . . . I have formed no resolution to keep out of Parliament; on the contrary, it has long been my intention and is still my wish, to obtain a seat in the House, though not immediately.* If I had been a member from the beginning of the

* He was elected member for Queenborough in 1806, on taking office as Solicitor-General in "All the Talents."

present Parliament, my vote would have been uniformly given in a way which I presume would have been agreeable to the Prince of Wales. . . . Upon all questions I should have voted with Mr. Fox; and yet, with all this, I feel myself obliged to decline the offer which his Royal Highness has the great condescension to make me. . . . When I was a young man, a seat in Parliament was offered me. It was offered in the handsomest manner imaginable: no condition whatever was annexed to it: I was told that I was to be quite independent, and was to vote and act just as I thought proper. I could not, however, relieve myself from the apprehension that . . . the person to whom I owed the seat would consider me, without perhaps being quite conscious of it himself, as *his* representative in Parliament . . . and that I should have some other than my own reason and conscience to account to for my public conduct. . . . In other respects, the offer was to me a most tempting one. I had then no professional business with which it would interfere. . . . As a young man, I was vain and foolish enough to imagine that I might distinguish myself as a public speaker. I weighed the offer very maturely, and in the end I rejected it. I persuaded myself that (altho' that were not the case with others) it was impossible that the little talents which I possessed could ever be exerted with any advantage to the public, or any credit to myself, unless I came into Parliament quite independent, and answerable for my conduct to God and to my country alone. I had felt the temptation so strong that, in order to fortify myself against any others of the same kind, I formed to myself the unalterable resolution never, unless I held a public office, to come into Parliament but by a popular election, or by paying the common price for my seat. It is true that, when I formed this resolution, the possibility of a seat being offered me by the Prince of Wales had never entered into my thoughts, and that the rules which I had laid down to regulate my conduct ought perhaps to yield to such a circumstance as this. But yet I have so long acted on this resolution—the principles on which I formed it have become so much a part of the system of my life, and that life is now so far advanced, that I cannot

convince myself—proud as I am of the distinction which his Royal Highness is willing to confer upon me, that I ought to accept it. The answer that I should wish to give to his Royal Highness is to express in the strongest terms my gratitude for the offer, but in the most respectful possible way to decline it; and at the same time to say that, if his R. H. thinks that my being in Parliament can be at all useful to the public, I shall be very glad to procure myself a seat the first opportunity that I can find. But the difficulty is to know how to give such an answer with propriety. I am fearful that it may be thought, in every way that it occurs to me to convey it, not sufficiently respectful to his R. H., and from this embarrassment I know not how to relieve myself. My only recourse is to trust that you will be able to do for me what I cannot do for myself. . . ."

Lord Henry Petty to Mr. Creevey.*

"Dublin, Sept. 15th, 1805.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I have for some time meditated writing to you, more, I confess, in the hope of procuring an answer, than with that of being able to communicate anything that can interest you from this country, altho' it affords me a great deal of amusement as a traveller.

"The town of Dublin is full of fine buildings, fine streets, &c., but so ill placed and imperfectly finished as to give it the appearance of a great piece of patch-work, made up without skill and without attention. The Custom House is, however, an exception, and in every respect a noble edifice, in which there is no fault to be found except that old Beresford† is sumptuously lodged in it.

"The Union is become generally unpopular—more

* Chancellor of the Exchequer in "All the Talents," 1806–7, and afterwards 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne.

† The Right Hon. John Beresford [1737–1805], for many years chairman of the Revenue Board of Ireland, greatly relied on by Pitt in affairs of Irish administration. He died 5th November, 1805.

so, I think, than it deserves; but the Irish pride is wounded with the hauteur and neglect of the English Govt. Castlereagh's defeat was received with acclamation by all classes here, and the city would have been illuminated if the Mayor had not prevented it, giving rather awkwardly as an excuse that he did not think the occasion of sufficient magnitude.* . . ."

"Belfast, Oct. 24th, 1805.

"Many thanks for your letter, which it would have given me pleasure to receive anywhere, but particularly in the remote district of Munster where it found me, meditating upon the means of converting bogs into fields, rocks into quarries, and (not the least difficult of metamorphoses) Irish peasants into efficient labourers. We have, at the other extremity of the island, got into a more civilised region. Downshire is the Yorkshire of Ireland—the same universal appearance of wealth and industry, and even of neatness and comfort, prevails.

"The shops here are full of prints and songs against Castlereagh, the leavings of the election, which has produced a general effect throughout Ireland. I am far from thinking the elections here will be so completely under the controll of Govt. as many of their adversaries, as well as friends, suppose. There is in most counties a rising spirit of independence, and the weight of the Catholic interest will be strongly felt. I have been myself strongly sollicited by a number of freeholders of the Co. of Kerry to offer myself at the gen. election, nor should I have the least doubt of success, if I had not other views,

* Viscount Castlereagh [1769–1822] had been returned as Whig member for county Down in 1790, the election costing his father the almost incredible sum of £60,000. He joined the Tories in 1795, became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1797, and incurred the hatred of many of his countrymen by the ardour and success with which he forwarded Pitt's project of the Union, by buying up borough-mongers. But he was a strong advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation, and retired with Pitt when George III. set his veto upon the measure to which Pitt was pledged. He took office under Addington as President of the Board of Controul in 1802, and lost his seat on seeking re-election in 1805 when he was appointed War Minister under Pitt.

and could bring myself to face the tumult of an Irish contest, which would not be, I think, the most amusing of recreations.

"What great events are passing on the Continent. It is terrible to think that Pitt has so much of the fate of England and of Europe in his hands. I understand there has been some disagreement with Russia in consequence of the D. of Y. being intended for the command of a combined army of Russians and English, against which the Court of Petersburgh remonstrated. How disgracefull to be indebted to a foreign court for teaching us commonsense and our own interest at such a crisis!"

At Christmastide, 1805, Pitt received his death-blow. He had staked the existence of his country and the freedom of Europe upon the coalition of Austria, Russia, and England against Bonaparte and the destructive energies of France. But before these formidable allies could come into line, even before the British force had embarked for Germany, Napoleon swept through the Black Forest with 100,000 men. The Austrian commander Mack, posted on the Iller from Ulm to Memmingen, was surprised, taken in rear, and laid down his arms on 19th October, Werneck's corps having done the like the day before to Murat. By the end of the month the Austrian field force of 80,000 was no more. When rumours reached Pitt of the capitulation of Ulm—"Don't believe it," he exclaimed; "it is all a fiction." Next day the terrible news received confirmation; the shock could not be repaired, even by the glorious intelligence which arrived four days later of the destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. That, indeed, revived shattered hopes for the moment, but it was followed closely by the news of Austerlitz, where the second partner in the coalition had been crushed with

a loss of 26,000 men. Not only was the coalition at an end, but its author passed quickly into the shadow of death.

Hon. Charles Grey, M.P. (afterwards 2nd Earl Grey), to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, Dec. 29th, 1805.

". . . Your details, which I had received from no other person, have left no doubt upon my mind. Of the delay of fresh intelligence I think nothing. I remember the same thing happened after the battle of Ulm, when the same inferences were drawn from it, and the opportunity taken to circulate the same reports of the defeat of the French. It seems Robert Ward sent to all the newspapers the paragraphs which you wd. see, asserting the Russian capitulation and Count Palfy's letters to be forgeries; and this, I am assured, without the least authority for doing so, except his own foolish belief. All this, I agree with you, is as much calculated to hurt Pitt, when it is completely exposed, as the disasters themselves, and the folly of doing it is inconceivable. If the defeat of the 2nd* was as calamitous as I believe it to have been, it is nonsense to talk any more of Continental confederacies. The game is too desperate even for Pitt himself, desperate as he is; and the King of Prussia certainly would not expose himself alone, which in the first instance he must do, to all the power and vengeance of France. I am more inclined to think that they [Pitt's Cabinet] really do flatter themselves against all evidence into a belief in these renewed battles and consequent changes of fortune. There is nothing too absurd for them in a military view. They are naturally confident and sanguine, and this is their last hope."

* At Austerlitz.

CHAPTER III.

1805.

The following reminiscences were written by Mr. Creevey in 1821, but as they refer chiefly to his doings in 1805, they find their proper sequence in this place. At the time they were written Mr. Creevey's feelings towards the Prince of Wales had undergone a complete revulsion; but in 1805 he was full of enthusiasm for the Heir Apparent, upon whom the hopes of the whole Whig party were fixed.

"It was in 1804 when I first began to take a part in the House of Commons, at which time the Prince of Wales was a most warm and active partizan of Mr. Fox and the Opposition. It was then that the Prince began first to notice me, and to stop his horse and talk with me when he met me in the streets; but I recollect only one occasion, in that or the succeeding year, that I dined at Carlton House, and that was with a party of the Opposition, to whom he gave various dinners during that spring. On that occasion Lord Dundas and Calcraft sat at the top and bottom of the table, the Prince in the middle at one side, with the Duke of Clarence next to him; Fox, Sheridan and about 30 opposition members of both Houses making the whole party. We walked about the garden before dinner without our hats.

"The only thing that made an impression upon me in favour of the Prince that day (always excepting his excellent manners and appearance of good humour) was his receiving a note during dinner

which he flung across the table to Fox and asked if he must not answer it, which Fox assented to; and then, without the slightest fuss, the Prince left his place, went into another room and wrote an answer, which he brought to Fox for his approval, and when the latter said it was quite right, the Prince seemed delighted, which I thought very pretty in him, and a striking proof of Fox's influence over him.

"During dinner he was very gracious, funny and agreeable, but after dinner he took to making speeches, and was very prosy as well as highly injudicious. He made a long harangue in favour of the Catholics and took occasion to tell us that his brother William and himself were the only two of his family who were not *Germans*—this too in a company which was, most of them, barely known to him. Likewise I remember his halloaing to Sir Charles Bamfyld at the other end of the table, and asking him if he had seen Mother Windsor* lately. I brought Lord Howick† and George Walpole home at night in my coach, and so ended that day.

"At the beginning of September, 1805, Mrs. Creevey and myself with her daughters went to Brighton to spend the autumn there, the Prince then living at the Pavilion. I think it was the first, or at furthest the second, day after our arrival, when my two eldest daughters‡ and myself were walking on the Steyne, and the Prince, who was sitting talking to old Lady Clermont, having perceived me, left her and came up to speak to me, when I presented my daughters to him. He was very gracious to us all and hoped he should see me shortly at dinner. In two or three days from this time I received an invitation to dine at the Pavilion. . . . Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom I had never been in a room with before, sat on one side of the Prince, and the Duke of Clarence on the other. . . . In the course of the evening the Prince took me up to the card table where Mrs. Fitzherbert was playing, and said—'Mrs. Fitzherbert, I wish you would call upon Mrs. Creevey, and say

* A notorious procuress in King's Place.

† Afterwards Earl Grey, the Prime Minister.

‡ His step-daughters, the Miss Ords.

from me I shall be happy to see her here.' Mrs. Fitzherbert did call accordingly, and altho' she and Mrs. Creevey had never seen each other before, an acquaintance began that soon grew into a very sincere and agreeable friendship, which lasted the remainder of Mrs. Creevey's life. . . .

". . . Immediately after this first visit from Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Creevey and her daughters became invited with myself to the Prince's parties at the Pavilion, and till the first week in January—a space of about four months—except a few days when the Prince went to see the King at Weymouth, and a short time that I was in London in November, there was not a day we were not at the Pavilion, I dining there always once or twice a week, Mrs. Creevey frequently dining with me likewise, but in the evening we were always there.

"During these four months the Prince behaved with the greatest good humour as well as kindness to us all. He was always merry and full of his jokes, and any one would have said he was really a very happy man. Indeed I have heard him say repeatedly during that time that he never should be so happy when King, as he was then.

"I suppose the Courts or houses of Princes are all alike in one thing, viz., that in attending them you lose your liberty. After one month was gone by, you fell naturally and of course into the ranks, and had to reserve your observations till you were asked for them. These royal invitations are by no means calculated to reconcile one to a Court. To be sent for half an hour before dinner, or perhaps in the middle of one's own, was a little too humiliating to be very agreeable.

". . . Lord Hutchinson* was a great feature at the Pavilion. He lived in the house, or rather the one adjoining it, and within the grounds. . . . As a military man he was a great resource at that time, as we were in the midst of expectations about the

* Brother of the 1st Earl of Donoughmore; a general officer, succeeded Sir Ralph Abercromby in command of the army in Egypt, and was raised to the peerage in 1801, with a pension of £2000. Died in 1832.

Austrians and Buonaparte, and the battle which we all knew would so soon take place between them. It was a funny thing to hear the Prince, when the battle *had* taken place, express the same opinion as was given in the London Government newspapers, that it was all over with the French—that they were all sent to the devil, and the Lord knows what. Maps were got out to satisfy everybody as to the precise ground where the battle had been fought and the route by which the French had retreated. While these operations were going on in one window of the Pavilion, Lord Hutchinson took me privately to another, when he put into my hand his own private dispatch from Gordon, then Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, giving him the true account of the battle of Austerlitz, with the complete victory of the French. This news, unaccountable as it may appear, was repeated day after day at the Pavilion for nearly a week; and when the truth began at last to make its appearance in the newspapers, the Prince puts them all in his pockets, so that no paper was forthcoming at the Pavilion, instead of half-a-dozen, the usual number. . . . We used to dine pretty punctually at six, the average number being about sixteen. . . . Mrs. Fitzherbert always dined there, and mostly one other lady—Lady Downshire very often, sometimes Lady Clare or Lady Berkeley or Mrs. Creevey. Mrs. Fitzherbert was a great card-player, and played every night. The Prince never touched a card, but was occupied in talking to his guests, and very much in listening to and giving directions to the band. At 12 o'clock punctually the band stopped, and sandwiches and wine and water handed about, and shortly after the Prince made a bow and we all dispersed.

"I had heard a great deal of the Prince's drinking, but, during the time that I speak of, I never saw him the least drunk but once, and I was myself pretty much the occasion of it. We were dining at the Pavilion, and poor Fonblanque, a dolorous fop of a lawyer, and a member of Parliament too, was one of the guests. After drinking some wine, I could not resist having some jokes at Fonblanque's expense, which the Prince encouraged greatly. I went on and invented stories about speeches Fonblanque had

made in Parliament, which were so pathetic as to have affected his audience to tears, all of which inventions of mine Fonblanque denied to be true with such overpowering gravity that the Prince said he should die of it if I did not stop. . . . In the evening, at about ten or eleven o'clock, he said he would go to the ball at the Castle, and said I should go with him. So I went in his coach, and he entered the room with his arm through mine, everybody standing and getting upon benches to see him. He was certainly tipsey, and so, of course, was I, but not much, for I well remember his taking me up to Mrs. Creevey and her daughters, and telling them he had never spent a pleasanter day in his life, and that 'Creevey had been very great.' He used to drink a great quantity of wine at dinner, and was very fond of making any newcomer drunk by drinking wine with him very frequently, always recommending his strongest wines, and at last some remarkably strong old brandy which he called Diabolino.

"It used to be the Duke of Norfolk's custom to come over every year from Arundel to pay his respects to the Prince and to stay two days at Brighton, both of which he always dined at the Pavilion. In the year 1804, upon this annual visit, the Prince had drunk so much as to be made very seriously ill by it, so that in 1805 (the year that I was there) when the Duke came, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was always the Prince's best friend, was very much afraid of his being again made ill, and she persuaded the Prince to adopt different stratagems to avoid drinking with the Duke. I dined there on both days, and letters were brought in each day after dinner to the Prince, which he affected to consider of great importance, and so went out to answer them, while the Duke of Clarence went on drinking with the Duke of Norfolk. But on the second day this joke was carried too far, and in the evening the Duke of Norfolk showed he was affronted. The Prince took me aside and said—'Stay after everyone is gone tonight. The Jockey's got sulky, and I must give him a broiled bone to get him in good humour again.' So of course I stayed, and about one o'clock the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Norfolk

and myself sat down to a supper of broiled bones, the result of which was that, having fallen asleep myself, I was awoke by the sound of the Duke of Norfolk's snoring. I found the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence in a very animated discussion as to the particular shape and make of the wig worn by George II.

"Among other visitors to the Pavilion came Sheridan, with whom I was then pretty intimate, though perhaps not so much so as afterwards. I was curious to see him and the Prince daily in this way, considering the very great intimacy there had been between them for so many years. Nothing, certainly, could be more creditable to both parties than their conduct. I never saw Sheridan during the period of three weeks (I think it was) take the least more liberty in the Prince's presence than if it had been the first day he had ever seen him. On the other hand, the Prince always showed by his manner that he thought Sheridan a man that any prince might be proud of as his friend.

"So much for *manners;* but I was witness to a kind of altercation between them in which Sheridan could make no impression on the Prince. The latter had just given Sheridan the office of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, worth about £1200 per annum, and Sheridan was most anxious that the Prince should transfer the appointment to his son, Tom Sheridan, who was just then married. What Sheridan's object in this was, cannot be exactly made out; whether it really was affection for Tom, or whether it was to keep the profit of the office out of the reach of his creditors, or whether it was to have a young life in the patent instead of his own. Whichever of these objects he had in view, he pursued it with the greatest vehemence; so much so, that I saw him *cry bitterly* one night in making his supplication to the Prince. The latter, however, was not to be shaken . . . he resisted the demand upon the sole ground that Sheridan's reputation was such, that it made it not only justifiable, but most honourable to him, the Prince, to make such a selection for the office. . . .

"This reminds me of another circumstance relating to the same office when in Sheridan's

possession. In the year 1810, Mrs. Creevey, her daughters and myself were spending our summer at Richmond. Sheridan and his wife (who was a relation and particular friend of Mrs. Creevey's) came down to dine and stay all night with us. There being no other person present after dinner, when the ladies had left the room, Sheridan said:—

"'A damned odd thing happened to me this morning, and Hester [Mrs. Sheridan] and I have agreed in coming down here to-day that no human being shall ever know of it as long as we live; so that nothing but my firm conviction that Hester is at this moment telling it to Mrs. Creevey could induce me to tell it to you.'

"Then he said that the money belonging to this office of his in the Duchy being always paid into Biddulph's or Cox's bank (I think it was) at Charing Cross, it was his habit to look in there. There was one particular clerk who seemed always so fond of him, and so proud of his acquaintance, that he every now and then cajoled him into advancing him £10 or £20 more than his account entitled him to. . . . That morning he thought his friend looked particularly smiling upon him, so he said:—

"'I looked in to see if you could let me have ten pounds.'

"'Ten pounds!' replied the clerk; 'to be sure I can, Mr. Sheridan. You've got my letter, sir, have you not?'

"'No,' said Sheridan, 'what letter?'

"It is literally true that at this time and for many, many years Sheridan never got twopenny-post letters,* because there was no money to pay for them, and the postman would not leave them without payment.

"'Why, don't you know what has happened, sir?' asked the clerk. 'There is £1300 paid into your account. There has been a very great fine paid for one of the Duchy estates, and this £1300 is your percentage as auditor.'

* The charge at this time for letters sent and delivered within the metropolitan district was only 2*d.*, payable by the recipient; but country letters were charged from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* and more, according to distance.

"Sheridan was, of course, very much set up with this £1300, and, on the very next day upon leaving us, he took a house at Barnes Terrace, where he spent all his £1300. At the end of two or three months at most, the tradespeople would no longer supply him without being paid, so he was obliged to remove. What made this folly the more striking was that Sheridan had occupied five or six different houses in this neighbourhood at different periods of his life, and on each occasion had been driven away literally by non-payment of his bills and consequent want of food for the house. Yet he was as full of his fun during these two months as ever he could be—gave dinners perpetually and was always on the road between Barnes and London, or Barnes and Oatlands (the Duke of York's), in a large job coach upon which he would have his family arms painted. . . .

". . . As I may not have another opportunity of committing to paper what little I have of perfect recollection of what Sheridan told me in our walks at Brighton respecting his early life, and as he certainly was a very extraordinary man, I may as well insert it here.

"He was at school at Harrow, and, as he told me, never had any scholastic fame while he was there, nor did he appear to have formed any friendships there. He said he was a very low-spirited boy, much given to crying when alone, and he attributed this very much to being neglected by his father, to his being left without money, and often not taken home at the regular holidays. From Harrow he went to live in John Street, out of Soho Square, whether with his father or some other instructor, I forget, but he dwelt upon the two years he spent there as those in which he acquired all the reading and learning he had upon any subject.

"At the end of this time his father determined to open a kind of academy at Bath—the masters or instructors to be Sheridan the father, his eldest son Charles, and our Sheridan, who was to be *rhetorical usher*. According to his account, however, the whole concern was presently laughed off the stage, and then Sheridan described his happiness as beginning. He danced with all the women at Bath, wrote sonnets

and verses in praise of some, satires and lampoons upon others, and in a very short time became the established wit and fashion of the place.

"It was at this period of his life he fell in love with Miss Lindley, whom he afterwards married, but she was carried off by her father at that time to a convent in France, to be kept out of his way. Then it was he became embroiled with Mr. Mathews, who was likewise a lover of Miss Lindley, as well as her libeller. Sheridan fought two duels with Mr. Mathews upon this subject, both times with swords. The first was in some hotel or tavern in Henrietta St., Covent Garden, when Mathews was disarmed and begged his life. Upon Mr. Mathew's return to Bath, Sheridan used his triumph with so little moderation, that Mr. Mathews left Bath to live in Wales; but soon he was induced to believe that he had compromised his honour by quitting Bath and leaving his reputation at the mercy of Sheridan. Accordingly, a messenger arrived from him to Sheridan, with a written certificate in favour of Mathews's undoubted honour in the former affair, to be *signed* by Sheridan, or else the messenger was to deliver him a second challenge.

"Sheridan preferred the latter course of proceeding, and the duel was fought at King's Weston (if I recollect right). According to Sheridan's account, never was anything so desperate. Sheridan's sword broke in a point blank thrust into Mathews's chest; upon this he closed, and they both fell, Mathews uppermost; but, in falling, his sword broke likewise, sticking into the earth and snapping. However, he drew the sharp end out of the ground, and with this he stabbed Sheridan in the face and body, over and over again, till it was thought he must die. Sheridan named both the seconds, but I forget them. He said they were both cut for ever afterwards for not interfering. He said, likewise, there was a regular proceeding before the Mayor of Bristol, on the ground that Mr. Mathews had worn some kind of armour to protect him, which broke Sheridan's sword. . . . Sheridan was taken to some hotel at Bath, where his life for some time was despaired of, but . . . he rallied and recovered.

"He then lived for some time at Waltham Cross,

and was in bad health, but used to steal up to town to see and hear Miss Lindley in publick, though he was under an engagement with her family not to pursue her any more in private. At length, however, they met, and eventually were married. Miss Lindley's reputation at this time was so great, that her engagements for the year were £5000. This resource, however, Sheridan would not listen to her receiving any longer, altho' he himself had not a single farthing. He said she might sing to oblige the King or Queen, but to receive money while she was his wife was quite out of the question. Upon which old Lindley, her father, said this might do very well for him—Mr. Sheridan—but that for him—Mr. Lindley—it was a very hard case; that his daughter had always been a very good daughter to him, and very generous to him out of the funds she gained by her profession, and that it was very hard upon him to be cut off all at once from this supply. This objection was disposed of by Sheridan in the following manner.

"Miss Lindley had £3000 of her own, of which Sheridan gave her father £2000. With the remaining £1000, the only fortune Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan began the world with, he took a cottage at Slough, where they lived, he said, most happily, a gig and horse being their principal luxury, with a man to look after both the master and his horse. But by the end, or before the end, of the year, the £1000 was drawing rapidly to a finish, and then it was that Sheridan thought of play-writing as a pecuniary resource, and he wrote *The Rivals*. Having got an introduction to the theatre, he took his play there, and finally was present to see it acted, but would not let Mrs. Sheridan come up from Slough for the same purpose. *The Rivals*, upon its first performance, was *damned;* when Sheridan got to Slough and told his wife of it she said:

"'My dear Dick, I am delighted. I always knew it was impossible you could make anything by writing plays; so now there is nothing for it but my beginning to sing publickly again, and we shall have as much money as we like.'

"'No,' said Sheridan, 'that shall never be. I see where the fault was; the play was too long, and the parts were badly cast.'

"So he altered and curtailed the play, and had address or interest enough to get the parts newly cast. At the expiration of six weeks it was acted again, and with unbounded applause. His fame as a dramatick writer was settled from that time. When it was he became proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, or how it was accomplished, I did not learn from him, but it was the only property he ever possessed, and, with the commonest discretion on his part, would have made him a most affluent man.

"Sheridan's talents, displayed in his plays, procured him very shortly both male and *female* admirers among the higher orders. The families of Lord Coventry and Lord Harrington he spoke of as his first patrons. When it was he begun with politicks, I don't recollect, but he was a great parliamentary reformer the latter end of the American war, and one of a committee of either five or seven (I forget which number) who used to sit regularly at the Mansion House upon this subject.

"In 1780, the year of a general election, his object was to get into Parliament if possible, and he was going to make a trial at Wootton-Bassett. The night before he set out, being at Devonshire House and everybody talking about the general election, Lady Cork* asked Sheridan about *his* plans, which led to her saying that she had often heard her brother Monckton say he thought an opposition man might come in for Stafford, and that if, in the event of Sheridan failing at Wootton, he liked to try his chance at Stafford, she would give him a letter of introduction to her brother.

"This was immediately done. Sheridan went to Wootton-Bassett, where he had not a chance. Then he went to Stafford, produced Lady Cork's letter, offered himself as a candidate, and was elected. For Stafford he was member till 1806—six-and-twenty years. I remember asking him if he could fix upon any one point of time in his life that was decidedly happier than all the rest, and he said certainly—it was after dinner the day of this first election for Stafford,

* Second wife of the 7th Earl, youngest daughter of the 1st Viscount Galway.

when he stole away by himself to speculate upon those prospects of distinguishing himself which had been opened to him.

"I did not hear any further of his own history from himself than this first getting into parliament. It has been a constant subject of regret to me that I did not put down at the time all he told me, because it was much more than I have stated; but I feel confident my memory is correct in what I have written.

"To return to Sheridan at Brighton in the year 1805. His point of difference with the Prince being at an end, Sheridan entered into whatever fun was going on at the Pavilion as if he had been a boy, tho' he was then 55 years of age. Upon one occasion he came into the drawing-room disguised as a police officer to take up the Dowager Lady Sefton* for playing at some unlawful game; and at another time, when we had a phantasmagoria at the Pavilion, and were all shut up in perfect darkness, he continued to seat himself upon the lap of Madame Gerobtzoff [?], a haughty Russian dame, who made row enough for the whole town to hear her.

"The Prince, of course, was delighted with all this; but at last Sheridan made himself so ill with drinking, that he came to us soon after breakfast one day, saying he was in a perfect fever, desiring he might have some table beer, and declaring that he would spend that day with us, and send his excuses by Bloomfield for not dining at the Pavilion. I felt his pulse, and found it going tremendously, but instead of beer, we gave him some hot white wine, of which he drank a bottle, I remember, and his pulse subsided almost instantly. . . . After dinner that day he must have drunk at least a bottle and a half of wine. In the evening we were all going to the Pavilion, where there was to be a ball, and Sheridan said he would go home, *i.e.*, to the Pavilion (where he slept) and would go quietly to bed. He desired me to tell the Prince, if he asked me after him, that he was far from well, and was gone to bed.

* Isabella, daughter of 2nd Earl of Harrington, and widow of the 9th Viscount and 1st Earl of Sefton.

"So when supper was served at the Pavilion about 12 o'clock, the Prince came up to me and said:

"'What the devil have you done with Sheridan to-day, Creevey? I know he has been dining with you, and I have not seen him the whole day.'

"I said he was by no means well and had gone to bed; upon which the Prince laughed heartily, as if he thought it all fudge, and then, taking a bottle of claret and a glass, he put them both in my hands and said:

"'Now Creevey, go to his bedside and tell him I'll drink a glass of wine with him, and if he refuses, I admit he must be damned bad indeed.'

"I would willingly have excused myself on the score of his being really ill, but the Prince would not believe a word of it, so go I must. When I entered Sheridan's bedroom, he was in bed, and, his great fine eyes being instantly fixed upon me, he said:—

"'Come, I see this is some joke of the Prince, and I am not in a state for it.'

"I excused myself as well as I could, and as he would not touch the wine, I returned without pressing it, and the Prince seemed satisfied he must be ill.

"About two o'clock, however, the supper having been long over, and everybody engaged in dancing, who should I see standing at the door but Sheridan, powdered as white as snow, as smartly dressed as ever he could be from top to toe. . . . I joined him and expressed my infinite surprise at this freak of his. He said:

"'Will you go with me, my dear fellow, into the kitchen, and let me see if I can find a bit of supper.'

"Having arrived there, he began to play off his cajolery upon the servants, saying if he was the Prince they should have much better accommodation, &c., &c., so that he was surrounded by supper of all kinds, every one waiting upon him. He ate away and drank a bottle of claret in a minute, returned to the ball-room, and when I left it between three and four he was dancing.

"In the beginning of November, as Sheridan was returning to London, and I was going there for a short time, he proposed our going together, and nothing would serve him but that we must be two days on the road: that nothing was so foolish as

hurrying oneself in such short days, and nothing so pleasant as living at an inn; that the Cock at Sutton was an excellent place to dine and sleep at; that he himself was very well known there, and would write and have a nice little dinner ready for our arrival.

"We set off in a job chaise of his, Edwards the box keeper of Drury Lane being on the dicky box, for he always acted as Sheridan's valet when he left London. Before we had travelled many miles, having knocked my foot against some earthenware vessel in the chaise, I asked Sheridan what it could be, and he replied he dared say it was something Edwards was taking to his wife. Arriving in the evening at Sutton, I found there was not a soul in the house who had ever seen Sheridan before; that his letter had never arrived, and that no dinner was ready for us. I heard him muttering on about its being an extraordinary mistake, that his particular friend was out of the way, and so forth, but that he knew the house to be an excellent one, and no where that you could have a nicer little dinner. He went fidgetting in and out of the room, without exciting the least suspicion on my part, till dinner was announced. Then I found his fun had been to bring the dinner with him from the Pavilion. The bowl I had kicked contained the soup, and there were the best fish, woodcocks and everything else, with claret and sherry and port all from the same place.

"Among other persons who came to pay their respects to the Prince during the Autumn of 1805 was Mr. Hastings,* whom I had never seen before excepting at his trial in Westminster Hall. He and Mrs. Hastings came to the Pavilion, and I was present when the Prince introduced Sheridan to him, which was curious, considering that Sheridan's parliamentary fame had been built upon his celebrated speech against Hastings. However, he lost no time in attempting to cajole old Hastings, begging him to believe that any part he had ever taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, &c., &c., upon which old Hastings said with great gravity that 'it would be a great consolation to him in his

* Warren Hastings.

declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more publick;' but Sheridan was obliged to mutter and get out of such an engagement as well as he could.

"Another very curious person I saw a great deal of this autumn of 1805, sometimes at the Pavilion, sometimes at Mrs. Clowes's, was Lord Thurlow, to whom the Prince always behaved with the most marked deference and attention. I had never seen him but once before, and the occasion was an extraordinary one. Lady Oxford, who then had a house at Ealing (it was in 1801) had, by Lord Thurlow's desire, I believe, at all events with his acquiescence, invited Horne-Tooke to dinner to meet him. Lord Thurlow never had seen him since he had prosecuted him when Attorney-General for a libel in 1774 (I believe it was), when the greatest bitterness was shown on both sides, so that the dinner was a meeting of great curiosity to us who were invited to it. Sheridan was there and Mrs. Sheridan, the late Lord Camelford, Sir Francis Burdett, Charles Warren, with several others and myself. Tooke evidently came prepared for a display, and as I had met him repeatedly, and considered his powers of conversation as surpassing those of any person I had ever seen, in point of skill and dexterity (and, if at all necessary, in *lying*), I took for granted old grumbling Thurlow would be obliged to lower his topsail to him. But it seemed as if the very look and voice of Thurlow scared him out of his senses, and certainly nothing could be much more formidable. So Tooke tried to recruit himself by wine, and tho' not a drinker, was very drunk. But all would not do; he was perpetually trying to distinguish himself, and Thurlow constantly laughing at him.

"In the autumn of 1805, Thurlow had declined greatly in energy from the time I refer to. It was the year only before his death. He used to read or ride out in the morning, and his daughter Mrs. Brown, and Mr. Sneyd, the clergyman of Brighton, occupied themselves in procuring any stranger or other person who they thought would be agreeable to the old man to dine with him, the party being thus 10 or 12 every day, or more. I had the good fortune to be occasionally there with Mrs. Creevey. . . . However rough

Lord Thurlow.

Thurlow might be with men, he was the politest man in the world to ladies. Two or three hours were occupied by him at dinner in laying wait for any unfortunate slip or ridiculous observation that might be made by any of his *male* visitors, whom, when caught, he never left hold of, till I have seen the sweat run down their faces from the scrape they had got into.

"Having seen this property of his, I took care, of course, to keep clear of him, and have often enjoyed extremely seeing the figures which men have cut who came with the evident intention of shewing off before him. Curran, the Irish lawyer, was a striking instance of this. I dined with him at Thurlow's one day, and Thurlow just made as great a fool of him as he did formerly of Tooke.

"Thurlow was always dressed in a full suit of cloaths of the old fashion, great cuffs and massy buttons, great wig, long ruffles, &c.; the black eyebrows exceeded in size any I have ever seen, and his voice, tho' by no means devoid of melody, was a kind of rolling, murmuring thunder. He had great reading, particularly classical, and was a very distinguished, as well as most *daring*, converser. I never heard of any one but Mr. Hare who had fairly beat him, and this I know from persons who were present, Hare did more than once, at Carlton House and at Woburn.

"Sir Philip Francis, whom I knew intimately, and who certainly was a remarkably quick and clever man, was perpetually vowing vengeance against Thurlow, and always fixing his time during this autumn of 1805 for 'making an example of the old ruffian,' either at the Pavilion or wherever he met him; but I have seen them meet afterwards, and tho' Thurlow was always ready for battle, Francis, who on all other occasions was bold as a lion, would never stir.

"The grudge he owed to Thurlow was certainly not slightly grounded. When Francis and Generals Clavering and Manson were sent to India in 1773, to check Hastings in his career, their conduct was extolled to the skies by our party in parliament, while, on the other hand, Lord Thurlow in the House of Lords said that the greatest misfortune to India and to England was that the ship which carried these three gentlemen out had not gone to the bottom. . . .

". . . During the autumn of 1805 the Prince was a very great politician. He considered himself as the Head of the Whig Party, and was perpetually at work cajoling shabby people, as he thought, into becoming Whigs out of compliment to him, but who ate his dinners and voted with the Ministers just the same. I remember dining with him at George Johnstone's at Brighton—the Duke of Clarence, old Thurlow, Lord and Lady Bessborough and a very large party, of which Suza, the Portuguese Ambassador was one. After dinner the Prince, addressing himself to Suza, described himself as being the Head of the great Whig party in England, and then entered at great length upon the merit of Whig principles, and the great glory it was to him, the Prince, to be the head of a party who advocated such principles. Finally, he appealed to Suza for his opinion upon that subject; but the Portuguese was much too wary to be taken in. He thanked the Prince with great force, ability and propriety for his condescension in giving him the information he had done, but, as he added, the subject was an entirely new one to him, he prayed his Royal Highness would have the goodness to excuse him giving an opinion upon it, till he had considered it more maturely.

"It seemed at that time the Prince's politicks were almost always uppermost with him . . . Upon one occasion I remember dining with the Prince at Lady Downshire's, Lord Winslow and different people being there. After dinner he said to me privately: 'Creevey, you must go home with me.' So when he went he took me in his coach, and when we got to the Pavilion he said: 'Now, Creevey, you and I must go over the House of Commons together, and see who are our friends and who are our enemies.' Accordingly, he got his own red book, and we went over the House of Commons name by name. He had one mark for a friend and another for an enemy, and of course every member of the Government who was then in the House of Commons had *the enemy's* mark put against his name. . . . Having made all these marks himself, he gave me the book, and told me to take it home with me. At this time Lord Castlereagh had just lost his election for the county of Down, entirely from Lady

Downshire's opposition. She had gone over to Ireland expressly for that purpose.

"When the Prince returned from a visit of two or three days to the King at Weymouth, he was very indiscreet in talking at his table about the King's infirmities, there being such people as Miles Peter Andrews and Sir George Shee present, in common with other spies and courtiers. So when he described the King as so blind that he had nearly fallen into some hole at Lord Dorchester's, I said—'Poor man, Sir!' in a very audible and serious tone, and he immediately took the hint and stopt.

"Upon another occasion the Duke of York* came to the Pavilion. It was some military occasion—a review of the troops, I believe—and there was a great assemblage of military people there. Nothing could be so cold and formal as the Prince's manner to the Duke. As he was coming up the room towards the Prince, the Prince said to me in an undertone—'Do you know the Duke of York.' On my replying—'No, sir,' he said—'He's a damned bad politician, but I'll introduce you to him,' and this he did, with great form.

"Amongst other things, the Prince took to a violent desire of bringing Romilly into Parliament, and having found that I was well acquainted with him, he commissioned me to write to Romilly, and to offer him a seat in the House of Commons in the Prince's name. This of course I did, but, in so doing, I did not hesitate to express my own suspicions as to the *reality* of the thing offered, nor did I withhold my opinion as to Romilly's doing best to decline it, could it even be accomplished. I begged him, however, to write me two answers, one for the Prince's inspection, and the other for my own private instruction, if he was desirous the project should be entertained at all. Romilly, however, as I was sure he would, wrote me an answer that was an unequivocal, tho' of course very grateful, refusal of the favour offered him.†

"Having mentioned a dinner I had at Johnstone's in Brighton in 1805, I can't help adverting to what took place that day. The late King (George IV.) and

* Commander-in-chief.

† See p. 40, *supra*.

the present one (William IV.) both dined there, and it so happened that there was a great fight on the same day between *the Chicken** and Gully.† The Duke of Clarence was present at it, and as the battle, from the interference of Magistrates, was fought at a greater distance from Brighton than was intended, the Duke was very late, and did not arrive till dinner was nearly over. I mention the case on account of the change that has since taken place as to these parties. Gully was then a professional prize-fighter from the ranks, and fighting for money. Since that time, the Duke of Clarence has become Sovereign of the country, and Gully has become one of its representatives in parliament. As Gully always attends at Court, as well as in the House of Commons, it would be curious to know whether the King, with his accurate recollection of all the events of his life, and his passion for adverting to them, has ever given to Gully any hint of that day's proceedings. There is, to be sure, one reason why he should not, for Gully was beaten that day by the Chicken, as I have reason to remember; for Lord Thurlow and myself being the two first to arrive before dinner, he asked if I had heard any account of the fight. I repeated what I had heard in the streets, viz. that Gully had given the Chicken so tremendous a knock-down blow at starting, that the latter had never answered to him; so when the Duke of Clarence came and told us that Gully was beat, old Thurlow growled out from his end of the table—'Mr. Creevey, I think an action would lie against you by the Chicken for taking away his character.'

"Lord Thurlow was a great drinker of port wine, and Johnstone, who was the most ridiculous toady of great men, said to him that evening—'I am afraid, my lord, the port wine is not so good as I could wish;'

* Henry Pearce, the "Game Chicken," champion of England.

† John Gully [1783–1863], son of a publican and butcher, made his *début* in the prize-ring in 1805, and was recognised as virtual, though not formal, champion after Pearce, the Game Chicken, retired at the end of that year. In 1808 he became a bookmaker and publican. He made a good deal of money; became a successful owner of racehorses; and, having purchased Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, represented that borough in Parliament from 1832 till 1837.

upon which old Thurlow growled again—'I have tasted better!'"

The foregoing narrative will enable the reader to understand many of the allusions in the following letters written by Mrs. Creevey from Brighton to her husband while he was attending to his parliamentary duties. It must be understood also that Creevey was quite sensible of the advantage which might be expected in regard to his own political prospects from the favour he had found in the royal leader of the Whigs. The King's madness might return on any day; the Prince of Wales would become Regent, and nobody doubted that, so soon as he had the power, he would dismiss the Tory Ministers of his father. Mrs. Creevey, therefore, loyally played up to her husband's hand, and, like her lord, continued charitably blind to the character and habits of their master. Like all who ever made her acquaintance, both Mr. and Mrs. Creevey speak enthusiastically of the unfortunate Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince had married in 1785.

Mrs. Creevey to Mr. Creevey in London.

"Brighton, Oct. 29th, 1805.

". . . Oh, this wicked Pavillion! we were there till ½ past one this morng., and it has kept me in bed with the headache till 12 to-day. . . . The invitation did not come to us till 9 o'clock: we went in Lord Thurlow's carriage, and were in fear of being too late; but the Prince did not come out of the dining-room till 11. Till then our only companions were Lady Downshire and Mr. and Miss Johnstone—the former very goodnatured and amiable. . . . When the Prince appeared, I instantly saw he had got more wine than usual, and it was still more evident that the German Baron was extremely drunk. The Prince came up and

sat by me—introduced McMahon to me, and talked a great deal about Mrs. Fitzherbert—said she had been 'delighted' with my note, and wished much to see me. He asked her 'When?'—and he said her answer was —'Not till *you* are gone, and I can see her *comfortably*.' I suppose this might be correct, for Mac told me he had been 'worrying her to death' all the morning.

"It appears to me I have found a true friend in Mac.* He is even more foolish than I expected; but I shall be disappointed if, even to you, he does not profess himself my devoted admirer.

"Afterwards the Prince led all the party to the table where the maps lie, to see him shoot with an air-gun at a target placed at the end of the room. He did it very skilfully, and wanted all the ladies to attempt it. The girls and I excused ourselves on account of our short sight; but Lady Downshire hit a fiddler in the dining-room, Miss Johnstone a door and Bloomfield the ceiling. . . . I soon had enough of this, and retired to the fire with Mac. . . . At last a waltz was played by the band, and the Prince offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quietly, and once round the table made him giddy, so of course it was proper for his partner to be giddy too; but he cruelly only thought of supporting himself, so she reclined on the Baron."

"Sunday, Nov. 3, 1805.

"And so I amuse you by my histories. Well! I am glad of it, and it encourages me to go on; and yet I can tell you I could tire of such horrors as I have had the last 3 evenings. I nevertheless estimate them as you do, and am quite disposed to persevere. The second evening was the worst. We were in the dining-room (a comfortless place except for eating and drinking in), and sat in a circle round the fire, which (to indulge you with 'detail') was thus arranged. Mrs. F[itzherbert] in the chimney corner (but not knitting), next to her Lady Downshire—then Mrs. Creevey—then Geoff—then Dr. [*erased*]—then Savory—then Warner—then Day, *vis-a-vis* his mistress, and most of the time snoring like a pig and waking for nothing

* The Right Hon. John Macmahon, Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Prince of Wales. Died in 1817.

better than a glass of water, which he call'd for, hoping, I think, to be offered something better. . . . Last night was better; it was the same party only instead of Savory, a Col. or Major Watley [?] of the Gloster Militia, and the addition of Mrs. Morant, an old card-playing woman. . . . Mrs. Fitz shone last night very much in a sketch she gave me of the history of a very rich Russian woman of quality who is coming to Lord Berkeley's house. She has been long in England, and is I suppose generally known in London, though new to me. She was a married woman with children, and of great consequence at the court of Petersburgh when Lord Whitworth was there some years ago. He was poor and handsome—she rich and in love with him, and tired of a very magnificent husband to whom she had been married at 14 years old. In short, she *kept* my Lord, and spent immense sums in doing so and gratifying his great extravagance. In the midst of all this he return'd to England, but they corresponded, and she left her husband and her country to come to him, expecting to marry him—got as far as Berlin, and there heard he was married to the Duchess of Dorset.

"She was raving mad for some time, and Mrs. F. describes her as being often nearly so now, but at other times most interesting, and most miserable. Her husband and children come to England to visit her, and Mrs. F. says she is an eternal subject of remorse to Lord Whitworth, whom she [Mrs. F.] spoke of in warm terms as 'a monster,' and said she could tell me far more to make me think so. The story sometimes hit upon points that made her blush and check herself, which was to me not the least interesting part of it. . . . She laughed more last night than ever at the Johnstones—said he was a most vulgar man, but seem'd to give him credit for his good nature to his sister and his generosity. The Baron is preparing a phantasmagoria at the Pavillion, and she [Mrs. F.] laughs at what he may do with Miss Johnstone in a dark room."

"5th Nov., 1805.

". . . My head is *very* bad, I suppose with the heat of the Pavillion last night. We were there before

Mrs. Fitzherbert came, and it almost made her faint, but she put on no airs to be interesting and soon recovered, and I had a great deal of comfortable prose with her. It was rather formidable when we arrived: nobody but Mrs. Morant and the Prince and Dr. Fraser, and for at least half-an-hour in this little circle the conversation was all between the Prince and me —first about Sheridan, and about not seeing you, and his determination to make you come (if not bring you) back next week, when he is to have Lord St. Vincent, Markham, Sheridan, Tierney, &c. . . . Lady Downshire soon came, but did not help conversation—then came Geoff and Mrs. Fitz, and soon afterwards the men from the dining-room, consisting of only Day and Warner, Savory, Bloomfield and the Baron. The Prince told Mrs. F. he would not have any more, lest they should disturb her. . . . Before she came, he was talking of the fineness of the day, and said:—'But I was not out. I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's at one o'clock, and stay'd talking with her till past 6, which was certainly very *unfashionable*.' Now was he not at that moment thinking of her as his lawful wife? for in no other sense could he call it *unfashionable*."

"Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1805.

"I am much flatter'd, dearest Creevey, that you complain when my letters are short. . . . I went to the Pavillion last night quite well, and moreover am well to-day and fit for Johnstone's ball, which at last is to be. They were at the Pavillion and she [Miss Johnstone] persecuted both the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert like a most impudent fool. The former was all complyance and good nature—the latter very civil, but most steady in refusing to go. She said she could not go out, and Miss J. grinned and answer'd—'Oh! but you *are out* here'—then urged that it had been put off on purpose for Mrs. F., who said she was sorry for it, but hoped it wd. be put off no longer. All this Mrs. F. told me herself, with further remarks, just before I came away, which I did with Lady Downshire, and left the Johnstones with their affairs in an unsettled state, and with faces of great anxiety and misery. But the attack was renew'd, and the Prince

said:—'I shall have great pleasure in looking in upon you, but indeed I cannot let this *good woman* (Mrs. F.) come: she is quite unfit for it.' And so we shall see the fun of his looking in or staying all the evening, for poor Johnstone has been running about the Steyne with a paper in his hand all the morning and invited us all. . . . When I got to the Pavillion last night . . . the Prince sat down by me directly, and I told him my headache had made me late, and he was very *affectionate*. . . . Harry Grey has just come in with news of a great victory at sea and poor Nelson being kill'd. It has come by express to the Prince, and it is said 20 sail are taken or destroyed. What will this do? not, I hope, save Pitt; but both parties may now be humble and make peace. . . .

"I have had new visitors here this morning—Madle. Voeykoff, the niece of the old Russian, and Mde. Pieton, a young friend, daughter of the famous Mrs. Nesbitt and Prince Ferdinand of Wirtemburgh, as is supposed. I talked with her last night, because Mrs. F. praised her as a most amiable creature, and I liked her very much. In short, as usual, the Pavillion amused me, and I wd. rather have been there again to-night than at Johnstone's nasty ball and fine supper."

Mrs. Fitzherbert to Mrs. Creevey.

"Nov. 6, 1805.

"Dr. Madam,

"The Prince has this moment recd. an account from the Admiralty of the death of poor Lord Nelson, which has affected him most extremely. I think you may wish to know the news, which, upon any other occasion might be called a glorious victory—twenty out of three and thirty of the enemy's fleet being entirely destroyed—no English ship being taken or sunk—Capts. Duff and Cook both kill'd, and the French Adl. Villeneuve taken prisoner. Poor Lord Nelson recd. his death by a shot of a musket from the enemy's ship upon his shoulder, and expir'd two hours after, but not till the ship struck and afterwards sunk, which he had the consolation of hearing, as well

as his compleat victory, before he died. Excuse this hurried scrawl: I am so nervous I scarce can hold my pen. God bless you.

"Yours,
"M. FITZHERBERT."

Mrs. Creevey to Mr. Creevey.

"Friday night, 12 o'clock.

"DEAREST CREEVEY,

". . . I think you will like to hear I have spent a very comfortable evening with my mistress.* We had a long discourse about Lady Wellesley. The folly of men marrying such women led us to Mrs. Fox, and I saw she would have liked to go further than I dared, or than our neighbours would permit. . . . They were all full of Prussians and Swedes and Danes and Russians coming soon with irresistible destruction on Buonaparte. I wonder if there is a chance of it. I don't believe it. . . ."

"Nov. 7, 1805.

". . . [The Prince's] sorrow [for Nelson's death] might help to prevent his coming to dinner at the Pavillion or to Johnstone's ball. He did neither, but stayed with Mrs. Fitz; and you may imagine the disappointment of the Johnstones. The girl grin'd it off with the captain, but Johnstone had a face of perfect horror all night, and I think he was very near insane. I once lamented Lord Nelson to him, and he said:—'Oh shocking: and to come at such an unlucky time!' . . ."

"8th Nov.

". . . The first of my visits this morning was to 'my Mistress.' . . . I found her alone, and she was excellent—gave me an account of the Prince's grief about Lord N., and then entered into the domestic failings of the latter in a way infinitely creditable to her, and skilful too. She was all for Lady Nelson and against Lady Hamilton, who, she said (hero as he was) overpower'd him and took possession of him

* Mrs. Fitzherbert.

quite by force. But she ended in a natural, good way, by saying :—'Poor creature! I am sorry for her now, for I suppose she is in grief.'"

"Past 4 o'clock, Monday.

". . . Mrs. Fitzherbert came before 12 and has literally only this moment left me. We have been all the time alone, and she has been confidential to a degree that almost frightens me, and that I can hardly think sufficiently accounted for by her professing in the strongest terms to have liked me more and more every time she has seen me, tho' at first she told Mr. Tierney no person had ever struck her so much at first sight. . . . So much in excuse for her telling me the history of her life, and dwelling more particularly on the explanation of all her feelings and conduct towards the Prince. If she is as *true* as I think she is *wise*, she is an extraordinary person, and most worthy to be beloved. It was quite impossible to keep clear of Devonshire House; and there her opinions are *all* precisely mine and yours, and, what is better, she says they are *now* the Prince's; that he knows everything—above all, how money is made by promises, unauthorised by him, in the event of his having power; that he knows how his character is involved in various transactions of that house, and that he only goes into it, from motives of compassion and old friendship, when he is persecuted to do so. In short, he tells Mrs. F. all he sees and hears, shews her all the Duchess's letters and notes, and she says she knows the Dss. hates her. . . . We talked of her life being written; she said she supposed it would some time or other, but with thousands of lies; but she would be dead and it would not signify. I urged her to write it herself, but she said it would break her heart."

"Nov. 27, 1805.

". . . I was very sorry indeed to go to the Pavillion, and 'my Master' made me no amends for my exertion—no shaking hands—only a common bow in passing—and not a word all night, except just before I came away some artificial stuff about the Baron, and then a little parting shake of the hand with this

interesting observation—'So Creevey is gone,' and the interesting answer of—'Yes, Sir.' In short I suspect he was a little affronted by our going away the night before: but I don't mind it—he will soon come about again; or if he does not, I will make him ashamed by begging his pardon."

"Nov. 29th.

". . . Well, I am quite in favor again. When I entered Gerobtzoff's room last night Prinny * was on a sofa directly opposite the door, and in return for a curtsey, perhaps rather more grave, more low and humble than usual (meaning—'I beg your pardon dear foolish, beautiful Prinny for making you take the pet'), he put out his hand. . . . We soon went to see the ball at the Pavillion, and Mrs. Fitz selected me to go in the first party in a way that set up the backs of various persons and puzzled even Geoff. . . . We were soon tired of the amusement and sick of the heat and stink. Neither the Prince nor any one stay'd long, and the rest of the evening was horribly dull; but luckily for me, when the Prince returned I was sitting on a little sofa that wd. only hold two, and the other seat was vacant; so he came to it, and never left me or spoke to another person till within 10 minutes of my coming away at ½ past 12. . . . We had the old stories of Mrs. Sheridan, only with some new additions . . . we had Charles Grey too, and he talked of his [Grey's] dislike to him, because in the Regency he wd. not hear of his being Chancellor of the Exchequer. He talked of his bad temper and his early presumption in overrating his own talents. . . . He told me that when he was king he wd. not give up his private society, and on my saying a little flattering sentence about the good I expected from him, he actually said—'he hoped I should never have cause to think differently of him.' This was going his length, so I stopt."

"Dec. 2, 1805.

". . . We have been at the Pavillion both Friday and yesterday, and Mrs. F. has desired us to come every night without invitation. . . . Both these parties

* The Prince of Wales.

have been private and the Prince equally good and attentive to me at both. . . . Last night he took me under his arm through the dark, wet garden into the other house, to shew me a picture of himself. Poor little Lady Downshire push'd herself (tho' humbly) into our party, but he sent her before with Bloomfield and the lanthorn, and he and I might have gone astray in any way we had liked; but I can assure you (faithless as you are about coming back to me) nothing worse happened than his promise of giving me *the best print that ever was done of him*, and mine that it shall hang in the best place amongst my friends."

"Dec. 5, 1805.

". . . It was a large party at the Pavillion last night, and the Prince was not well . . . and went off to bed. . . . Lord Hutchinson was my chief flirt for the evening, but before Prinny went off he took a seat by me to tell me all this *bad* news had made him bilious and that he was further overset yesterday by seeing the ship with Lord Nelson's body on board. . . . None of them knew Pitt was gone to Bath till I told them. I ask'd both Lord H[utchinson] and his Master if they wd. like him to die now, or live a little longer to be turn'd out. They both decidedly prefer instant death. . . . I think Sheridan may probably return with you on Friday if you ask him. On second thoughts—I would not have you ask him, for he will make you wait and sleep at the Cock at Sutton."

CHAPTER IV.

1806–1808.

Pitt never rallied from the shock of Ulm and Austerlitz. Parliament was to meet on 21st January, 1806, and he travelled up from Bath by easy stages to his villa at Putney, where he arrived on the 11th, and invitations were issued for the customary official dinner of the First Lord of the Treasury on the 20th. But that dinner never took place. Lord Henry Petty had given notice of an amendment to the Address, censuring Pitt's administration; but out of respect to a disabled foe, he did not move it, and the Address was agreed to without debate.

Hon. Charles Grey, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Howick, Jan. 13, 1806.

"I received your letter last night, and had from other quarters the same reports of Pitt's illness and resignation. I think you will probably find these among the false reports of the day. I cannot believe in his resigning again while he has breath; and as to his health, I shall not be surprised to see him making a speech of two hours on the first day of the Session."

Pitt expired on 23rd January, and the old King had at last to have recourse to the Whigs. Lord

Grenville formed a coalition Cabinet, nicknamed "All the Talents," in which Fox held the seals of the Foreign Office, Grey was First Lord of the Admiralty, Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, took the Privy Seal, and Erskine as Whig Lord Chancellor balanced Ellenborough as Tory Lord Chief Justice with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Creevey's past activity and promise of more were not overlooked, and he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Controul—a post which, as his friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grey wrote to him, was "better in point of emolument and of more real work" than a seat at the Board of Admiralty which was first intended for him, "and not obliging you to vacate your seat" in Parliament. Associated with this office were the duties of party whip, which Creevey began to discharge forthwith. Some of the Ministers seeking re-election on taking office had to fight fiercely for their seats; and it shows the confusion of the old party lines to find Lord Henry Petty opposed at Cambridge by Lord Palmerston and Lord Althorp—both of them Whigs; Lord Althorp and Lord Palmerston, who were both destined to lead the House of Commons as members of Whig administrations. Petty had accepted office as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Palmerston did not enter upon his twenty years of official work at the War Office until 1809. It was of this contest between Petty and Palmerston that Byron wrote in *Hours of Idleness*:—

> "One on his power and place depends,
> The other on the Lord knows what;
> Each to some eloquence pretends,
> Though neither will convince by that."

Lord Henry Petty to Mr. Creevey.

"Cambridge, January, 1806.

"We go on well, and I hope to beat Palmerston even if Althorp stands, which is possible, for he tells me he is urged to continue, and tries to think he has some chance of success, which is out of the question. The Johnians have discovered that I am a lurking dissenter. . . . Some five Pittites proposed setting up Ld. Hadley to give the College an opportunity of showing its respect for the memory of Mr. P. by voting against Ld. Althorp and me."

"Cambridge, 28th Jany., 1806.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"We go on as well as you will see by the list. I have a very handsome letter from Ld. Percy, who tells me he has written to the Master, Tutors and all his friends at St. John's in my favor, but I fear they are all engaged to Palmerston. The latter, I am told, has 130 secure. Althorp does not give way, but I threaten with a formal proposal to compare strength, which discomposes him a good deal.

"Ever yrs.,

"HY. PETTY."

The Prince of Wales, as a keen party man, and considering himself leader of the Whigs, was not idle at such a crisis. He sent out his commands right and left; woe betide him who failed to vote as directed. Such, at least, was evidently the apprehension of one of his chaplains, who had rashly pledged himself without consulting his royal master's wishes.

Rev. W. Price to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

"55, Upper John St., Fitzroy Square, Feb. 1st, 1806.

"SIR,

"Permit me to observe to Your Royal Highness, that few events in the course of my Life have impress'd me with more uneasiness than the Letter

which I have receiv'd from Col. McMahon in which is intimated Your Royal Highness's commands that I give my Interest to Lord Henry Petty as a Candidate for the University of Cambridge.

"I beg with all humility to assure Your Royal Highness, my Inclination no less than my Duty would dictate an obedience to Your Royal Highness upon this and every occasion, but I am to lament when I had the Honor to attend his Majesty at St. James's with the Address from the University of Cambridge, Lord Spencer solicited my Vote in behalf of his Son Lord Althorp, when I, not conceiving Your Royal Highness had any commands on this occasion, promis'd to Lord Spencer that Vote which he now claims, informing me Your Royal Highness assur'd him yesterday you wou'd not have interfer'd in opposition to Ld. Althorp, had you known his intention to offer himself. I am therefore humbly to solicit Your Royal Highness's indulgence, and that I may not suffer in your estimation on this occasion, and beg to profess how greatly I feel in Duty and Obedience.

"Your Royal Highness's most devoted and
most humble Servant and Chaplain,
"WILLIAM PRICE."

Lord Robert Spencer to Mr. Creevey.*

"Saturday night.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"Pray don't forget that the responsibility rests with you as to C. Fox's coming to town for Monday or not.

"Yrs. ever,
"R. SPENCER."

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"*Fame* at the Nore, 6th Feb., 1806.

". . . I think as you are now a staunch supporter of the Government, there can be no great harm in my corresponding with you. I own to you that, since

* Youngest son of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

Pitt's death, I have been clearly of opinion that Charles Fox was the man whom I wished to see at the helm, and, altho' I have long ceased to be very sangwine in my expectation with regard to the conduct of public men, yet I have hopes that we shall see a manly, decided line of conduct adopted by the present Muphties. . . . We are just on the point of weighing anchor, and are only waiting for daylight to see our way to St. Helens, where I am ordered. We have been manned a few days—so-so—about 90 of the *Victory's* form the groundwork. They are not what you might expect from the companions of Nelson, but they will do with some whipping and spurring. We shall be tolerable in about six months; in the meantime we must do our best. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"July, 1806.

". . . I dined at the London Tavern last night and there were eight Ministers of State and all the India directors, and secretaries and under-secretaries and fellow-servants of all descriptions without end, in all about 200, but the devil a bit of Turtle! upon which I thought little Kensington * would have cried. Sheridan and I were for crying 'Off! off! off!' and damning the whole piece on account of the absence of the principal performer. I sat opposite to Morpeth,† and I made him blush and laugh and almost cry all at once. I swore it was the beggarly budget that frightened the directors out of giving their masters turtle. My comrogues laughed, and the directors did not half like the joke. . . . You see my friend Mr. Howorth has been adding to the amusements of Brighton races by fighting a duel with Lord Barrymore. His lordship was his adversary at whist, and chose to tell him that something he said about the cards was 'false;' upon which Howorth gave him such a blow as makes the lord walk about at this moment with a black eye. Of

* The 2nd Lord Kensington.

† Lord Morpeth [1773–1848], afterwards 6th Earl of Carlisle, represented India in the new administration.

course a duel could not be prevented. When they got to the ground, Howorth very coolly pulled off his coat and said: 'My lord, having been a surgeon I know that the most dangerous thing in a wound is having a piece of cloth shot into it, so I advise you to follow my example.' The peer, I believe, despised such low professional care, and no harm happened to either of them."

Six months had not gone by since Pitt breathed his last, when the health of his great rival, Fox, broke down. He appeared for the last time in the House of Commons on 10th June, already exceedingly ill, but determined to be at his post in order to move certain resolutions preparatory to the bill for abolishing the slave trade. This he accomplished, and the bill giving effect to these resolutions became law in the following year; but by that time Charles Fox was no more. He lingered till 13th September, 1806, and every bulletin during his last illness was anxiously watched for and canvassed by men and women of both parties in the State. Assuredly no public man was ever better beloved than Fox on account of his private qualities. Notwithstanding that his great natural abilities suffered damage, and his energies were diverted and impaired by his excessive conviviality and love of gambling, even his political enemies could not help loving the man. Pitt's haughtiness repelled; Fox's simplicity and sweetness of address attracted all hearts. Pitt's talents and penetrating foresight commanded the confidence and gratitude of his followers; but it was not his lot to secure the passionate affection, approaching to idolatry, which was freely given to Fox.

Mrs. Creevey to Mr. Creevey.

"July 10, 1806.

". . . Hester* and Sheridan dined with us yesterday, as well as Harry Scott, and we were extremely sociable and agreeable all the evening, until Lord and Lady Howick,† General Grey and Charlotte Hughes added to our party. Poor Charlotte‡ was rather 'in the basket,' for you know Ogles and Greys do not take much pains to make a stranger comfortable; but old Sherry with his usual good taste was very attentive to her. . . . Lord Howick was in better spirits and very amiable, no doubt owing to his improved hopes about Mr. Fox. He had been that morning for the first time convinced that he was materially better, both from the opinion of Vaughan and from having seen him—that his looks were wonderfully improved. He is sure his body and legs are lessened and Mr. Fox said himself, 'whatever my disease has been, I am convinced it is much abated, and I think I shall *do again*.' . . . Lord and Lady Howick and the General went away before 12, and then Sherry, who had been very good at dinner and most agreeable all the evening, seem'd to have a little hankering after a broiled bone . . . so in due time he had it."

Mr. Creevey to Dr. Currie.

"12th July.

". . . Fox is a great deal better to-day certainly than he has ever been yet, and is walking about in his garden; so I hope to G— we shall all do. . . . We had a devil of a business last night altogether. We got off from the House to Sherry's a little before 8—about 14 of us—without him, so I made him give me

* Mrs. Sheridan, *née* Lindley.

† Sir Charles Grey of Howick having been created Earl Grey in this year, his eldest son assumed the courtesy title of Lord Howick.

‡ Mrs. Hughes of Kinmel, whose husband was created Lord Dinorben in 1831.

a written order to his *two* cooks to serve up the turtle in his absence, which they did, and which we presently devoured. In the midst of the second course, a black, sooty kitchenmaid rushed into the room screaming 'Fire!' At the house door were various other persons hallooing to the same purpose, and it turned out to be the curtains in Mrs. Sheridan's dressing-room in a blaze, which Harry Scott had presence of mind to pull down by force, instead of joining in the general clamour for buckets, which was repeated from all the box-keepers, scene-shifters, thief-takers, and sheriff's officers who were performing the character of servants out of livery. So the fire was extinguished, with some injury to Harry's thumb.

"Half an hour afterwards we were summoned to a division which did not take place till three, and another at four. Our situation in the House was as precarious as at Sheridan's. His behaviour was infamous.* . . . He said he had stayed away all the session from disapproving *all* our military measures, and finally made a motion which, if the Addingtonians had supported, would have left us in a minority. . . . Grey made one of his best speeches, full of honor, courage and good faith—it made a great impression, and Sherry was left to the contempt from all sides he so justly deserved. . . . Prinney† sent McMahon to me yesterday desiring to know whether I would induce Tufnell to withdraw his pretensions to Colchester. He was asked to make this request to me by Sir Wm. Smith, that —— of a fellow you may remember at Brighton, and who himself has started. But I returned Prinney such a bill of fare of Tuffy's merits and pretensions, that I have no doubt old Smith in his turn will be asked to give way."

* Sheridan held office in "All the Talents" as Treasurer of the Navy; but he declared on this occasion that "he was sure the Cabinet would never look to him for the subserviency of sacrificing his independence of opinion to any consideration of office; at least, if ever they should so expect, they would be disappointed" [*Hansard*, July 11, 1806].

† The Prince of Wales.

Mrs. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"15th July.

". . . I am returned from my morning's travels, but they were sadly shortened by going first to the Admiralty and hearing from Lady Howick that Hester [Mrs. Sheridan] was not well. I proceeded to Somerset House; Mr. Secretary * got into the coach in Parliament Street, and when we got to Somerset House, we found Hester so well, and with such a nice cold chicken and tongue before her, that we made him get out of the coach and eat with us. Then I had only time to call at Mr. Fox's, who continues better. . . . He is advised, I hear, to go to the sea, and McMahon says it will be Brighton, for Prinney has offered him one of his houses, and presses him much to take it. McMahon says he will, but I cannot say I think the dinners at the Pavilion will be good for him. . . . The offer, I think, looks as if Prin thought he could make up the quarrel with Mrs. Fitzherbert,† which I wish he may, but you know he *does* sometimes fancy he can do more than in the end he performs."

"30th July.

". . . In our return from walking in the Park last night at 10 o'clock we saw the Prince's chariot at Mr. Fox's door, and I find from Mrs. Bouverie that he stayed a long time, and Mr. Fox was not fatigued by it, but had a good night. . . . She has not seen him for some days, but she says that is accident, owing to Lady Holland being there whom he *will not* see; but she plants herself in one of the rooms below stairs, under pretence of waiting for Lord Holland, and so prevents his admitting any other woman."

"25th August.

". . . Mr. Creevey dined yesterday at Lord Cowper's. It was a grand dinner after the christening of his son, to whom the Prince stood godfather. The ceremony

* Mr. Creevey, Secretary to the Board of Controul.

† In 1806 the Prince fell in love with Lady Hertford, and Mrs. Fitzherbert's excellent and quasi-legitimate influence waned.

was going on in one drawing-room when Mr. Creevey arrived. After it was over, the Prince, on coming into the room where the rest of the company were assembled, said: 'Ho, Creevey! you there,' and sprang across the room and shook hands with him. When he sat opposite to him at dinner he hardly spoke to anyone else, beginning directly with—'Well, tell me now, Creevey, about Mrs. Creevey and the girls, and when they come to Brighton;' and on hearing 'probably in October,' he said—'Oh delightful! we shall be *so* comfortable,' and then went over the old stories . . . till, as Mr. C. says, the company did not know very well what to make of it. They all adjourned to Melbourne House to supper. At 2 o'clock in the morning, that terrible Sheridan seduced Mr. Creevey into Brookes, where they stayed till 4, when Sherry *affectionately* came home with him, and upstairs to see me. They were both so very merry, and so much pleased with each other's jokes, that, though they could not repeat them to me very distinctly, I was too much amused to scold them as they deserved."

The constant bulletins about Fox, which it is not necessary to repeat, continued favourable till 9th September, when the dropsy began to gain ground upon him. But, considering how the letters even of this amiable and accomplished lady are pervaded with the fumes of wine and the aroma of broiled bones, the marvel is, not that so many men of her acquaintance suffered in their health, but why more of them did not bring their lives prematurely to a close by perpetual stuffing and swilling. Wine in excess was not only the chief cause of a disordered system, but it was made to serve as the invariable remedy, supplemented by the free use of the lancet and by drastic purges.

Mrs. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"12 Sept., 1806.

". . . I am going to Somerset House to enquire after poor Sheridan, who went from this house very ill at 12 o'clock last night. . . . He complained of sore throat and shivering, and his pulse was the most frightful one I ever felt; it was so tumultuous and so strong that when one touched it, it seemed not only to shake his arm, but his whole frame. . . . I lighted a fire and a great many candles, and Mr. Creevey, who was luckily just come home from Petty's, began to tell him stories. . . . Then we sent for some wine, of which he was so frightened it required persuasion to make him drink six small glasses, of which the effect was immediate in making him not only happier, but composing his pulse. . . . In the midst of his dismals he said most clever, funny things, and at last got to describing Mr. Hare, and others of his old associates, with the hand of a real master, and made one lament that such extraordinary talents should have such numerous alloys. He received a note from Lady Elizabeth Forster, with a good account of Mr. Fox. It ended with—'try to drink less and speak the truth.' He was very funny about it and said: 'By G–d! I speak more truth than *she* does, however.' Then he told us how she had *cried* to him the night before, 'because she felt it her severe duty to be Duchess of Devonshire!'*

With Fox was extinguished the brightest of "All the Talents." The administration continued during the succeeding winter, but when the King, in March, 1807, demanded an assurance from his Ministers that they would bring in no measure of Roman Catholic Relief, Grenville, who, with Pitt, had resigned office in 1801 because of the King's determination on this

* The Duchess of Devonshire had died in March of this year. Lady Elizabeth married the Duke, but not till three years later, in 1809.

subject, declined to continue in office on such terms, and the Cabinet resigned. Some of his colleagues disapproved highly of this course, Sheridan observing that "he had known many men knock their heads against a wall, but he had never before heard of a man collecting bricks and building a wall for the express purpose of knocking out his own brains against it." Probably Mr. Creevey shared this view, but there is an almost total blank in his correspondence during the year which brought his brief tenure of office to a close. The coalition of parties was at an end, and the Duke of Portland became nominal head of a Tory Cabinet.

Lord Henry Petty to Mr. Creevey.

"Teignmouth, Nov. 2nd, 1807.

". . . Altho' I understand that Ld. Wellesley claims all the *glory* of the Copenhagen expedition, I think Ld. Chatham's negative will prevail over his positive qualities, and that he will be the minister of next year. Archd. Hamilton writes to me that Melville is more than ever Minister *de facto* in Scotland, and that a year's fasting has so sharpened the appetites of his followers, that not a chaise is to be got on any of the roads which lead to Dunira, so numerous are the solicitors and expectants that attend his court.

"Dartmouth harbour—a beautiful basin—exhibits a curious spectacle at present. The flags of Portugal and Denmark flying on board at least twelve or fourteen detained ships of both nations, the crews of which are maintained by Govt. . . . I am now an inhabitant of New Burlington Street, but a letter directed London will be sure to find me."

The year 1808 was perhaps the most momentous of the century to the destiny of Great Britain. Not many months before his death Pitt had laid his finger on the map of Spain as the only part of the Continent

where a successful stand might be made against Napoleon. But Spain was allied with France as the foe of England, and since Pitt's death the idea had been entertained by Portland's Cabinet of assisting the South American colonies of Spain in a revolt against the mother country. A certain young general, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had won considerable renown in India, and, on returning to this country, had entered Parliament for the express purpose of defending his brother, Marquess Wellesley, against the attacks upon his administration as Viceroy, happened to be Secretary for Ireland at this time. He had retained that responsible office while commanding a division under Lord Cathcart in the successful but inglorious Copenhagen campaign of 1807. Sir Arthur, then, in the spring of 1808, was directed to confer with General Miranda, emissary of the revolutionary party in Spanish South America, and to prepare plans for an expedition to support the rebellion there. Such plans Wellesley prepared, making out in his own handwriting lists of all the stores required, down to the very number of flints required for small arms. Nevertheless, he disapproved of the policy of this projected expedition. "I have always had a horror," he afterwards said to Lord Mahon, "of revolutionising any country for a political object. I always said—if they rise of themselves, well and good, but do not stir them up; it is a fearful responsibility." Moreover, in the concluding paragraph of his memorandum, Sir Arthur could not refrain from alluding pointedly to "the manner in which Napoleon's armies are now spread in all parts of Europe," and asking pointedly whether it was impossible to operate against him in the Old World, rather

than undertake speculative projects in the New. If possible, said he, it is "an opportunity which ought not to be passed by." *

Fortunately affairs took a sudden turn which, by ranging Spain alongside of her ancient enemy Great Britain in the struggle with Napoleon, brought Ministers to the views of the dead Pitt and the future Duke of Wellington. The rulers of Spain had proved both corrupt and incompetent; her armies, commanded by ignorant and vain aristocrats, were utterly unfit to take the field against Napoleon's marshals; yet the ancient spirit still burned in the hearts of her people. In the month of May news came to England that the Spaniards had risen in revolt against the French. Nine thousand troops lay at Cork, ready to embark for South America, there to aid in overturning the government of the King of Spain in his colonies. At the beginning of June, Sir Arthur Wellesley, being still Secretary for Ireland, was sent to take command of these, to sail with them to Spain, there to aid in restoring the King of Spain's authority in his home dominions. A strange piece of scene-shifting, opening, as it did, the long and tremendous drama of the Peninsular war.

Creevey's correspondence continues extremely fragmentary during this exciting period. Such letters as remain betray the growing bitterness of party spirit and the intense impatience of the extreme members of the Opposition, of whom Creevey was one, with Lord Grenville, who, though not a Whig, could no longer be reckoned as a Tory, and with the more responsible and moderate Whigs, who, like Lord Grey, were not prepared to push the interests of

* Wellington's *Supplementary Despatches*, vi. 82.

party before those of the country. Creevey's leader at this time was Samuel Whitbread, a man of unblemished character, absolute honesty, and considerable debating power, but one who did not shrink from the responsibility of hampering and thwarting Ministers, even when the safety of the Empire seemed at stake. He opposed to the utmost the war policy of the Government, and was specially hostile to the Wellesleys—both the Marquess and Sir Arthur.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Southill, Ap. 18, 1808.

". . . Whatever some squeamish voters in the Ho. of Commons may think and wish, the publick will not be satisfied without the active pursuit of Melville, and I shall not be inclined to make any compromise with shabbiness. It's a pleasant circumstance, amongst others, that the Admiralty cannot be disposed of. . . ."

"Margate, June 29, 1808.

". . . The insurrection [in Spain against the French] has taken a much greater degree of method and consistency than I had expected, and the accession of two such persons as Filanqueri and Sovilliano is of the utmost importance. God send them successful! and we ought and must give them every possible assistance; but I dread the account of the first conflict between the French army and this patriotic band. It is the business of the Patriots to avoid it, and that of Bonaparte to seek it as soon as possible. . . . You have asked me two or three times for my speculations upon another session? Will you be so good as to give me yours? and as I wish to be master of the E[ast] I[ndia] subject by the autumn, be so good as to point out to me a course of reading."

Wellesley's expedition sailed from Cork on 15th June; before the end of September the only French troops left in Portugal were the garrisons of Elvas

and Almeida; General Junot, with a beaten army of 26,000 men, had been conveyed in British ships to Rochelle; the Russian Admiral Siniavin had surrendered his whole fleet in the Tagus to Sir Charles Cotton. Such were the conditions of the famous Convention of Cintra, forced upon the French by the victorious little army under Sir Arthur Wellesley. Yet was the nation almost unanimous in demanding his degradation, if not his death, with that of the two generals who successively took command over his head. They were even blamed in the King's Speech from the Throne for "acceding to the terms of the Convention." The sagacious Whitbread and his friends found solace in the discomfiture of the Wellesleys.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Bounds, near Tunbridge, Sept. 25th, 1808.

". . . I conclude the same sentiment prevails all over the country respecting the Portuguese convention. Cobbet's dissertation upon it is excellent, tho' it by no means explains, nor can anything explain, the mystery. I grieve for the opportunity that has been lost of acquiring national glory, but am not sorry to see the Wellesley pride a little lowered. . . ."

Wm. Cobbett to Lord Folkestone, M.P.†*

"9 Oct., 1808.

"My Lord,

"Thank you kindly for both your letters. It is, indeed, a damned thing that Wellesley‡ should

* Ex-sergeant-major and publisher of the well-known *Weekly Political Register*, which began in 1802. He was elected member for Oldham to the first reformed Parliament.

† Afterwards 3rd Earl of Radnor; Radical M.P. for Salisbury from 1802 to 1828: died in 1869.

‡ Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose share in the Convention of Cintra had been sent before a Court of Inquiry.

give the lie direct to the *protesting* part of the statement of his friends. How the devil will they get over this? Now we have the rascals upon the hip. It is evident that *he* was the prime cause—the *only* cause—of all the mischief, and that from the motive of thwarting everything *after he was superseded.* Thus do we pay for the arrogance of that damned infernal family. But it all comes at last *to the House of Commons.* The corruptions of that infamous [? place] sent them out,* and we are justly punished. . . ."

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"*Marlborough*, Rio Janeiro, Oct. 11th, 1808.

". . . My whole heart and soul is with the Spaniards, and I hope and trust we shall support them and fight for them to the uttermost. . . . This great event in Spain must of course put a stop to any plan we may have had to emancipate the Spanish Colonies. . . . I hope Bonoparte has now enough on his hands without thinking of invading England. He has overshot his mark, and, I have great hopes, has done for himself. However, he will die game. . . . I am very anxious to hear of my brother Jack † coming into play. I daresay he will have some Right Honble. Torpedo set over him to counteract his fire and genius; but in spite of the Devil, he is invaluable wherever he is, and the soldiers know that. . . ."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Southill, 20 Dec., 1808.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"To the usual occupations of hanging Mad Dogs, swearing Bastards, convicting Poachers, and such like country performances, has been added the amusement of Hunting, which I have resumed to the great benefit of my health, and the complete *fugitation* I hope, of all critical Deposits in consequence of high

* Referring to the Indian appointments held respectively by the Marquess Wellesley and his brother Sir Arthur, and to the first Peninsular expedition of the latter.

† General Sir John Moore.

Sir Graham Moore, G.C.B.

living. Besides, we have had a House pretty full of Company, amongst which have been the Lady Grey and Lady Hannah; so you will perceive with half an eye that, however acceptable your letter, as it really and truly was, you had but little chance of receiving any answer, till the frost came and locked up my Play-things. Now I can find a moment to thank you for it, and to ask for a continuation of your sentiments, both which I do with unaffected sincerity. I value your opinion, and you are one of the very few Persons who will say what you think of me to myself. I hope I deserve to be so treated.

"You mix more with the World in general than I am enabled to do from particular circumstances, and I believe you have the good of the Country at Heart. I further believe that you are interested in my Reputation. I acknowledge that in the course of the last Session of Parliament, I may have dwelt too much and too often upon topicks which are not generally interesting, because they are not generally understood, and I am quite aware that I may have spoken both too often and too much; but you confirm the feeling I before had that the Result of my Parliamentary Campaign was not injurious to my Fame, and I have heard from friends and foes the agreeable Truth which on that score you repeat to me. I shall go to the House of Commons to the coming Session with feelings very different from those which I carried there last January. You know that I was then piqued. I was not certainly ambitious of being placed nominally at the Head of a Party in the House of Commons, and really to be the Slave of a Party in the House of Lords; but I had been ambitious of being thought the fit Person in all essentials to fill the vacant Place. By the Person who had [*illegible*] held it with so much Dignity and Reputation,* that Ambition had been disappointed. I had closed my Conference by saying—'We shall all find our Level;' and however unconscious of it at the time, I daresay I was actuated by a desire to show that my level, at least in the present generation, was not very low. If what you say be true, my

* Right Hon. George Ponsonby [1755-1817].

gratification on that score is complete. I am no Candidate for the Lead: I have what I wanted. It is said I ought to have been the Leader, and nothing should tempt me to take the place, because I know on many accounts I ought not to be Leader, and ought never to have been the Leader. So much for that.

"I am fully aware of the apathy of the Publick and of their indifference towards the proceedings of the House of Commons, and of their Distrust of all Publick Men; and I cannot but agree with you that poor Fox did overset the Publick opinion with regard to Statesmen. The last administration completed the job. Still, whilst I have a seat in Parliament, and can obtain a hearing, I cannot help proceeding as if I thought the World would give me credit for the Purity of my Motives. The tone you propose to me to adopt in the ensuing session I will certainly attend to with assiduity, and altho' I think in every point, both internal and external, our situation is nearly as forlorn and hopeless as any that ever was imagined by the most gloomy Politician, I will endeavour to act as if the case were not desperate—as if the corrupted and corruptors would be brought to a sense of Duty, and to see the Necessity of Retrenchment and Reform.

"I have written a shameful deal about myself, but as your letter was expressly on that subject, you must pardon me: and as it is for you alone that I write, I am not afraid of sarcastical animadversion. . . ."

CHAPTER V.

1809.

Canning and Castlereagh, hitherto at one in maintaining the Continental policy of Pitt, fell at issue in 1809 as to the best means of carrying the same into effect. The seeds of their difference had been sown in the dispute about the Convention of Cintra. Canning, as Foreign Secretary, advocated a concentration of the whole military forces of Britain upon the liberation of Spain; Castlereagh, at the War Office, listened to expert advisers who had been damped by the retreat and death of Sir John Moore, and was urgent for creating diversions in other parts of Europe. Castlereagh had his way, with the result, among others, that the most powerful expedition that had ever sailed from England—40,000 troops and a splendid fleet with as many seamen and marines — were lamentably sacrificed in the swamps of Walcheren Island through the incompetence of their general; while Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed in April to assume command in a second Peninsular campaign. Great was the fury of the anti-war party in Parliament by reason of this resuscitation of the hated Wellesleys, but not greater than their rage at Lord Grenville, who, although he had acted with the Opposition until now, refused to be drawn into an unpatriotic line of

conduct, or at Grey, Tierney, and other Whigs who showed scruples at embarrassing the Government in their operations.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Southill, Jan. 11, 1809.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"Your letter reached me at Woburn Abbey amidst rows, festivities and masquerades. . . . By all I can collect from the Duke of Bedford and Fitz-Patrick it is not the desire of Ponsonby and the wise heads in London that any great effort should be made for an attendance. . . . I have heard from Tierney since I saw you. He seems in flat despair about any effect to be produced by our exertions in Parlt. the ensuing session, and I am told that he wishes to abstain from *active* attendance altogether. I do not believe that any persons join with him in this feeling. I am sure I do not. It would be as unwise as impracticable to be seen and not heard in the House of Commons; and as his plan does not go the whole length of secession, it will amount in practice to nothing at all. . . . Lord Grenville intends to come down on the first day and make a general attack: after that, he does not at present mean to follow the matter up with the assiduity he displayed last year in the House of Lords, nor, indeed, in the absence of Grey and Holland, could it be expected. . . . I will only add for myself, that I have the greatest respect for Ld. Grenville, but that that respect would in no way prevent my taking any line I thought the right one. . . ."

"Southill, March 31, 1809.

". . . Do pray tell me what is said about things in general, and in particular about myself, for I fear I am but roughly handled in *a part* of the world just now. . . . What do you think of the Westminster meeting? I cannot say how much I was surprized by Burdett's unprovoked attack upon the great agriculturists, who are, almost without exception, real friends of Liberty and Reform—none more so

HAMPSTEAD A LIBRARY

than the head of them, the Duke of Bedford, who thinks parliamentary reform indispensably necessary to our existence. . . . I am to-day working hard at the local Militia; to-morrow I intend to go fox-hunting, and on Sunday I hope to be regaled by an answer from you. . . ."

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"London, July 18th, 1809.

". . . The [Walcheren] expedition is expected to sail this week. The Naval part of it is well commanded. Strachan is one of those in our service whom I estimate the highest. I do not believe he has his fellow among the Admirals, unless it be Pellew, for ability, and it is not possible to have more zeal and gallantry."

"Brook Farm, Cobham, Surrey, Sept. 19th, 1809.

"I go back to my ship on the 21st at Portsmouth, where she arrived from the Scheldt with a cargo of *sick*. I expect to go with her there, as we are to continue under the command of Sir Richard Strachan,* and as there are 200 of her seamen still there in the gunboats, &c. It is my wish to serve with Strachan, as I know him to be extremely brave and full of zeal and ardour, at the same time that he is an excellent seaman, and, tho' an irregular, impetuous fellow, possessing very quick parts and an uncommon share of sagacity and strong sense. I hope Walcheren will be evacuated before we lose any more of our invaluable men. . . . The Cannings are in a damned dilemma with this expedition and the victory of Talavera. They mean, I understand, to saddle poor Lord Chatham with the first, but who can they saddle the victory with? They dare not attack the Wellesleys as they did my poor brother.† What a cursed set you all are! I certainly far prefer your set, but your set bungled miserably. However you are a more manly and gentlemanly set of bunglers and

* Moore, as a Scot, spells Sir Richard's name *more Scotico*.

† Sir John Moore.

jobbers than the self-sufficient, chattering, intriguing Cannings. . . . I wish Parliament were met, for I long to see these fellows forced from their seats. As to peace, I can see no prospect of it as long as Bonoparte exists; and I believe, for our comfort, he is a cursed temperate, hardy knave, in mind and body. . . ."

On 21st September the quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning culminated in a duel, involving the resignation of both Ministers. Lord Wellesley was recalled from Spain to succeed Canning at the Foreign Office, and Lord Liverpool took Castlereagh's place at the War Office. Another change shortly afterwards was the replacement of the Duke of Portland at the head of the Government by Mr. Perceval.

Lord Folkestone, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brooks's, Sept. 21, 1809.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I cannot help writing to tell you what a curious scene is going on here. Old Portland is going both out of the Ministry and out of the world—both very soon, and it is doubtful which first; but the doubt arises from the difficulty of finding a new Premier, though both Perceval and Canning have offered themselves. Mulgrave is going too, they say—Castlereagh is quite gone, and Canning too, and the latter well nigh this morning quitted this sublunary globe, as well as the Foreign Office, for his friend Castlereagh on Wimbledon Common about 7 o'clock this morning as neatly as possible sent a pistol bullet through the fleshy part of his thigh. These heroes have quarrelled and fought about the Walcheren affair—Castlereagh damning the execution* of Lord Chatham, and Canning the plan of the planner, and being Lord Chatham's champion. Lord Chatham's friends, too, say that he is not at all to blame, that he

* *I.e.* the performance.

has a complete case against Castlereagh, and further, that Sir Richard Strahan has made him *amende honorable*, saying that he meant by his letter to insinuate no blame against him, and that he is ready to say so whenever and wherever called upon to do so.* On the other hand, Castlereagh's friends are furious too—say that never man was so ill-used, and that he never will have any more connexion with his present colleagues.

"Lord Yarmouth was Castlereagh's second—Charles Ellis† Canning's. Castlereagh was not touched; Canning's wound is likely to be very tedious—not dangerous. In the meantime, every official arrangement is at a stand, or at least quite unknown and the whole thing appears in utter confusion. Mother Cole‡ in vain shows himself all day long in St. James's Street; the Whigs are thought of by no one; the Doctor§ cries 'off,' and the King has not yet sent for Wardle‖ or Burdett. I really think that any one might be a minister for asking for it—Mr. Lee (the spokesman at Covent Garden) as well as another; and if they do not take care, it will come to this. If Nobbs¶ does not, the Mob will, name the Minister, and then—why not Mr. Lee? The scene would be diverting, if it did not look so serious; but, I protest, I begin to think it alarming, considering that guineas at Winchester have passed for *22s.* in paper.

"In the meantime, the diversions of Covent Garden go on bravely. The people behave well, and I hope they will beat the damned Managers. The Magistrates there, as usual, behaved shamefully, and endeavoured to excite a riot, but did not succeed.

* "The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

† Charles Rose Ellis, M.P. [1771–1845], created Lord Seaford in 1826.

‡ Mr. Tierney.

§ Lord Sidmouth.

‖ Colonel Wardle, M.P., who led the attack upon the Duke of York in the affair of Mrs. Clarke, which cost His Royal Highness his office as Commander-in-Chief.

¶ George III.

Princess Amelia* is dying at Weymouth, and the Prince is not likely (I hear) to live long.

"I think I have exhausted my budget of news. Remember me to the ladies and believe me—

"Truly yours,

"FOLKESTONE."

C. C. Western, M.P.,† to Mr. Creevey.

"Felix Hall, Sept. 24, 1809.

". . . I wish that you may persist in your literary pursuits and particularly directed as they have to a comparative view of the conduct and character of modern statesmen with men of *better* times. By Heavens! the contrast is too disgusting. I know as little of history, even of my own country, as any gentleman need do, but it is impossible not to pick up enough to see and admire to an excess the sense and spirit of the old patriots, and certainly we have proof enough of the present men to make one dead sick at the very thoughts of them. . . . The *duel!* by the Lord, this surpasses everything. I have no doubt Canning was the aggressor, for the fellow is mad—evinced his insanity more than once last year. I delight in this duel. It is *demonstration* of the EFFICIENCY of our Councils. Here is an Administration—the *King's Own;* the entire army is their sacrifice—the national character and safety too—and yet the Country *quite passive.* It is really too much to bear. And we are to have a Jubilee! It surpasses all imagination. I am expecting this loyal County to proclaim a subscription to illuminate, &c. I cannot really submit to it, though I shall be branded as a traitor. Do you think it could be morally justifiable to carry one's hypocrisy and acquiescence so far as to concurr in ever so cold a manner on such a diabolical measure. Let me hear from you in these extraordinary events. . . ."

* Youngest and favourite daughter of George III., whose madness was finally confirmed by sorrow for her death in 1810.

† Charles Callis Western [1767–1844], commonly known as Squire Western, was 42 years in Parliament, a staunch Protectionist, though a Whig, and champion of the agricultural interest. In 1833 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Western of Rivenhall.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Southill, Nov. 8, 1809.

". . . I am not surprised at people shaping towards Canning, because, as our friend Wilberforce shrewdly observes, he and I have been long enough in the political world not to be surprised at anything; but I know that those who shall trust a politician of that stamp, deserve to be betrayed and will have their deserts. I hope at least I shall so conduct myself as to deserve the approbation and support of the worthy part of the community. . . . The Earl of Essex, Lord Carrington and Mr. Giles are here, and the D. of Bedford, and the above-named noblesse approve Southill. . . . Mr. Adkin is in good health and trying ever and anon to repeat the stories he heard from you when shooting together, in which he does not always succeed. Owen Williams is come to Bedford, is invited to Southill and has accepted the invitation. I am not a little amused with the liberty given to the Emperor of Austria to cut brushwood in certain forests which are taken from him, together with other large territories, and I should very much have liked to have been at the stag hunt at Fontainebleau. . . ."

"Southill, Nov. 10, 1809.

". . . Tom Adkin, who went to Bedford yesterday to meet his friend Williams at Palmer's, was the first person who told us of the King's letter to Perceval. Notwithstanding the awful presence of the Duke and the other Lords, he had got very drunk, and in his drunkenness he related this story, which he prefaced, as usual, by saying he had a *fact* to relate; which fact everybody laughed at; but the next morning Lord Carrington showed me a letter from Horner, in which the same story is told very circumstantially, and his lordship was very much surprized that what was said by Mr. Adkin 'in that wild way' should turn out to be true. I have no doubt that it is so, but the madness and folly of Perceval is inconceivable. Does he quite forget the narrow escape his administration had at starting from the mess made of Canning's trial?

Tierney had not seen the letter when he was here, or, if he had, he was silent about it. Neither did he mention to us Perceval's letter to the D. of Northumberland, altho' there was some discussion about the Earl Percy's taking a seat at the Treasury Board.

". . . I delight in the stoutness of Lord Holland: I believe him to have principles and to be capable of conduct worthy of his name: but he is hampered. It is a most fortunate circumstance that Canning has given mortal offence at Holland House. The wounds are deep, and I hope incurable. . . . You will hear Martyn's language from many mouths—great lamentation at our not hanging together. I shall be still the person blamed; but do you think in the present state of affairs that if either Lord Henry Petty or Lord George Cavendish were to be acknowledged by me as leader in the House of Commons there would be a chance of keeping a party together? Should I not lose all power in one way and gain nothing in the other? Should I not bind myself to a compact I could not keep? Should I not at every turn be said to be endeavouring to outstrip my leader? and would it not be confusion worse confounded? Yet I suppose these are the only nostrums recommended. I cannot take them—this is between ourselves. . . . Pray tell me what Lord Derby says and pray tell me whether the report be true or false respecting Burdett's declaration against the Catholick Question. . . ."

"Southill, Nov. 16, 1809.

"Many thanks for your letter, which contained the first information I have received of Lord Lansdowne's death. It certainly very much changes the plans laid down by Tierney. You may be sure that my views as to my own personal conduct are the same as those stated in your letter to be the correct ones, and that I shall keep myself as quiet as if there was a leader in whom I confided and could act under. I shall not stir hand or foot. It is my intention to be prepared with such an amendment [to the Address] as you have described, and I told Tierney that such an amendment alone could satisfy the publick, or be consistent with the duty of a Member of Parliament."

The following correspondence refers to Sir Arthur Wellesley's passage of the Douro in the face of Soult's army—one of the most brilliant and dashing operations of the third Peninsular campaign, 1809–14, of which it was the first act. Wellesley, having landed at Lisbon, in April, with 21,500 men, found himself near the centre of a vast semi-circle of French corps numbering upwards of 200,000. He decided to strike before his enemies could concentrate upon him, and marched straight upon Oporto, 170 miles to the north, where Soult lay with 24,000 men. The French Generals Franceschi and Mermet, falling back before his advance, retreated into Oporto, destroying the pontoon bridge across the deep and rapid Douro. The romantic episode of the barber of Oporto and his skiff, the resource and daring which Colonel Waters displayed in using these humble instruments to bring barges over from the enemy's shore, the nerve of Wellesley and the splendid courage of his soldiers which seized and clinched the slender opportunity, can never be better described than they have been in Napier's glowing narrative.

Major-Genl. R. C. Ferguson to Samuel Whitbread, M.P.*

"Tickhill, Bantry, 21 July, 1809.

"My dear Sir,

"... I last night got a letter from Sir Arthur Wellesley and think it best to send you the original without making any comment on it. He is a very fine manly fellow, and I am sure (whatever

* [Sir] Ronald Crawfurd Ferguson [1773–1841], 2nd son of William Ferguson, of Raith, was M.P. for Kirkcaldy burghs 1806–1830; commanded the Highland Brigade of 42nd and 78th regiments at Vimeiro.

were the misrepresentations of the Ministers) you shd. not mean to say anything personally disrespectful to him. I know that in many points you like him, and I shd. be very sorry that anything shd. occur which shd. remove the mutual good opinion you have of each other. It is one of those things in which no advice can be given, and it must be left entirely to yourself, but I trust you will pardon me if I express a hope that you will either write a few lines to him or to me, such as I can send to him, which will do away any unpleasant impression that the newspaper reports may have occasioned.

"I desire, &c.,

"R. C. FERGUSON."

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Wellesley to Major-Gen. R. C. Ferguson (enclosed in the above).

"Abrantes, 22nd June, 1809.

"MY DEAR FERGUSON,

"I am in general callous to the observations of party and to the remarks of writers in the newspapers, but I acknowledge that I have been a little disturbed by a statement which it appears was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Whitbread—viz.: that I had exaggerated the success of the Army under my command, or, in other words, that I had *lyed.*

"I complain that Mr. Whitbread before he made this statement in the House did not read my letter with attention; if he had, he would have seen, first, that we were engaged on the 10th only with cavalry and a small body of infantry, with some guns; secondly, on the 11th with about 4000 infantry and some squadrons of cavalry; and on the 12th I stated nothing of numbers, but that the French were under command of Soult.

"From the nature of the action it was impossible for me to see the numbers engaged, so as to form an estimate of them in a dispatch; but I saw Soult, and knew when I was writing, not only that he was in the action, but that he was either wounded or had a

fall from his horse; and I saw a very large body of troops march out of Oporto to the attack. I have since heard that the whole of the French infantry in Portugal, with the exception of Loison's Corps, which might amount to 4000 men, were in this attack, and this [*illegible*] estimated to be 10,000 men. We took two pieces more cannon in action than I stated in my dispatch, and I believe the return of cannon which the French were obliged to leave on that day was not less than 50 pieces.

"After that, I don't think it quite fair that I should, in my absence, be accused of exaggeration, or, in other words, *lying*. I believe you know that I am not in the habit of sending exaggerated accounts of transactions of this kind. In the first place, I don't see what purpose accounts of that description are to answer; and in the second place, the Army must eventually see them; they are most accurate criticks: I should certainly forfeit their good opinion most justly if I wrote a false account even of their actions, and nothing should induce me to take any step which should with justice deprive me of that advantage. As you are well acquainted with Mr. Whitbread, I shall be obliged to you if you will mention these circumstances to him. I have thought it better to set him right in this way than to get any friend of mine in the House of Commons to have a wrangle with him on the subject.

"Believe me, Yours most sincerely,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

"I'll tell you what I might have said without exaggeration—that, whenever we were engaged, we had fewer numbers than the enemy."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Sir Arthur Wellesley.

"Southill, July 30, 1809.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very much concern'd to find by a letter I have received from Genl. Ferguson, inclosing one from you to him, that a report in some of the newspapers of what I am supposed to have said in

the House of Commons relative to the operations of the army under your command at Oporto has been the cause of any uneasiness to you. You know full well that the newspapers very commonly misrepresent what falls from members of Parliament, and that it is impossible to answer for what is put in by the reporters. In this case I really don't know what I have been made to say, but I can venture to assure you that nothing disrespectful towards yourself ever fell from my mouth, because all the feelings of my mind are of a nature so entirely the reverse. I have upon all occasions expressed my real opinion of you, and I trust that political differences have never led me, even in public, to underrate your past services, or my hopes of your future ones. I daresay I did express my opinion that the rejoicings of your friends in power upon the receipt of your Dispatch was greater than the occasion call'd for, in which was not to be included any sentiment derogatory to you. I am sorry that your very important occupations should be interrupted, even for the short time necessary to read this letter, by any circumstance relating to me; but I could not help writing to you, and I must detain you one moment longer to assure you that I wish you all possible success, and that I expect from an army commanded by you every happy result that its strength can possibly effect.

"I am, My dear Sir, Your very faithful servant,

"S. WHITBREAD."

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Wellesley to Samuel Whitbread, M.P.

"Badajos, Sep. 4, 1809.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 10th of August [*sic*] which I received yesterday. As I had more than once received from you those marks of your attention and of your good opinion which you have been pleased to repeat in

* The date of Wellesley's patent as Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

your letter, and as it indeed appeared by the report of your speech which I read that you had expressed the same sentiments on that occasion, I was anxious to remove from your mind an impression which it appeared had been made upon it, and which must have been injurious to me—that I had made an exaggerated statement of the operations of the troops under my command. In fact, I did not state with what numbers of the enemy the army was engaged when it passed the Douro, as I did not know them when I wrote my dispatch; and that was what I wanted to explain to you. I will not enter into any statement of our affairs in this part of the world; I daresay that you will hear and read enough, and speak more upon them than some of us will like. I rather think, however, that between numbers on the side of the enemy and strength of position on ours, we are so equally balanced that neither party will do the other much mischief. It will be satisfactory, however, for you to hear that the French begin to be convinced 'que les François ne seront jamais les maitres des Anglois.'

"Ever, dear Sir, Yours most faithfully,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

General Ferguson to Samuel Whitbread, M.P.

"Raith, Oct. 1, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have to thank you for your letter of the 25th ulto. accompanied by Sir Arthur's to you. With respect to his rashness in advancing so far into Spain, I fear something may be said; but I should fain hope that in his account of the battle of Talavera he will be acquitted of the charge of exaggeration. Twenty pieces of cannon and 5 standards taken from the enemy will be strong evidence in his favour. I have had a long letter from him, in which he gives a melancholy picture of the Spanish army and of the Government. Indeed he seems to have no hopes of the ultimate success of the Spaniards. He tells me not to think of having anything to do with him or his army, so my trip to Spain is at an

end. We shall probably have fighting enough at home, beginning with a war of words, which (if the system of Government is not compleatly chang'd) will end in blows. If any of our friends come in, I hope they will not put the *convenience* of one individual in competition with the existence of the country. If they do, I hope that no honest man will support them. If Parlt. meets in Novr. I shall go to town, and should you be at Southill I shall not pass your door."

Creevey resembled many of us in that he often began to keep a journal, and as often left off doing so. His diary during the autumn of 1809 was rather more continuous than usual.

Journal.

"*25th Sept.*, 1809.—Left Whitfield for Gosforth on our way to Howick, and learnt there that a King's Messenger had passed thro' Newcastle in the morning on his way to Howick to Lord Grey.

"*26th.*—Sent on to Newcastle from Gosforth and ascertained the Messenger had been at Howick, and was returned with letters from Lord Grey, but that he himself was not gone to London, so we proceed to Howick.

"Nothing said before dinner of the Messenger, but after dinner Lord Grey mentioned that a Messenger had brought offers from the Ministers to him, and that similar ones had been sent to Lord Grenville, and that he (Lord Grey) had sent a refusal. Does not mention what the offers were, but that the Ministers talked of an extended administration. Conversation about Castlereagh's duel with Canning. Lord Grey thinks Castlereagh in the right: that his cause of complaint against Canning was the latter having told the King and Duke of Portland three months ago he could not remain in the Cabinet with Castlereagh, and yet never mentioning this to Castlereagh, but living apparently well with him. Then the cause of the duel — Lord Grey considers Canning's resignation owing

to his not being able to succeed Duke of Portland as Prime Minister. Curran the Irish Master of the Rolls, Geo. Ponsonby and Frederic Ponsonby (Lady Grey's two brothers), Lord Grey and myself the party after dinner. . . . Lord Grey decidedly against the plan of the campaign in Holland, and acquits Lord Chatham of all blame in the execution of it, and still more decided in reprobation of Lord Wellington's Spanish campaign and of the conduct of Ministers about the battle of Talavera.

"Lord Grey very shy and artificial with me about politicks — makes frequent mention of Sir Francis Burdett and the *No-Party men*, and says, in answer to an observation of mine that the present Government can never last, however patched up, that in the present state of the House of Commons any Government may stand. I consider these observations as meant at my conduct last session, for doing all I could to expose what I thought the meanness and folly of his (Lord Grey's) party, of which I had till then been one. I take, however, no notice of these observations, as it is not necessary I should apply them to myself; and I am more convinced than ever that I was right last session, and that the leaders of Whig party were to the last degree contemptible. I am in no way committed with Sir Francis Burdett or any views of his. I know him well, and think upon the whole unfavorably of him, but will not say so to Lord Grey without his giving me a fair and proper occasion for so doing.

"*Wednesday, 27th.*—. . . Nothing passed material after dinner. Some hit at my newspaper the *Statesman* as a no-party paper. Curran gone.

"*Thursday, 28th, till Oct. 5th.*—. . . Conversation after dinner and after supper always as artificial as the devil, Lord Grey shewing his spite at my conduct the last session, and his own folly by the following observations made by him—'The Duke of York's business last session in the House of Commons never gave the King a moment's uneasiness.'—'The Duke of York was the best Commander-in-chief the army ever had, *except in the field!*'—'Adam was used shamefully in the House of C. last session.'—'Lord Castlereagh's business in the House of Commons last session about

the writership did not do him the slightest injury.'—'Canning calling Coke of Norfolk a *landed grandee* was damned good.'—'Romilly had entirely failed in the House of Commons.'—'The first man this country has seen since Burke's time is Brougham.'—'Piggott was the best speaker in the House next to Canning.' . . . Lord Grey says tho' he is against proscription in forming an administration, yet Canning is the last man he would unite with.

"Mrs. Creevey receives a letter from Lady Petre begging her and me to write letters of introduction in Edinburgh for her son, young Lord Petre, who is going there. Mrs. Creevey asks Lord Grey to let her send a note to Alnwick to bring him and his tutor over here. Lord and Lady Grey make such difficulty about beds, and, in short, fling such cold water upon the proposal, that we drop the subject. Take notice, there was room in the house—plenty. Lord Petre's family have spent £15,000 at least in supporting Lord Grey's party in elections, &c., &c., besides great intimacy between the families. So much for gratitude in political leaders to their supporters! . . .

"*Friday, Oct. 6th.*—Sir Chas. Monk and Loch the counsel came over from Alnwick sessions to dine at Howick, and as they were both very free-spoken and honest politicians, Lord Grey seemed devilishly frightened after dinner least anything should be said upon the subject. It was stupid enough. Loch and I had a good walk before dinner, and gave the Whigs their deserts.

"*Saty., 7th.*—We leave Howick with all kinds of civilities—squeezing of hands, &c., as if all parties were as pleased as Punch; and so, in fact, it was—they to get quit of us, and we to regain our liberty. Get to Gosforth, Charles Brandling's, Mrs. Creevey's brother and member for Newcastle, an inveterate Pittite, but who is quite stunned with the figure the Government has made.

"*Sat., Oct. 14th.* — We leave Gosforth for Low Gosforth. Little done or said at Gosforth during our stay about politicks. Charles Brandling all for Canning against Castlereagh, but evidently shook in his attachment to Canning from Castlereagh's letter and statement in the papers, and Canning's reply. Damns

Perceval, Eldon and above all the Grenvilles — in favor of Lord Grey.

"*Monday, Oct.* 23.—Leave Low Gosforth for Shotton, Ralph Brandling's, county of Durham. At Low Gosforth nothing but eating and drinking. . . . We receive a very kind letter from Lord Milton, inviting us to his father Ld. Fitzwilliam's at Wentworth, which we are sorry we can't accept.

"*27th.* — We leave Shotton on our way south. Terrible dull work at Shotton. . . .

"*30th.*—Arrive at Whitbread's—Southill, Bedfordshire — Whitbread and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread (sister to Lord Grey) quite delighted to see us. Nothing but politicks between Whitbread and me from the moment we meet just before dinner till bedtime. Quite against Canning and the whole Government—approves Lord Grey's letter to Perceval very much, but agrees with me that in the general sentiments he delivers upon all publick subjects, he talks like a madman. I tell him everything that has passed at Howick, about which he just thinks with me.

"*Sunday, 31st.* — Whitbread shows me a letter written to him by Grey upon his receiving Perceval's offer, containing a copy of Perceval's letter and Grey's answer. I take copies of them. The writing on such an occasion very right in Grey, and the letter in many parts kind, but in many others very arrogant, and just treating Whitbread as a person entirely separated from Grey in politicks. Whitbread in his answer very affectionate to Grey, and very stout in the support of his own conduct at the same time.

Same day, he shews me a correspondence between Sir Arthur Wellesley (Lord Wellington) and himself, occasioned by a speech of Whitbread's in the House of Commons, stating that Wellesley's account of the battle of the Douro in Spain * was an exaggeration. This was brought about by General Ferguson, a friend of both, a member of the House of Commons and a most admirable man. . . . I hate Wellesley, but there are passages in his letter that made me think better of him. . . .

* It was fought, of course, in Portugal.

"On the same day, Whitbread shews me a correspondence between Tierney and him. . . . Tierney, thinking Grenville and Grey are coming in, writes a letter to Whitbread offering his services to set everything to right that may be wrong, and, in short, meaning to bring Grey and Whitbread together again in politicks, and to procure for Whitbread any place in the supposed new government he may wish. . . . Whitbread, considering this very friendly in Tierney, returns him a very kind answer, shewing clearly he has no disinclination to office, but at the same time, stating he will not relinquish an atom of his political principles or make the least compromise.

"Whitbread evidently quite taken in by Tierney in this proceeding. Tierney finds out that Lord Grey's party, if they come into office, can't carry on the Government in the House of Commons against Whitbread; so now, instead of abusing him as was done all last session, he is to be cajoled.

"*Saty., Nov.* 4.—We leave Whitbread's for London, having spent a very happy time at Southill, and with a most firm conviction that Whitbread—tho' rough in his manners—tho' entirely destitute of all taste or talent for conversation, and tho' apparently almost tyrannical in his deportment to his inferiors—is a man of the very strictest integrity, with the most generous, kind and feeling heart.

"Lord and Lady Ponsonby pass us on the road to Southill. The Whitbreads wanted us to stay to meet them, but we would not, because Lord Ponsonby had been always just of opinion with Whitbread and me about politicks, till some months past, when he became quite against us, as I think, not only without reason, but against all reason; and as I know he is hard pressed for money, I suppose he is after a place, and I cut him as a shabby politician.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 5.—Arrived in London. The first person I see is McMahon M.P. and Prince of Wales's Secretary. I go in with him to Carlton House and write my name for the Prince. McMahon shows me a copy of a most mean letter from Perceval to the Duke of Northumberland, *imploring* his support of the Government, tho' a stranger to the Duke, and offering Earl Percy a seat at the Treasury Board. I saw the

Duke's answer—a dry refusal, with thanks for all Perceval's compliments.

"McMahon tells me a letter is certainly shewn about by Perceval, written to him by the King, threatening to dissolve the parliament if they don't support his Ministry.

"*Monday, Nov. 6.*—I learn from Whishaw—a particular friend of mine, who lives almost entirely at Holland House—that the language now held there is that Grey and Whitbread are become quite united again in politicks—that all differences are at an end—that Lord Ponsonby (Lady Grey's brother) is gone to Southill to confirm the union, and that Tierney and the Duke of Bedford are to go from Woburn to Southill on Tuesday, and Lord Carrington, Lord Essex, and Giles of the House of Commons [*illegible*] the same day, and all this visiting is represented at Holland House as a political mission to Whitbread to confirm him in his reported reconciliation with Grey. All this evidently got up by Tierney. There is no foundation whatever for saying Grey and Whitbread are more alike in politicks than they have been these two years. Tierney used to tell everybody, as he has often done me, that Grey and Whitbread were more separated than they actually were, because he then thought he could do without Whitbread; and the sooner he was flung off the better. Now he finds he can't do without him, and he states, without an atom of foundation, that Grey and Whitbread are the same, and tries to cajole Whitbread into thinking so. I write to Whitbread and tell him all I hear from Holland House.

"*Tuesday, 7th.*—Lord Kensington and Ward dine with us, both full of their jokes at the expense of our political leaders.

"*Wedy., 8th.*—I have a letter from Whitbread. He says Lord Ponsonby never said a word upon politicks, Saturday, all the evening—that Whitbread was ill on Sunday and did not appear, and that my Lord was off on Monday before Whitbread. So much for his 'mission.' He says Tierney and the Duke and other Lords are there.

"I meet in the streets several politicians, tho' the town is very empty—Owen Williams, Lord Kensington, Cavendish, Bradshaw, Maxwell, Lord Ossulston,

Horner, Martin, Ward—all in the House of Commons—all, except Horner, inclined to talk very contemptuously of our political leaders. Horner is for doing nothing in the House of Commons this approaching session—damns the people as rank Tories—I defend them, as having been betrayed by political leaders, and am myself all for impeachment.* Martin is all for attacking the Ministers, but is affraid we shan't hang together. . . .

"*Friday, Nov.* 10*th.*—Lord Kensington and Sir Philip Francis dine with us. Wardle's motion for a new trial against Mr. Clarke and the Wrights had taken place the day before in the King's Bench, and rule *nisi* granted. . . . Wardle shews me a correspondence between him and Lord Folkestone upon the subject of a communication made to Folkestone by Sir Rd. Philips for Wardle's use in his legal proceedings against Mrs. Clarke, which Folkestone had withheld from Wardle and shewn to Mrs. Clarke. Folkestone appears to have acted wrong under some blind attachment to Mrs. Clarke. Wardle had thought at one time of calling him out, but now means to subpœna him on the approaching trial. I must prevent this if possible: it will produce a quarrel between the two, and do great mischief with the publick to have these two quarrel who have hitherto been so well together in the same pursuit.

"*Saturday,* 11*th.*—I find by a letter from Whitbread this day that Tierney has been proposing Lord Henry Petty or *Lord George Cavendish* as leader of our party in the House of Commons! Whitbread says he never can submit to it. Was there ever anything so contemptible! but the reason is obvious—Tierney wants Lord George to be the nominal leader, and himself the real one.

"We dine at Lord Derby's—nobody but us. Lord Derby excellent in every respect, as he always is, and my Lady still out of spirits for the loss of her child, but surpassing even in her depressed state all your hereditary nobility I have ever seen, tho' she came from the stage to her title.†

* Of the Duke of York.

† Eliza Farren, a well-known actress, became the 2nd countess of the 12th Earl of Derby.

"*Sunday*, 12*th*.—I meet Abercromby in my walk. He is as artificial as the devil—will scarcely touch politicks—thinks, however, the Wellesleys will now be beat if they are attacked properly; upon which I fire into our leaders for their meanness in not having attacked them long ago. He is very sore at such observation, and when I tell him that Wardle is on his legs again, all he can say is—'Wardle is the agent of the Duke of Kent.' Was there ever such nonsense? C. Warren the lawyer dines with us, and, as usual, full of sensible observations. He predicts the present reign will end quietly from the popularity of the King, but that when it ends, the profligacy and unpopularity of all the Princes, with the situation of the country as to financial difficulties, and the rapidly and widely extended growth of Methodism, will produce a storm.

"*Monday*, 13*th*.—Calcraft, Wardle and Payne dine with us. . . . Wardle says he is quite sure of succeeding both in gaining a new trial against Wright and in his prosecution of Mrs. Clarke and Wright for perjury, and he takes the whole business, as he has done throughout, with the most perfect composure. I can't bring myself to think there is anything bad in him, and I have looked at him in all ways in order to be sure of him. I know he is in distress for money, but all the men from his part of the country dine with him and speak well of him. . . . In his approaching prosecution he means to subpœna the Duke of York and Lord Moira and Lord Chichester about the £10,000 given to Mrs. Clarke for suppressing the publication of the Duke of York's letters to her. Warren has seen these letters: they were laid before him by counsel to advise whether they might be printed with safety to the publisher, and he told me such stuff was never seen. They consist of the Duke of York's observations or information to Mrs. Clarke concerning the Royal family—his hatred of the Prince of Wales—his jokes about the Queen and the intrigues and accouchement of the Princess—all in the coarsest and most licentious language. What a damnable piece of work the examination of these Lords and Princes will be.

"*Tuesday*, 14*th*.—I find in the streets Lord Lansdowne is dead, and Lord Henry Petty of course

succeeds him, so he leaves the House of Commons, and his being leader is at an end. I write to tell Whitbread. . . .

"*Wednesday*, 15*th*.—Sir John Sebright, Ld. Kensington, Western and [*illegible*] all dined with us. . . .

"*Thursday*, 16*th*.—We dine at Lord Derby's: present—Lord Holland, Lord Grenville, Tierney, Lord Kinnaird and young Eden (Lord Auckland's second son). One should have thought at such a time the conversation of such a party might have been worth hearing, but nothing could be lower—imitations of old Lansdowne and Lord Thurlow by Lord Holland, and such like things. The only political thing was—Lord Derby says, from all he hears, he thinks the appointment of so young a man as Manners Sutton * to Judge Advocate has given such offence, that a motion upon that subject would be a good one for the House of Commons at the opening of the session; upon which Tierney shrugs his head and says—'*Personal questions* never answer.' Was there ever such contemptible stuff at such a crisis? But this is the judicious leader, or rather adviser behind the curtain of the Whigs and Grenvilles. What is there that relates to all or any of the present Government that is not a personal question?

"*Saturday*, 18*th*.—We come down to Brighton. Walk all the morning with different people, but Sir Charles Pole is the only politician: shews me a letter from Tierney, saying Parliament does not meet till 20th January, and that therefore the Ministers were sure of *another quarter's salary*. This a Privy Councillor too! what a low blackguard. He evidently is writing to Pole and others to coax them into voting as he does. Pole tells me the way in which Perceval has sollicited the assistance of N. Vansittart, Addington (Lord Sidmouth), Bragge Bathurst and others of that party, and of their answers; by which it appears to me they turn out, as they always have been—shabby fellows, and Sir Charles himself, I believe, is not much better.

"Grattan here, with whom I have frequent long walks. It is impossible to meet with anyone more

He was then 27, and became Speaker in 1817.

amiable and unaffected; and considering his successful and brilliant publick life, his absence of all vanity is quite miraculous. His opinions upon present political persons in this country are worth nothing. He is a kind of stranger in a new country—has no longer any object of ambition—seems to consider his day as past, and to be perfectly satisfied with his lot. . . .

"This trial of Wardle's indictment against Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights being to come on the first week in December, Western and I correspond upon the necessity of getting Lord Folkestone to London, and trying to set everything to right between him and Wardle before the trial comes on, as well for both their sakes as for the general cause.* . . .

"*Monday, December* 11.—Folkestone had been induced by Mrs. Clarke to think Wardle was an agent of the Duke of Kent, and that in that capacity he had bound himself by promises of great service to her which he had afterwards forfeited. He is now perfectly convinced that the whole of Mrs. Clarke's account to him was fabrication, and he tells both Wardle, Western and myself that he has a higher opinion of Wardle than ever."

Creevey goes on to state, in terms too little equivocal for modern taste, that Lord Folkestone admitted that he had a *liaison* with Mrs. Clarke while she was under the protection of the Duke of York—a circumstance only worthy of record as throwing light upon the character of the woman who cost His Royal Highness so dearly.

* Mrs. Clarke, the Duke of York's mistress, used her influence to secure the promotion of officers, who paid her handsomely for her assistance. Colonel Wardle brought the matter before the House of Commons in January, 1809; it was referred to a Select Committee, which, while it acquitted His Royal Highness of having made any pecuniary advantage himself, reported very unfavourably upon his discretion, and he was removed from the command-in-chief. He was, however, restored in 1811.

"This discovery again frightens Western and myself to the greatest degree, considering, as we do, that should this fact appear upon the trial, it will be fatal to Folkestone's character. Folkestone not sensible of this at first, but we frighten him to death by telling him of his danger.

"*October* 30, 1811.—As for poor Wardle, he is ruined since I last mentioned him—ruined by his excessive folly, and being so full of himself from his former success that it was no longer safe to advise him, and so he foundered last session upon a motion about the punishment of some soldier."

CHAPTER VI.

1810.

Although the Government had sustained a stunning blow in the loss of its two most prominent members, Castlereagh and Canning, the Opposition found themselves in a still more disorganised plight, so as to be quite unready to gain any advantage from the confusion of their enemies. The rising spirit of the country withdrew all attention from everything except the war; the denunciations of ministerial measures and blunders fell upon deaf ears, and the Opposition, as is commonly to be seen under similar circumstances, took to quarrelling among themselves, mistrusting each other, unable to decide upon the choice of a leader. Not from want of candidates, to be sure; it is amusing to read of the bewildering variety which was offered to them.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Southill, Jan. 7, 1810.

". . . Lord Grey passed a night here on his way to town. He was determined to be, and was, very kind, but we should not have held it long. It seems not decided that Ponsonby is not still to be continued Leader. I said 'not mine.' I had been disowned in such a manner on a topick of the greatest importance I could no longer fight under his banner. Lord Grey said if he chose to retain *his situation* he felt himself

bound to support him. I could not help smiling, but I said only that I questioned much whether there would be any followers. He said he believed I was much mistaken. . . . Now write to me once more and tell me what you think of my state of mind from what I have written. I always take advice and criticism in good part from a friend—I know I do—so cut away boldly. I have no object but the publick good: I want nothing: I seek nothing. If I do wrong, 'tis because I am not wise eno' to do right. . . . All about Lord Grey is quite private."

Lord Milton, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.*

"Milton, Jan. 8, 1810.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I fully agree with you upon the trial that is about to be given to the H. of C. and lamentable indeed will it be if the issue is favourable to the Gentleman at the end of the Mall,† as Michael Angelo ‡ calls him. It must completely damn Parliament if it takes no notice of the authors of the expedition to Walcheren, and all the disgraces and losses consequent upon their mismanagement in all quarters. . . . I am rather uneasy at hearing that the old *trader* § is to be the manufacturer of the amendment, but, short of a sacrifice of principle, I think a great deal ought to be done to embrace as many persons as possible; for, after all, nothing but a majority in Parlt. can lead to the practical benefit of getting rid of the present administration. . . . I trust the Marquis ‖ will meet with the fate you predict for him. He is a great calamity inflicted upon England, and I heard to-day that, upon this last business with America, he has sent a proposition to her, the alternative of which is to be war. Here is the advantage of having the Conqueror of the East for our foreign secretary."

* Afterwards 5th Earl Fitzwilliam.

† George III.

‡ Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., whose house in Whitehall was a constant and favourite rendezvous of the Whig party.

§ Mr. Whitbread.

‖ Marquess Wellesley.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"1810.

". . . The Hon. Company are (as well as all other companies and most individuals) singularly obliged to Providence for restoring our gracious Sovereign. His death or idiocy would have been in the nature of a *quo warranto*. He is nearly recovered, and I hope to God will be able to prorogue. If a regency had been got up for a short time, with the present men as its ministers, I am confident Eldon, Perceval, &c. (who, when driven to desperation never think of violent measures, but only become more base, cunning, mean, &c.) would have licked the dust before the P. to good purpose. I wish the old ruffian,* however, may not have renewed his term. . . . Melville (as I learn from Scotland) wrote to Ld. Grenville urging him to *have me put out of Parliament*, on the ground that I was suspected of writing an article in the *Edinr. Review* highly disrespectful to Pitt! . . . My authority is exceedingly good—one of the law officers of Govt. in Scotland. . . . I conclude the article alluded to is Ld. Erskine's speeches; and, without saying I wrote it, I can only say I am ready to avow all it contains, in any place, and before any number of Grenvilles, Pitts or Dundasses. . . ."

"1810, Temple.

". . . I hope I need not assure you that my opinion as to Pitt is much too deeply rooted, and formed upon too long an examination of that Arch-juggler's proceedings, to be at any time even in the least degree modified by any reason of party expediency or party concert. I need scarcely add that no other motive (such as fear of giving offence) could ever reach me. Indeed, any notion of such sentiments giving offence in any quarter of our friends, could only have the effect of making one speak more loudly if possible. At the same time, I fancy that *personal feelings* are all that influence the Grenvilles on this point—I should rather say Ld. G. himself, for the rest don't seem to have liked Pitt. . . . I agree with you entirely as to

* George III.

the probable fate of Pitt's reputation. He was indeed a poor hand at a measure, whatever he may have been at a speech. This all men may easily perceive; but a little inquiry into the facts of such questions as the Regency—Slave Trade—Restriction and E. I. Coy. makes one almost disbelieve the evidence of recollection, and doubt whether *he* actually did succeed in hoodwinking the country for twenty years . . . As to this rebellion agt. legitimate authority, Ld. H[olland] won't touch the subject, no more will young C.* nor Eden, nor Macdonald, &c.; and Lord Derby being applied to by Thanet, declined interfering, as did the D. of Devonshire and Lord G[rey], each on his own ground—Lord D. on that of general, vague and groundless panic, quite worthy of his panic when Gladstone and Co. went to Knowsley and made him give over supporting us at L'pool."

Lord Folkestone to Mr. Creevey.

"Jany. 9, 1810.

"Dear Creevey,

"Are you dead or sick? or have you got a place? that I do not hear from you. Do not be so infernally lazy, but write. . . . I send you the last news from Felix. The upshot of the whole will be that, at the nomination, the Tory Candidate will have a great majority: no Whig Candidate will start but Burgoyne, who will make himself and the cause ridiculous. I am expecting a county meeting in Berks on the state of the nation. I send you an address I have prepared for the occasion. I wish you would look at it, and revise and criticise it with a severe, not a friendly, eye, and let me have your opinion. . . .

"Ever yours,

"Folkestone."

While Mr. Creevey was attending assiduously to his duties in Parliament, Mrs. Creevey sometimes remained at Brighton, and at such times Creevey's

* Hon. James Abercromby, M.P, afterwards Speaker, who went by the nickname of Young Cole, as Tierney did by that of Old Cole.

letters assumed the character of an almost continuous journal.

"*Saturday, 20th Jan.*—. . . Left Brighton with Grattan: dined at the Piazza: went at night to Brooks's: found Whitbread there in consequence of my letter: various others, all civil to the greatest degree. Morpeth, Lord R. Spencer, Fitzpatrick, Sefton, all greeted me most cordially, and then I had a long prose with Whitbread.

"Lord Grey continues his insolence, but the others are all courting him prodigiously—Holland, the Duke of Bedford and Grenville, and with the latter he has unreserved conversations upon all subjects. The amendment is Grenville's drawing and Whitbread quite approves it. It is no great things, but it will do. . . .

"*21st.*—. . . Before I got to town, notes were out for a meeting at Ponsonby's to-morrow night. There was a note at my house for Ord, but none for me. Ossulston told me this morning that Lord Grey had asked him whether 'he thought Creevey would go to Ponsonby's if he was asked.' On Ossulston saying 'Yes,' the other shook his head with an air of distrust. Ossulston wished me to go, but I said certainly not, upon such a case as that. From his house I went to Lord Grey's, and found him alone. He was civil, in good spirits, and looked remarkably well—talked generally of our running the Ministers hard: but not a word in detail of Ponsonby's meeting, or anything else, and so we parted.

"I then went to Whitbread's, who, I found, would not go to Ponsonby's, considering himself to have been personally insulted by him; but very wisely deciding that his case should not be made a reason for any one else absenting himself. . . . He told me that Tierney had said to Ponsonby, in going over the persons to be asked and arriving at my name, that 'Ponsonby must himself decide, for he knew as much as he [Tierney] did.'

"On coming home to dress, I found a note from Abercromby, stating that he asked a minute's conversation with me at Brooks's at night; which was

that he had been requested to learn from me, with every friendly wish to consult my own feelings, whether, if I was written to by Ponsonby, I wd. come to his house, and that it was thought right to tell me this communication was not made at the suggestion of Mr. Tierney. I said if I had received a letter from Ponsonby I had no doubt I should have gone, and so it ended. Gentlemen got into corners to whisper 'that they had no doubt but Creevey would go to Ponsonby's,' and the Marquis of Lansdowne and I paraded for a quarter of an hour together, and he was much more *affable* than he has been for ages. . . . Lord Grey began to be very gracious, and begged me finally to write to Maxwell and Sir Charles Pole to bring them from Brighton. On my telling him Pole was not likely to be well enough to come, he said:—'Damn him! I don't believe he would vote with me if he came. The Doctor (Sidmouth) can't make up his mind.'

"*22nd.*—A note in George Ponsonby's own writing, and sent by his servant, to request me to come to his house to-night; and so I shall go. . . . Went to Ponsonby's: Milton, Lord A. Hamilton, Ossulston, Romilly, Ferguson, Coke of Norfolk, &c., there . . . so I am glad I went. Much pampered—pointed by Lord George Cavendish.

"*23rd.*—Parliament met. The King's speech very long, and capable of being worked to the devil. . . . Lord Barnard moved the address, Peel seconded it, and made a capital figure for a first speech.* I think it was a *prepared* speech, but it was a most produceable *Pittish* performance, both in matter and manner. I perceive we shall by no means cut the figure to-night that Tierney has held out. . . . Castlereagh started from under the gallery, two rows behind Canning, and everything that related personally to himself he did with a conscious sense of being right, and a degree of lively animation I never saw in him before. Base as the House is, it recognised by its cheers the claims of Castlereagh to its approbation, and they gave it.

* The Speaker, Charles Abbot [afterwards Lord Colchester], pronounced it to be "the best first speech since that of Mr. Pitt." Peel was only two and twenty.

When he came to his expedition, he fell a hundred fathoms lower than the bogs of Walcheren.

"Canning was sufficiently master of himself to let off one of his regular compositions, with all the rhetorical flourishes that used to set his audience in a roar; but he spoke from a different atmosphere. He was at least two feet separated from the Treasury bench, and in the whole course of his speech he could not extort a single cheer. . . . Whitbread was stout and strong—upon Wellington particularly. . . . Notwithstanding Tierney's calculations and prophecy that we should be in a majority, we were beat by 96. . . . Their strength was composed of five parties—the Government—Castlereagh's—Canning's—the Doctor's and the Saints. In looking at the majority going out, Castlereagh said with the gayest face possible:—'Well, Creevey, how do we look?' . . .

"We had a grand fuss in telling the House. The Princess of Wales, who had been present the whole time, would stay it out to know the numbers, and so remained in her place in the gallery. The Speaker very significantly called several times for strangers to withdraw; which she defied, and sat on. At last the little fellow became irritated—started from his chair, and, looking up plump in the faces of her and her female friend, halloaed out most fiercely:—'If there are any strangers in the House they must withdraw.' They being the only two, they struck and withdrew. . . . In the Lords, Grey made an admirable speech, disputed the military, moral and intellectual fame of Lord Wellington most capitally, and called loudly upon the Marquis [Wellesley], as the Atlas of the falling state, to come forward and justify the victory of Talavera.

"*24th.*—Dined at a coffee-house: went to Brooks's at night. Lord Grey came in drunk from the Duke of York's where he had been dining. He came and sat by me on the same sofa, talked as well as he could over the division of the night before, and damned with all his might and main Marquis Wellesley, of whose profligate establishment I told him some anecdotes, which he swallowed as greedily as he had done the Duke's wine. He and Whitbread and I sat together and were as merry as if we had been the best friends

in the world. . . . Then the Right Hon. George Ponsonby came and sat by me, and we talked over the last session a little; but I found him very sore and very bad.

"*25th.*—Perceval has given notice of thanks to Wellington on Monday. . . .

"*26th.*—. . . On Lord Porchester's motion for an enquiry into the expedition to Walcheren, we beat the Ministers by a majority of *nine.* I did not expect it; tho' I saw that, if we could move together, our first division (of 167) on the Address must be fatal to them. It is the most perfect triumph possible for the enquiry is to be public, like that on the Duke of York, not in a Select Committee. There were circumstances in the division above all price. Canning was in the minority with Perceval—Castlereagh in the majority with us. He sat aloof with 4 friends; and these 5, instead of going out, decided the question in our favor. Had they gone out we should have been beat by *one!* I counted the villains going out, and in coming up the House I pronounced with confidence that they were beat. Castlereagh bent his head from his elevated bench down almost to the floor to catch my eye, and I gave him a sign that all was well. He could scarce contain himself: he hid his face; but when the division was over, he was quite extravagant in the expression of his happiness. . . .

"*27th.*—Walked in the streets; they were all alive and merry. Tierney says 'the business of last night will end in smoak,' which confirms me in my conviction of its infinite importance. . . . I do not think any minister that ever was could stand a *public* enquiry into our ordinary expeditions; much less such a minister as this into such an expedition. . . . Walked with Bainbridge. He told me that, after our conversation two months ago, in which we agreed entirely about the fatal influence of Tierney over Grey, and the necessity of these leaders having their eyes opened as to their conduct to the Insurgents,* and the utter ruin such a system would bring upon them, he was so impressed with the matter that he went down to Lord

* The extreme wing of the Opposition, who afterwards assumed the ominous title of "the Mountain."

Thanet to have it out with him; who agreed with him in everything, and he (Lord Thanet) was induced to write an elaborate letter to Grey, expostulating with him upon all their various proceedings.

"*28th, Sunday.*—Dined at Western's. I have got so much master of the Talavera campaign, that I meant to have had a round upon it; but I find Whitbread is so well primed upon the subject, and so many others in the same way, that I shall desist. Supped with Lord Thanet at Brooks's, from mere curiosity, having heard so much of his talents. He is certainly a quick, clever man, but his earldom has done great things for his fame in the intellectual line. . . .

"Lord John Townshend attacked George Ponsonby with the most honest indignation on notes having been sent out to say there wd. be no division to-morrow on the thanks to Wellington, after notes had previously gone round to say there would be. . . . The Right Hon. George could only say, over and over again—'I don't agree with you, my lord'—'My lord, I by no means agree with you.'

"*29th.*—All confusion to-day, owing to this change about dividing on the thanks to Wellington. Rank mutiny has broken out, and it is now said we are certainly to divide. Milton, Folkestone, Lord J. Townshend, George Ponsonby, junr.—in short, all the Insurgents. This is all because our leaders, having once been in a majority, cannot bear ever to be in a minority again. A damned, canting fellow in the House, Mr. Manning, complained of members' names being printed * as a breach of privilege, and so it wd. have passed off, if I had not shewed them that, so far from its being a breach of privilege, it was a vote in King William's time 'that members' names should be printed, that the country might know who did, and who did not, their duty.' . . . Wellington's thanks are put off till Thursday. . . . Lord Huntly ordered to attend at the Bar of the House as a witness on the enquiry into the Scheldt expedition. So now the Ministers are nail'd.

"*30th.*—Went at Milton's desire to help him to

* *I.e.* in the division lists published in the newspapers.

draw up an amendment to Wellington's thanks. I shall like to hand Sir Arthur and his battle down to posterity in the Journals in its proper colours. I have quite pleased Milton with my amendment; but was sorry when I left him to find that he meant to take it to Ponsonby for his approbation."

Creevey here quotes his draft amendment, which is very long.

"Surely this hits him hard enough, and yet it is mild as milk; but the great merit of it is that it is quoting his own dispatches in his own words.

"Met Grey and Tierney in the streets. They both stopt, and I begun about the thanks to Wellington. Grey immediately said he never could see the sense of there being *no* division in the House of Commons on that subject; that he himself would have divided the Lords if he could have found anybody to divide with him, and, as it was, he had protested against it. Tierney blamed the folly of the note which said there was to be no division, and let out that Lord Temple was to divide *for* Wellesley if there was a division; and here is the whole mystery about keeping off a division. But we are to divide: and the leaders with us.

"31*st*.—. . . Perceval fought three pitched battles on naming the Finance Committee, and was beat in them all. In that between Leycester and Wm. Cavendish, about which I was most anxious, I saw the tellers count wrong by 3. I called to have the House told again, and again I saw them make the same mistake. I shewed it to General Tarleton, who became furious; and the Speaker called him and me to order in the most boisterous manner. It ended in the House being counted a third time, and the tellers were sent out into the galleries to be more certain. In going they picked up young Peel, the seconder of the Address, in concealment, who, being brought in, voted for Cavendish. They then counted the House again, and they counted right, making 3 more than before, and with Peel making the majority of 4. Otherwise we had been equal, and the Speaker

would have decided the thing undoubtedly against us. We then stuffed Sir John Newport and Sir George Warrender down their throats, without their daring to oppose us. There never was a more compleat victory, and the majority of the Committee is now so good, anything may be done with it. So much so, that Freemantle said after all was over to Mr. Cavendish, that 'if Lords Grenville and Grey come in, this Committee will be *a terrible thing for them!*'

"*February 1st.*—All our indignation against Wellington ended in smoak. Opposition to his thanks was so unpopular, that some of the stoutest of our crew slunk away; or rather, they were dispersed by the indefatigable intrigues of the Wellesleys and the tricks of Tierney. . . . In short he and our more ostensible leaders cut the ground from under our feet in deference to Lord Grenville. My consolation is that they will be dragged thro' plenty of dirt by this same great man and his friends the Wellesleys. It is already given out by the Grenvilles that the present Finance Committee, composed as it is, *would overturn any Government.* It certainly will produce most unpleasant matter for placemen and pensioners."

On 2nd February began the inquiry in Committee of the whole House into the Walcheren expedition. Witnesses gave evidence at the Bar of the House. On the motion of Mr. Yorke, the galleries of the House were cleared of strangers, in order to prevent incorrect reports of the proceedings being published in anticipation of the publication of the official minutes. During the course of the inquiry a long and detailed description was forwarded daily to Mrs. Creevey by her husband; but as the character of this famous inquiry is fully on record, it does not seem desirable to quote more than a few sentences here and there.

"*8th.*—. . . A message from the King to the House of Commons for £2000 per ann. for Lord

Wellington. This is too bad! The question is to come up to-morrow week. . . .

"*9th.*—. . . Went with Lord Archibald Hamilton to the Westminster meeting in Palace Yard. There were 5000 or 6000 persons present, apparently of the lowest extraction. Cochrane and Burdett spoke with great applause, and Burdett has since presented to the House the petition of the meeting for a reform of Parliament—the same petition that was presented by Lord Grey in 1798, and beginning—'Whereas by a petition presented in 1798 by Charles Grey Esq., now Earl Grey.' This is comical enough, and we shall see how he takes it.

"*Feb. 17th.*—Call'd on Whitbread, Lord Derby, Mrs. Grey and Lord Downshire. Walked with Abercromby, who had had a letter from his brother, who is with Wellington's army. It is dated the 31st January, and they had just heard that a corps of 45,000 French were at Salamanca. If this be true, Wellington has very little time to effect his escape from these two armies that are approaching him in different directions. His career approaches very rapidly to a conclusion; but what is one to think, at such a period, of the King's message yesterday to Parliament to propose our taking 30,000 Portuguese into our pay?* . . .

"Dined at George Ponsonby's with Lord Temple, Lord Porchester, Charles Wynne, Bowes [?], Daly, Byng, Calcraft, Abercromby, Petty, Brougham, Maxwell and some others. Went to the opera with Mr. and Mrs. Ord who had dined at Lord Ponsonby's, where a political conversation had taken place. . . . Lord Ponsonby expressed himself quite delighted with the present conduct of every part of the Opposition—that Whitbread was everything that was conciliatory, and that he (Lord Ponsonby) would vote for reform in Parliament (tho' he did not approve of it), or anything else, to keep the party together. . . . He seems

* With this result, that, in July, 1813, Wellington was able to write to Lord Liverpool: "The Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army. I believe we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and their bellies, than to the instruction we have given them" [*Despatches*, x. 569].

wanting to get back to his old place and not knowing how.

"19*th*.—. . . Went into the House of Lords, and up comes my Lord Grey with a tender squeeze of my hand, to tell me with the utmost animation an excellent story of Wellesley. He has written to Lord Grenville to tell him he is *sick*, and begging him not to agitate the question of taking the 30,000 Portuguese troops into our pay to-day in his absence. In addition to this (conceiving himself unworthy of credit, I suppose) he encloses an opinion or certificate of his physician—four sides of paper upon the nature of his constitution! The physician's name is Dr. Knighton, accoucheur (as Grey says) to Poll Raffle, Wellesley's *Cyprian*.

"My Lord Grey came to me again to tell me of 'a damned job' by Bishop Mansel's brother. . . . When I saw him cast his canvassing eyes about him to bow to every member of the Commons he barely knew, and then thought of what I had seen of his pride and tyranny at Howick a few months ago, I knew not whether one ought to laugh or cry at such folly in a person who might be so powerful if he was right."

The next few days supply commentary chiefly upon the course of the inquiry into the conduct of Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan in the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. Mr. Creevey says that universal indignation was concentrated upon Lord Chatham, who tried to throw the blame upon Sir Richard and the Admiralty.

"21*st*.—Called on Waithman* with some anxiety that he was going to fail on Friday on the question in the Common Council about Wellington's pension, but he seems confident they shall not. He at once embraced my idea of what ought to be done, and of

* Robert Waithman [1764–1833], an active reformer, whose career is commemorated in the name of a street near Blackfriars Bridge, and by one of the two obelisks in Ludgate Circus.

his own accord requested me to draw a petition for them to the House of Commons, of which I think I can make a very good case for them, and a damned pinching one for Wellington. . . . Dined at Sam Heywood's, with Lords Grey, Lauderdale and Derby, Romilly, &c. . . . Lord Derby told us that Sir Henry Halford had told him yesterday that he had been detained the Lord knows how long with Lord Chatham, making him up by draughts and nervous medicines for his examination last night, and after all he sent word he was ill, and could not come. . . .

"*22nd.*—Took the petition I had drawn to Waithman, but he has drawn a good one himself, so I don't know that he will use mine. . . . The Opposition in the House of Lords cut a great figure last night, independent of their powerful number. . . . I heard Wellesley open his plan of taking the 30,000 Portuguese into our pay, and the most sanguine expectations I have ever formed respecting him were more than realised. His speech (tho' he had shammed ill for the purpose of preparing it) was an absolute and unqualified failure. . . . Lord Grenville's answer to him was one of the most powerful speeches I have ever heard: he shook his former friend to atoms. . . . Lord Lansdowne, I hear, made an admirable speech, not the less valuable for containing a very severe censure on the low and dirty Sidmouth who took part against them. . . .

"*23rd.*—Went to Lauderdale's at his request to look at some motions he is going to make about India, and spent a most agreeable hour with him. There is the devil to pay with the India Company, and the Government have given up for the present bringing forward the renewal of their charter. I went to Lord Hutchinson afterwards. He thinks Wellington ought to be hanged. He says that in his last dispatch but one he writes word that he has 25,000 British troops—that he is expecting 5000 more —that he has 25,000 Portuguese troops almost as good as British—that the French are in the greatest difficulties in the Sierra Morena, and that Portugal is in perfect safety. In his *last* dispatch he has written under the greatest possible fright, and has pressed the Government for positive instructions whether he

is to come away or stay. Lord Hutchinson thinks orders are gone for him to evacuate Portugal."

How slender were the grounds for Lord Hutchinson's version of Wellington's despatches may be seen by perusing those here referred to, viz. Wellington's letters to Lord Liverpool of 31st January and 9th February, 1810.* The possibility, even the probability, of evacuation is calmly discussed, with an assurance that, should he be forced to it, he could bring the army away in safety. But how little Wellington had lost faith in his power to hold his ground is shown by the fact that, at this very time, the lines of Torres Vedras were being secretly, but swiftly, fortified.

"Mr. Whitbread's motion [for papers relating to the Walcheren expedition] was carried by 178 against 171. I never expected to be in a majority upon such a question, nor did the House of Commons know what they were doing when they voted as they did. The vote is the severest possible censure upon the whole transaction — upon Lord Chatham, upon the King and upon Ministers. It is making all these different parties do justice to an unsupported individual (Sir Richard Strachan) whether the King will or no. It is a direct vote against royal favoritism, and in favor of justice and fair play. There has been nothing like it in the present reign. The truth is that people did not consider the blow it gave to the King, but they voted as against the rascality of Chatham and in favor of Strachan. . . .

"Waithman carried his motion in the Common Council for a petition to the House of Commons against the Wellington Pension Bill. This was one of the best hits I ever made—to get this history of Wellington thus handed down to posterity on the Journals of Parliament, at the suit of the first and

* Wellington's *Despatches*, vol. v. pp. 464, 480.

greatest Corporation of the capital itself of England. Whether it is my petition, or Waithman's, or a mixture, I am indifferent: either will do the business. The obligation of the Wellesley family to me is this —that, but for me, my Lord Wellington would only have been the object of a resolution of the Common Council; whereas they have now kindly introduced him with their strictures upon his character to parliamentary notice and history. . . .

"*24th.*—. . . The vote of last night produces the greatest sensation in the town to-day; and I must confess we have used our victory with no great moderation. St. James Street and Pall Mall have been paraded by the Opposition for three or four hours in numerous divisions, all overflowing with jokes, as well at the expense of the Ministers as of the *Gentleman at the end of the Mall*, and of the satisfaction he will derive from the address when Perceval carries it to him at Windsor.

"Another event of great importance has taken place this morning. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, has been tried in the King's Bench for a libel contained in his paper some time past upon *the King and his reign*. Perry defended himself against a very vindictive speech of Gibbs's, and the jury declared him *Not Guilty* in less than 2 minutes. So the Press is safe: at least as yet."

Sir Francis Burdett having published in Cobbett's *Political Register* a letter to his constituents declaring the imprisonment of a Radical orator by order of the House of Commons to be illegal, the Speaker's warrant was issued for his arrest. He stood a siege of two days in his own house, being supported by the populace, whose idol he was for the moment. One life was lost in the mellay; finally, an entrance was effected, and Burdett was imprisoned in the Tower, obtaining his release on the prorogation of Parliament. The following invitation was issued from his prison:—

Sir Francis Burdett to Mr. Creevey.

"Tower, May 10, 1810.

"DEAR CREVEY,

"Pray look into this case—a job of the *Church.* When will [you] come again to dinner? You shall have *two* bottles of claret next time, and as good fish.

"Yours,

"F. BURDETT.

"I hope Mrs. Crevey is well."

Capt. Graham Moore, R.N., to Mr. Creevey.

"Deal, March 9th, 1810.

". . . I wish I had time or you had leisure to learn from me, if you do not know, what kind of fellow Strachan is. In two words, it is scarcely possible to have more zeal, ardour and spirit on service than he has. He slaved like a Dray Horse during the whole of the offensive operations on the Scheldt, but he never troubled his head about documents, being always more ready to blame himself than to prepare to meet accusation. He never approved of the plan, but determined to exert all his faculties for its success. We have not a more gallant fellow, nor a more active, complete seaman, in our service. He is continually getting into scrapes, owing to his vivacity and openness, and very apt to be influenced by designing people. . . . Lord C[hatham] has treated him in the most shabby way, and imposed on his good nature, of which he has a large share. . . ."

William Cobbett was at this time undergoing his sentence of £1000 fine and two years' imprisonment for his article in the *Weekly Register* of 1st July, 1809, denouncing the flogging of some mutinous militiamen at Ely, who were sentenced to receive 500 lashes each. At the present day the punishment of the journalist seems as outrageous as that against which

he inveighed, but a century has wrought some curious changes in our sentiments.

Wm. Cobbett to Mr. Creevey.

"Newgate, 24th Sept., 1810.

". . . You will easily guess that I have little time to spare; but the fact is, that I seldom do anything after two o'clock, when I *dine*. The best way, however, is to favour me with your company at *dinner* at *two*, and then the day may be *of your appointing*, I being always at home, you know, and every day being a day of equal favour. . . . I give beef stakes and porter. I may vary my food to mutton chops, but never vary the drink. I think it is a duty to God and Man to put the Nabobs upon the coals without delay. They have long been cooking and devouring the wretched people both of England and India."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brougham, Penrith, Sunday [1812].

". . . As for Portugal, with all our good luck, we are now clearly paying millions for a few periods in the H. of C.—that Canning, &c., may twit one man and praise t'other, and tell us how 'every Frenchman that falls is in itself a gain,' &c., &c. It would be a dear bargain if Pitt were the speaker; but such driv'ling as *we* pay for is past all bearing.

"I don't know Cobbet, or I would send him a good motto from Dr. Johnson about special juries and imprisonment. The lines are very pat in themselves as a quotation, but coming from Johnson they are still better; and they clearly contain his opinion, at least on special juries, for they occur in his 'London,' imitated from the 3rd Satire of Juvenal, and the original passage has nothing parallel.

"'A single jail in Alfred's golden reign
Could half the Nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid—no special juries known—
Blest Age! but ah, how diff'rent from our own!'"

CHAPTER VII.

1811.

The death of his youngest and favourite child, Princess Amelia, in the autumn of 1810 upset the poor old King's intellect for the last time. He settled into hopeless insanity, and the chief business before Parliament in 1811 was a Bill constituting the Prince of Wales Regent. Great was the stir among the Whigs, who began fitting each other into the great and little offices of the new Government; for who could doubt that the great turn of events, so long and ardently anticipated, was indeed at hand, and that the Prince, as head of the Whig party, would send his father's servants to the right about, and form a Ministry of his own friends. Judging from Creevey's correspondence, neither he nor any of his friends entertained the slightest suspicion about the sincerity of the Prince's devotion to Liberal principles, nor understood how much his politics consisted of opposition to the Court party. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as dismay that Creevey beheld the change in the Prince's attitude towards Ministers as soon as he assumed the Regency.

Lord Erskine to Mr. Creevey.

"Reigate, Jany. 10, 1811.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"I send you the Act which you thought never could have passed. . . . Lord Eldon told me he never had heard of it and expressed his astonishment. He said that those gentlemen who had served the King as foreign ministers at a period when the King had a power by law to remunerate their services by a pension, if he chose to grant it, had as good a right to it as he—the C[hancellor]—had to his estate; and of that there can be no doubt.

"I observe Bankes has given notice to revive his Committee [on Public Expenditure]. I have seen him, and he seems to justify his resolution; but surely Martin and you, as lawyers, will not mix yourselves as the author of the first *ex post facto* law, touching the rights of subjects, that has ever passed. . . . I really think that some step should be taken by those who, as the friends of reform, ought to take care that it does not become odious.

"Bankes says the act is Perceval's, but I have good authority for believing that Perceval would not justify the *ex post facto* clause.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ERSKINE."

Mr. Creevey to Mrs. Creevey [at Brighton].

"Great George St., 19th January, 1811.

"(For God's sake be secret about this letter.)

"My hopes of seeing you to-morrow are at an end, owing to a most ridiculous resolution of our party to have another division on Monday, in which of course we shall disclose still greater weakness than in our last division. I had actually paired off with John Villiers for the week, but I am sure you will think I am right in staying over Monday, when I tell you that McMahon told me he was sure the Prince would be hurt if I was not there, and when you read the enclosed

note from Sheridan. Nevertheless I give the Prince credit for not originating this business, but that it has been conveyed to him by Tierney or some such artist. I mean to be down to play a week or ten days on Tuesday. Wm. and C. had a very comfortable dinner again yesterday upon my mutton chops at this house, and then went to the House, and just as we had returned home again at ten o'clock, and I was beginning to dress myself to go to Mrs. Taylor's, Whitbread came and desired to have some conversation with me. . . . Sam's visit was to take my advice. He said things had now come to such a state of maturity that it was necessary for him to decide (but here he has just been again, and I am afraid I shall not have time to tell).

"Well—office was offered him; anything he pleased, but had he any objection to holding it under Grenville as First Lord, if he [Grenville] held as before the *two offices of First Lord and Auditor, with the salaries of both?* I know not with what disposition he came to me; he stated both sides of the question, but said his decision must be quick. I had a difficult responsibility to take upon myself, but I set before him as strongly as I could the unpopularity of the Grenvilles—the certainty of this [*illegible*] place being again and again exposed —the impossibility of his defending it after having himself driven Yorke from receiving the income of his tellership whilst he is at the Admiralty, and Perceval from receiving the income of Chancellor of the Exchequer whilst he is First Lord and Chancellor of the Dutchy—that his consistency and character were everything to him, and that, if I was him, I would compell Lord Grenville to make the sacrifice to publick opinion, and have nothing to do with the Government.

"I went to him this morning, and he had done as I advised him. He had told Grey his determination and he has just been here to shew me his letter to him upon the subject—to be shewn Lord Grenville. It is perfect in every respect, and will, whenever it is known, do him immortal honor. The fact, however, is, my lord will strike. They one and all stick to Whitbread; they can't carry on the Government

without him. There is no anger—no ill will in any of them; all *piano*—all upon their knees. Is not this a triumph?"

[*Enclosure in above, from Mr. Sheridan.*

"Friday night, Jany. 18th.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"It is determined in consequence of the earnest Desire of *high authority* to have *a last debate and division* on the Regency bill on Monday next. Here is a Conclave mustering all Hands, and I am requested to write to you as it is apprehended you mean to leave Town to-morrow. I conjure you at any rate to be with us on Monday.

"Yours ever faithfully,

"BLY. SHERIDAN."]

Mr. Creevey to Mrs. Creevey.

"Great George St., Saty., Feby. 2nd, 1811.

"I came home at half-past four that I might have time to write to you, and Whishaw came instantly after and has staid with me till five. . . . I went to dine at Hutchinson's and after all he never came. He was kept at Carlton House till twelve at night, so Lord Donoughmore and I dined together, and he was, as he always is, very pleasant. At Brooks's I found Sheridan just arrived from Carlton House, where the conclave has just broken up, and the Prince had decided against the pressing advice of all present *not* to dismiss the Government. Sheridan was just sober, and expressed to me the strongest opinion of the injurious tendency of this resolution to the Prince's character. Lord Hutchinson said the same thing to me to-day, and added that never man had behaved better than Sheridan. I said all I thought to both Hutchinson and Sheridan in vindication of Prinny, but I presume I am wrong, as I stand single in this opinion. I went, however, to Mrs. Fitzherbert at twelve to-day, an appointment I made with her yesterday in the street, and she and I were agreed upon this subject. The Prince has written to Perceval a letter which is to be sent to-morrow, stating to him his intention, under

the present opinion of the physicians respecting his father, *not* to change the Government at present, and at the same time expressing the regret he feels at being thus compelled to continue a Government not possessing his confidence, and his determination of changing it should there be no speedy prospect of his Majesty's recovery after a certain time.

"Now I do not see, under all the monstrous difficulties of his situation, any great impropriety of his present resolution, particularly as he means to have his letter made publick.

"Mrs. Fitz is evidently delighted at the length and forgiving and confidential nature of Prinny's visits. She goes to-morrow and will tell you, no doubt, how poor Prinny was foolish enough to listen to some idle story of my having abused his letter to both Houses, and how she defended me. Poor fellow, one should have thought he had more important concerns to think of. I went from her to Whitbread, and he again conjured me to attach myself to the new Government by taking some situation, and went over many—the Admiralty Board again—Chairman of the Ways and Means, &c. I was very guarded, and held myself very much up, and said I would take nothing for which there was not service to be done—nothing like a sinecure, which I considered a seat at the Admiralty Board to be; but of course I was very good-humoured. He repeated the conversation between him and Lord Grey about me. He said my name was first mentioned by Miss Whitbread, and, having been so, Lord Grey replied—'Although I think Creevey has acted unjustly to me, and tho' in the session before last he gave great offence to many of my friends by something like a violation of confidence, yet on his own account, on that of Mrs. Creevey and of anybody connected with them, I had always intended, without you mentioning him, to express my wishes that he might be included in the Government.' Upon which Whitbread stated from his own recollection of my speech that gave offence, his perfect conviction of its being no breach of confidence; and so the thing ended with their united sentiment in favor of my having some office.

"I am affraid you will be hurt at not seeing any immediate provision for me in this new Government,

should it take place; but I beg you to give way to no such sentiment. . . . They are upon a new tack in consulting publick opinion. *Lord Grey* and Lord Grenville have most unequivocally refused to accede to a proposal of the Prince of Wales, and which was stated to be nearest to his heart, viz. to reinstate the Duke of York as Commander-in-chief. What think you of this in Grey? and his language to Whitbread is they must no longer be taunted with 'unredeemed pledges.' I mention these things to shew you they are on their good behaviour, and that, with such views, they must do what they ought by me. I am perfectly satisfied with the state of things—this is, supposing a Government to be formed—and perfectly secure of any wishes of mine being accomplished."

"21st Jan., 1811.

"I am very much gratified to find you approve my counsel to Sam, and Sam for acting upon it. Every succeeding moment convinces me of the necessity there was for acting so, and of the infinite advantage and superiority it will give him over all his colleagues at starting.

"What shall you say to me when I tell you I am not to vote to-night after all? Villiers won't release me from contract of pairing off; at least he consented only to stay upon terms that I could not listen to, such as—*if my being in the division might be of any use to me in the new arrangement*, that then he would certainly stay. This, as you may suppose, was enough to make me at once decline any further discussion. . . . However, it is universally known how I am situated, and McMahon told me just now of his own accord that the Prince had told him this morning 'that Villiers would not release Creevey from pairing off with him; that it was very good of Creevey to stay after this, and to show himself in the House, as he knew he intended.' . . . Here has been Ward * just now to beg I would come and dine with him *tête-à-tête*, and that I should have my dinner at six precisely, as he knew I liked that: so I shall go. I know he was told the character I pronounced of him one night at Mrs. Taylor's after

* Hon. John William Ward, created Earl Dudley in 1827.

he was gone, upon which occasion I neither concealed his merits nor his frailties, and he has been kinder to me than ever from that time. . . . I don't know a syllable of what has transpired to-day between Prinny and the grandees, but I must not omit to tell you that the night before last my Lord Lansdowne* for the first time condescended to come up to me at Brooks's, and to walk me backwards and forwards for at least a quarter of an hour. He asked me how I thought *we* should get on in the House of Commons (meaning the new Government), whether we should be strong enough; to which I replied it would depend upon the conduct of the Government—that if they acted right they would be strong enough, and that so doing was not only the best, but the sole, foundation of their strength, and my lord agreed with me in rather an awkward manner, and was mighty civil and laughed at all my jokes, and so we parted."

"Great George St., 1st Feby., 1811.

"I was very much provoked at being detained so long on the road yesterday that I was just too late for the last Bill, so I eat my mutton chops and drunk a bottle of wine, and then tea, and then sallied forth to Mrs. Taylor's; but alas, she was dining out, so on I went to Brooks's, where I found Mr. Ponsonby and others; and then came Whitbread, Sheridan, and Lord Hutchinson, the latter of whom insisted upon my coming to dine with him *tête-à-tête* to-day, as he had so much to say to me. He had been dining yesterday with the Prince, and was to be with him again this morning. You may suppose I intend accepting his invitation; for to-day Whitbread was deeply involved in private conversation with these gentry; but, before he left the room, he came up to the table where I was, and said—'Creevey, call upon me to-morrow at twelve if it is not inconvenient to you;' and, having left the room, Ward, who was there, said—'There! Mr. Under-Secretary, you are to be tried as to what kind of a hand you write, &c., &c., before you are hired;' and then we walked home together, and he told me he had

* Formerly Lord Henry Petty.

been offered to be a Paymaster of the Forces, and that he had refused it, and that he was sure this notice of Whitbread was to offer me an under-secretaryship in his office. I went accordingly to Sam this morning, but quite armed, I am certain, against all disappointment, and with all the air of an independent man. He began by giving me his opinion that the Prince would not change the Government, and that he was playing a false, hollow, shabby game. He said the Queen had written him a letter evidently dictated by Perceval, [*illegible*] most cursedly, and that he had been quite taken in by it. He expressed himself strongly of opinion that he [the Prince] ought instantly to change the Government; that after all that had passed between him, the Prince and Lords Grenville and Grey, it would be a breach of honour not to overthrow the ministers instantly. I confess I was more penetrated, upon this part of the conversation, with Sam's anxiety to be in office than I was with the weight of his arguments against the Prince. At the same time, it is due to him to add that Sheridan and Lord Hutchinson insist openly that the Prince, in justice to his character, is bound to make this change; and again, there certainly is nothing to make the Prince expect any rapid amendment of the King. . . . Well, this opinion of Whitbread being advanced and maintained by him as aforesaid, he proceeded to say that, in the event of the change taking place, he was very anxious to know from myself what I should look to—that he and Lord Grey had talked over the subject together—that the latter had spoken of me very handsomely, and said that, tho' I had in the session before last, fired into the old Government in a manner that had given great offence to several persons, yet that he was very desirous I should form part of the new Government. Whitbread added his own opinion that it was of great importance I should be in the Government, and then added—'The worst of it is there are so few places suited to you that are consistent with a seat in Parliament; but what is there you should think of yourself?' So I replied *that* was rather a hard question to answer; that though I was a little man compared to him in the country, yet that the preservation of my own character and consistency was the first object with me; that I

could go as a principal into no office—*that* was out of the question—and I *would not* go into any office as a subaltern, where the character of the principal did not furnish a sufficient apology for my serving under him; that with these views I certainly had looked to going with him into any office he might have allotted to him. He said such had always been his wish, and then said —'You know by the Act of Parliament that created the third Secretary of State, viz., that for the Colonies, neither of the Under-Secretaries of State can sit in Parliament, and that was what I meant when I said there were so few places consistent with a seat in Parliament.' He said Grey and he had taken for granted I would not go back to my old place, or a seat at that board, after firing as I had done into the East I. Company; to which I replied they were quite right, and I added that, whenever I might be in office or out, I reserved to myself the right of the free exercise of my opinion upon all Indian subjects. He then said, with some humility, would I take a seat at the Admiralty Board; that Lord Holland would be there, and that he, of course, would have every disposition to consult my feelings. I said my first inclination was certainly against it; at the same time, I begged nothing might be done to prevent Lord Holland making an offer of any kind to me; that he was a person I looked up to greatly on his own account, as well as his uncle's;* that in all my licentiousness in Parliament I had never profaned his uncle's memory; it had been exclusively directed against his enemies; that I would take a thing from Lord Holland that nothing should induce me to do from any Grenvilles; at the same time, I was giving no opinion further than this, that I begged Whitbread not to prevent Lord Holland from making me an offer—let it be what it may. . . ."

How little real union there was among the various sections of the Opposition, and how greatly the Whigs dreaded the projects dearest to the Radicals, are well illustrated in the following letters.

* C. J. Fox.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"April, 1811.

"Dear C.,

"The enclosed answer to a mutinous epistle which I fired into Holland House t'other day may amuse Mrs. C. and you. Burn it when you have read it.

"Yours ever,
"H. B."

[*Enclosure from Lord Holland.*

". . . There is much truth in your complaints of the present state of public affairs. But how is the evil to be corrected? There is a want of popular feelings in many individuals of the party. Others are exasperated with the unjust and uncandid treatment they have received, and are every day receiving, from the modern Reformers. Another set are violent anti-Reformers, and alarmed at every speech or measure that has the least tendency towards reform. There is but one measure on which the party are unanimously agreed, and no one man in the House of Commons to whom they look up with that deference and respect to his opinion which is necessary to have concert and co-operation in a party. . . . It is a state of things, however, which cannot possibly last. Before next meeting of Parliament, the Prince must either have changed his Ministers, or he must lay his account with systematic opposition to his government. Even though the old leaders of the party* should be unwilling to break with him, they will not be able to prevent their friends from declaring open hostility against his government. If such a rupture should take place, many would of course desert the party; but those who remained, agreeing better with one another in their opinions, and consisting of more independent men, would in fact be a more formidable opposition than the present. . . ."]

* Lords Grey and Grenville.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Wed.

". . . I wish you would come to town and let us have a few mischievous discussions. . . . A report is very prevalent that the siege of Badajos is raised, previous to another fight. I daresay this will prove true. . . . *I am assured* that the Ministers have private letters from Welln., preparing them for a retreat."

As time went on, although the King's malady became confirmed, so also seemed the Regent's inclination to maintain his father's Cabinet. The irritation of the Whigs increased in proportion as their hopes sank lower. A peep down the Prime Minister's area seems to have opened Creevey's eyes for the first time to the profligacy of the Heir Apparent, to which he had been blind enough in the rousing old days at the Pavilion. So greatly may judgment vary according to the point of view!

Mr. Creevey to Mrs. Creevey.

"20th July, 1811.

". . . Prinny's attachment to the present Ministers, his supporting their Bank Note Bill, and his dining with them, must give them all hopes of being continued, as I have no doubt they will. . . . The folly and villainy of this Prinny is certainly beyond anything. I was forcibly struck with this as I passed Perceval's * kitchen just now, and saw four man cooks and twice as many maids preparing dinner for the Prince of Wales and Regent—he whose wife Perceval set up against him in open battle—who, at the age of 50, could not be trusted by the sd. Perceval with the

* The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, became Prime Minister on the death of the Duke of Portland in October, 1809, and was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons, 11th May, 1812.

unrestrained government of these realms during his father's incapacity—he who, on his last birthday at Brighton, declared to his numerous guests that it was his glory to have bred up his daughter in the principles of Mr. Fox—he who, in this very year, declared by letter to the said Mr. Perceval, and afterwards had the letter published as an apology for his conduct, that he took him as his father's Minister, but that his own heart was in another quarter—by God! this is too much. We shall see whether he does dine there or not, or whether he will send word at 5, as he did to poor Kinnaird, that he can't come. I have been walking with Kinnaird, and this excuse that came too late from Prinny, the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence has evidently made a deep impression upon his lordship's mind against the Bank Note Bill, and everything else in which the Regent takes a part."

Journal.

"*July 12th*, 1811.—. . . We are prorogued till the 22nd of next month *only*, but the general opinion is the King will die before that day, and then of course Parliament meets again. Publick opinion, or rather the opinion of Parliamentary politicians, is that, in the event of the King's death, Lords Grenville and Grey will be passed over and the present ministers continued, with the addition of some of the Prince's private friends, such as Lords Moira and Hutchinson and Yarmouth and old Sheridan. The latter is evidently very uneasy at the present state of things. He sat with me till 5 o'clock on Sunday morning at Brooks's—was very drunk—told me I had better get into the same boat with him in politicks—but at the same time abused Yarmouth so unmercifully that one quite perceived he thought his (Yarmouth's) boat was the best of the two. Apparently nothing can be so base as the part the Prince is acting, or so likely to ruin him. . . .

"*Brighton, Oct. 30th.*—The Prince Regent came here last night with the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Yarmouth. Everybody has been writing their names at the Pavilion this morning, but I don't hear

of anybody dining there to-day. . . . I presume we shall be asked there, altho' I went to town on purpose to vote against his appointment of his brother the Duke of York to the Commandership-in-Chief of the Army.

Oct. 31*st.*—We have got an invitation from the Regent for to-night and are going. I learn from Sir Philip Francis, who dined there yesterday, the Prince was very gay. . . . There were twenty at dinner—no politicks—but still Francis says he thinks, from the language of the equerries and understrappers, that the campaign in Portugal and Lord Wellington begin to be out of fashion with the Regent. I think so too, from a conversation I had with one of the *Gyps* to-day —Congreve, author of the *rocketts*, and who is going, they say, to have a Rockett Corps.* He affects to sneer rather at Wellington's military talents. The said Congreve was at the same school with me at Hackney, and afterwards at Cambridge with me; after that, a brother lawyer with me at Gray's Inn. Then he became an editor of a newspaper . . . written in favour of Lord Sidmouth's administration, till he had a libel in his paper against Admiral Berkeley, for which he was prosecuted and fined £1000. Then he took to inventing rocketts for the more effectual destruction of mankind, for which he became patronised by the Prince of Wales, and here he is—a perfect Field Marshall in appearance. About 12 years ago he wrote to me to enquire the character of a mistress who had lived with me some time before, which said mistress he took upon my recommendation, and she lives with him now, and was, when I knew her, cleverer than all the equerries and *their Master* put together.

"*Nov.* 1*st.*—We were at the Pavilion last night—Mrs. Creevey's three daughters and myself—and had a very pleasant evening. We found there Lord and Lady Charlemont, Marchioness of Downshire and

* Afterwards Sir William Congreve, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. Wellington disapproved of Congreve's invention when it was first brought to his notice. "I don't want to set fire to any town, and I don't know any other use of rockets." But he changed his opinion after witnessing their effect in action at the passage of the Adour in 1814.

old Lady Sefton. About half-past nine, which might be a quarter of an hour after we arrived, the Prince came out of the dining-room. He was in his best humour, bowed and spoke to all of us, and looked uncommonly well, tho' very fat. He was in his full Field Marshal's uniform. He remained quite as cheerful and full of fun to the last—half-past twelve—asked after Mrs. Creevey's health, and nodded and spoke when he passed us. The Duke of Cumberland was in the regimentals of his own Hussars,* looked really hideous, everybody trying to be rude to him—not standing when he came near them. The officers of the Prince's regiment had all dined with him, and looked very ornamental monkeys in their red breeches with gold fringe and yellow boots. The Prince's band played as usual all the time in the dining-room till 12, when the pages and footmen brought about iced champagne punch, lemonade and sandwiches. I found more distinctly than before, from conversation with the *Gyps*, that Wellington and Portugal are going down.

"The Prince looked much happier and more unembarrassed by care than I have seen him since this time six years. This time five years ago, when he was first in love with Lady Hertford, I have seen the tears run down his cheeks at dinner, and he has been dumb for hours, but now that he has the weight of the empire upon him, he is quite alive. . . . I had a very good conversation with Lord Charlemont about Ireland, and liked him much. He thinks the Prince has already nearly ruined himself in Irish estimation by his conduct to the Catholics.

"*Nov. 2nd.*—We were again at the Pavilion last night. . . . The Regent sat in the Musick Room almost all the time between Viotti, the famous violin player, and Lady Jane Houston, and he went on for hours beating his thighs the proper time for the band, and singing out aloud, and looking about for accompaniment from Viotti and Lady Jane. It was curious sight to see a Regent thus employed, but he seemed

* This was a German volunteer regiment, which disgraced itself at Waterloo by deserting the field at the very crisis of the French cavalry attack.

in high good humour. . . . There is nothing like a Minister about him, nor yet any of his old political friends or advisers—no Sheridan, Moira or Hutchinson. Yarmouth and the Duke of Cumberland are always on the spot, and no doubt are his real advisers; but in publick they are mute, and there is no intercourse between the Regent and them. Sir Philip Francis is the only one of his old set here, but he is not here on the Prince's invitation, nor in his suite, and is evidently slighted. Tom Stepney and I last night calculated that Francis and Lord Keith made out 150 years of age between them, and yet they are both here upon their preferment with the Regent—the first, one of the cleverest men one knows, and the other, one of the richest. What a capital libel on mankind! Francis said to me to-day:—'Well, I am invited to dinner to-day, and that is perhaps all I shall get after two and twenty years' service.' What infernal folly for such a person to have put himself in the way of making so humiliating a confession.

"*Nov. 3rd.*—. . . I have heard of no one observation the Regent has made get out of the commonest slip-slop, till to-day Baron Montalembert told me this morning that, when he dined there on Friday with the staff of this district, the Prince said he had been looking over the returns of the Army in Portugal that morning, and that there were of British 16,500 sick in Hospitals in Lisbon, and 4,500 sick in the field—in all, 21,000. It might be indiscreet in the Prince to make this statement from official papers, but he must have been struck with it, and I hope rightly, so as to make him think of peace. . . .

"*Nov. 5th.*—We were at the Prince's both last night and the night before (Sunday). . . . The Regent was again all night in the Musick Room, and not content with presiding over the Band, but actually singing, and very loud too. Last night we were reduced to a smaller party than ever, and Mrs. Creevey was well enough to go with me and her daughters for the first time. Nothing could be kinder than the Prince's manner to her. When he first saw her upon coming into the drawing-room, he went up and took hold of both her hands, shook them heartily,

made her sit down directly, asked her all about her health, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her look so much better than he expected. Upon her saying she was glad to see him looking so well, he said gravely he was getting old and blind. When she said she was glad on account of his health that he kept his rooms cooler than he used to do, he said he was quite altered in that respect—that he used to be always *chilly*, and was now never so—that he never had a fire even in his bedroom, and slept with one blanket and sheet only. . . .

"*Nov. 6th.*—We were again at the Pavilion last night . . . the party being still smaller than ever, and the Prince, according to his custom, being entirely occupied with his musick.

"*Nov. 9th.*—Yesterday was the last day of the Prince's stay at this place, and, contrary to my expectation, I was invited to dinner. We did not sit down till half-past seven, tho' I went a little past six. The only person I found was Tom Stepney: then came Generals Whetham, Hammond and Cartwright, Lords Charlemont, Yarmouth and Ossulston, Sir Philip Francis, Congreve, Bloomfield and others of the understrappers, and finally the Regent and the Duke of Cumberland. We were about sixteen altogether. The Prince was very merry and seemed very well. He began to me with saying very loud that he had sent for Mrs. Creevey's physic to London. . . . At dinner I sat opposite to him, next to Ossulston, and we were the only persons there at all marked by opposition to his appointment of his brother the Duke of York, or to the Government generally, since he has been Regent. He began an old joke at dinner with me about poor Fonblanque, with whom I had dined six years ago at the Pavilion, . . . [when] the Prince and we all got drunk, and he was always used to say it was the merriest day he ever spent. However, it was soon dropped yesterday.

"The Duke of Cumberland and Yarmouth never spoke. The Prince was describing a pleasant dinner he had had in London lately, and was going over each man's name as he sat in his order at the table, and giving to each his due in the pleasantry of the day. Coming to Col. [Sir Willoughby] Gordon he said:

'To be sure, there's not much humour in him!' upon which Ossulston and I gave both a kind of involuntary laugh, thinking the said Gordon a perfect impostor, from our recollection of his pompous, impudent evidence before the House of Commons in the Duke of York's case; but this *chuckling* of ours brought from the Prince a very elaborate panegyric upon Gordon which was meant, most evidently, as a reproof to Ossulston and myself for quizzing him.

"We did not drink a great deal, and were in the drawing-room by half-past nine or a little after; no more state, I think, than formerly—ten men out of livery of one kind or other, and four or five footmen. At night everybody was there and the whole closed about one, and so ended the Regent's visit to Brighton."

And so, it may be added, ended Creevey's intimacy with the Regent. Henceforward he acted in constant opposition to his future monarch's schemes.

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey.

[1811?].

". . . I suppose you have heard that Mr. Canning has entirely disbanded his little Troop. He dismissed them, desiring they would no longer consider him as the leader of any Party in the House of Commons. Various reasons are assigned for it. C. Ellis says that a gentleman whom he did not name, but who is supposed to be W[*illegible*] suspected an immediate negociation with Ministers, and implied that he was the mouthpiece of the party; upon which Canning, in a moment of pettishness, set them all adrift. There are various conjectures, but the only fact is that they are released from their allegiance. Ward says it is hard to serve a year without wages, but he hopes to get a good character from his last place. The story is that Huskisson has been off some time and is coming in. . . . All Canning's friends are very sore at this last move; but more because the chief sensation it excites

is laughter, and tho' jokers themselves, they cannot endure any ridicule against their own lot. . . . The Regent went to the *Dandy* ball last night, and only spoke to M. Pierrepont, one of the four who invited. He fairly turned his back upon the others. He sent a message to Sr. Harry Mildmay, saying he wished to speak to him ; who replied that it must be a mistake, because His R. H. had seen him and took no notice whatever of him. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII.

1812.

The Marquess Wellesley, who had joined Perceval's Cabinet in 1809 on the resignation of Castlereagh and Canning, himself resigned in February, 1812, partly owing to dissatisfaction at the manner in which the Government supported the Peninsular war, but chiefly because of the Regent's persistence in refusing to listen to any proposals of Roman Catholic relief. The King's recovery being now considered out of the question, it was fully expected that the Regent would avail himself of the occasion of a reconstruction of the Cabinet to put his own political friends in power. However, instead of dismissing Perceval, he invited Grey and Grenville to join his administration, which they refused to do so long as Catholic Emancipation was a forbidden subject. The Regent bitterly resented their conduct, and continued Perceval in office, until that Minister was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons on 11th May. Meanwhile, another and a striking personality had appeared in Parliament, Henry Brougham, to wit. Elected for Camelford for the first time in 1810, he had registered a vow not to open his mouth in the House for the first month; which vow he kept, indemnifying himself for his self-control by incessant

oratory ever after. George Ponsonby was still leader of the Whigs in the Commons; but Brougham's energy and eloquence were so striking that he had not been four months a member before he was reckoned as one of the most formidable of the many candidates for the first place. His letters to Creevey during the early months of 1812 are very numerous; but it is difficult to fix the exact stage of proceedings to which they refer, owing to his omission to date them except by the day of the week.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Saturday, 6 o'clock [May? 1812].

"The intriguing is going on briskly. Wellesley has seen P.,* and then Wy. saw Grey. Grey says all is afloat and nothing settled, but that all will be settled before Monday. This shows a *nibble* at least, and I lament it much. To be in the same boat with W. and Canning is pretty severe. I see no chance of their making such a thing as one *can* support; indeed I feel in opposition to them already, should they agree about it. . . . Holland and Wellesley are at the bottom of it all, and have been together to-day, and at York House. The Spanish madness and love of office of Lady H[olland] is enough to do all the mischief we dread. Anything without the country is real madness or drivling.

"In the Comee. on Orders in C[ouncil] we sat this morning till *four*, and I have been all day at a Sheriff's Jury on damages, so am knocked up and can add no more.

"H. B."

"H. of Coms. [in pencil] Friday, 22nd May, 1812.

"They are all out. The answer of Prinny is short—that he is to comply immediately with the address to try to form a Govt. I had no hand in this bad work. I would not vote. It is the old blunder

* The Prince Regent.

of 1804—acting at Canning's benefit. The old rotten Ministry was to my mind."

Mr. Creevey had a safe seat at Thetford, one of the Duke of Norfolk's boroughs, but his ambition was fired by an invitation to contest one of the seats for his native Liverpool. Brougham, at the same time, having received notice to quit from a new proprietor of Camelford, determined to stand for the other Liverpool seat; and, on the dissolution taking place, these two gentlemen went down to fight Mr. Canning and General Gascoigne.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Brougham, Friday, [May] 1812.

"On my return from a visit to the Jockey * I received yours. While there, I passed my time as you might suppose—drinking in the evening, and in the morning going thro' *tête-à-tête* with him the red book and other lists of baro's. It was quite a comedy. I believe I can almost come up to the never-to-be-forgotten or surpassed night enjoyed by Ld. S[efton] and yourself with that venerable *feudal* character. We had women—and speeches—in the first style: the subjects infinitely various, from bawdy to the depths of politics, and this morning at breakfast he was pleased to enter largely on the subject of the *Daiety* and his fore*k*nowledge; settling that question as satisfactorily as if it had been one touching *the Gairter*, which he likewise discussed at length. I assure you I have had two choice days, and there wanted only some one Xianlike person to enjoy it with, and the presence also of a few comforts—such as a necessary, towels, water, &c., &c., to make the thing compleat. He goes up to-morrow to *Airundel*, and he is coming here on his way (to talk about the dissolution), which will give me a more quiet slice of his humours; for there was rather a crowd of parasites. . . ."

* The 11th Duke of Norfolk.

There follows here a long discussion of the question whether Creevey and Brougham—either of them, both, or neither—should stand for Liverpool. Creevey is comfortably settled in Thetford; Brougham is inclined to stand without him, lest he should "turn out poor Tarlton," who is as good an opponent of the Tory Government as if he had been an out-and-out Radical. As to finding himself returned as Canning's colleague—"only fancy the folly of being coupled with Canning! . . . it would be laughable to join us together." Then he continues—

". . . As to being out of Parlt.—don't laugh at me if I say I really should submit to such a fate with composure, indeed with cheerfulness. I am fond of my profession, which you'll say a queer taste; but I really so delight in it more and more every day. I see also how greatly I might rise in it by this means, and how infallibly I should command anything parliamentary that I might chuse, after a few years. This is clear, and I might be as much of a *demagogue* as I thought fit to be—I mean, in a good sense—and these times require looking *outside* of Parlt., in my opinion, as much as any we have lived in."

Mr. Creevey to Mrs. Creevey.

"House of Commons, (May) 25th, 1812.

"Oh dear! I have been waiting for Whitbread's latest intelligence, till I have little time left. First then, when Prinney sent for Wellesley, the latter began by mentioning some of the Opposition as persons to be consulted with; to which the former replied—'Don't mention any names to me *now*, my lord, but make an Administration for me.' To which the other says—'In a business of such nicety I trust your Royal Highness will not press me for time.' —'Take your own time,' says Prinney, 'tho' there is not a shilling left in the Exchequer.' Well, off sets Wellesley, calling at the doors of the Opposition—

Grey, Grenville, Holland and Moira; and yesterday some minutes of their conversations were made that had taken place between Wellesley, Grey and Grenville about the Catholic question and the war in Spain. There is some vague kind of coincidence of sentiments expressed between them on these subjects—no other subject mentioned. With this first fruit of his expedition Wellesley went to Carlton House last night at seven, and just as he was beginning to dilate upon his success, Prinney told him he was *busy*, and that he must call again to-day. . . . This I know to be quite true; it comes from Grey through Whitbread to me.

"This is the whole effect of the defeat of the old Government, and in the meantime the said old Government have one and all contracted with each other in writing never to act with such a villain as Wellesley again; in which they are quite right, but what think you of such a patron for our friends? Well: we had Whitbread and Lady Elizabeth at Holland House yesterday, Milton, Althorp, Lord John Russell, Sheridan, Lord Ossory, Fitzpatrick, Horner, Bennett and many more, and we had a very merry day, occasioned by my jokes about our new patron the Marquis [Wellesley]. Poor Holland was quite inimitable, but I will tell you more about it to-morrow. They will be all ruined: *they have flung Whitbread overboard:* he has just told me so himself, and that Lord Grey had just told him so in the coolest manner. Not a word of this! but it is *death* to them. He told me yesterday his fixed determination to have nothing to do with Wellesley and Canning, and they have anticipated him. . . ."

"House of Commons, Tuesday, 26th.

". . . Well: nothing is known to-day except that Prinney saw both Eldon and Liverpool yesterday for a long time before he saw Wellesley, and that a Cabinet Council of the old Ministers was summoned to Liverpool's office last night, and sat for a long time. . . . Well, the jaw is over. Castlereagh says the old Government is still out, and he knows nothing of any new one. It is *true* that Prinney told Wellesley that Grey and Grenville were a couple of scoundrels, and

that Moira was a fellow no honest man could speak to. Wellesley then told him the danger he was exposed to, both himself, his throne and his country, washed his hands of him and his concerns, and is actually gone out of town. Ferguson told me he *knew* all this, and of course Moira is his authority. Canning will have nothing to do with the old Government, and has just renewed his motion about the Catholic question. Prinney must be stark staring mad, by God! . . . The projected exclusion of Whitbread from the new Cabinet is spreading like wildfire against Grey and Grenville."

"Brooks's, 27th.

"Well, after all that passed between Prinney and Wellesley on Monday night, after all the foul language about Moira, &c., late last night Prinney sent for Moira and flung himself upon his mercy. Such a scene I never heard of; the young monarch *cried* loud and long; in short he seems to have been very nearly in convulsions. The afflicting interview was entirely occupied with lamentations over past errors, and delight at brighter prospects for the future under the happier auspices of his old and true friend now restored. Moira told him generally the terrible state of the country, which the other said had been concealed from him by his Ministers, and that he had not seen a paper these three or four weeks. Moira suggested to him that perhaps he would wish to be more *composed* before they went further into detail, and this was agreed to, so he has been there again to-day for three hours. I saw him come away at a little before four, and Lord Dundas called with me at his door and found he had gone off to Lord Wellesley's, where Grenville and Grey now are hearing the substance of this long interview of Moira with his Master . . . My jokes about Wellesley are in great request. Lady Holland said to me on Sunday in the drawing-room after dinner—'Come here and sit by me, you *mischievous toad*, and promise that you won't begin upon the new Government with your jokes. When you do, begin with those Grenvilles.' I dined at old Tankerville's yesterday, who said—'Creevey, never

desert Wellesley! give it him well, I beg of you.' Sefton asked me to dine there to-day, evidently with the same view. Sheridan is more base in his resentment against Whitbread than you can imagine, and all from Drury Lane disappointment."

"House of Commons, 28th.

". . . Just after I finished my letter yesterday, I met Sheridan coming from a long interview with the Prince, and going with a message to Wellesley; so of course I walked with him and got from him all I could. . . . He described the Prince's state of perturbation of mind as beyond anything he had ever seen. He conceives the different candidates for office to be determined upon his ruin; and, in short, I begin to think that his reign will end in a day or two in downright insanity. He first sends for one person, then another. Eldon is always told everything that passes, and the Duke of York (Lord Grey's friend and slave) is the unalterable and inveterate opposer of his brother having anything to do with the Opposition. He and Eldon work day and night to keep Prinney in the right course. Melville is a great favorite too. To-day he (Prinney) has seen the Doctor* and Westmorland, Buckinghamshire, and now Moira is with him. Canning has been found out in some intrigue with Liverpool already. There has been some explanation between Grey and Whitbread, certainly creditable to the former. He has admitted to the fullest extent the importance of the Brewer† and his own unalterable and unfavorable opinion of Canning. He maintained this opinion to his friends as strongly as he could, and pressed them, as they valued able and upright men to shuffling rogues, to stand by Whitbread and abandon Canning. In this proposition, however, he *stood alone.* Petty and Holland even were against him. Grey pronounced that tho' he was bound by this decision, he knew such decision must inevitably be their ruin. He has told all this to Brougham, as well as to Whitbread, and you know he always at least tells the truth. Of course you will not quote this. . . . From Lisbon the accounts

* Lord Sidmouth. † Mr. Whitbread.

are very unfavorable. The American embargo has produced the greatest consternation, and our Commissariat is utterly destitute of money or credit. In addition to this, General officers write home that the ravages of the late sieges and other things have made a supply of 30,000 men from this country absolutely necessary, if Portugal alone is to be kept."

"Brooks's, Friday, 29th.

"Everybody as wise as we were yesterday. Moira has seen Prinney to-day again, but nothing done. Moira told him he must decline being any longer employed in so hopeless an undertaking, and is determined to have the thing concluded one way or other. Prinney tells him no Prince was ever so idolized by the people of this country as himself, and that he is quite strong enough to go on with any Government that he gives his support to. Wortley is to give another notice on Monday of a motion for Tuesday to bring this infatuated man to his senses. By God! if he continues in his present state he will be having such things said of him as will rouse him with a witness. . . ."

"Brooks's, Saturday, 30th.

"It really begins to be almost too farcical to write about this madman and his delay."

"York St., Monday, 1st June.

"As Folkestone, Bennett and I are to go from the H. of Commons this afternoon to dine at Richmond, I begin my dispatch here, least I should have no time to do it at the House. Folky and Bennett return at night, but I shall sleep there. . . . The more one sees of the conduct of this most singular man [the Prince Regent], the more one becomes convinced he is doomed, from his personal character alone, to shake his throne. He is playing, I have no doubt he thinks, some devilish deep game, from which he will find he is utterly unable of extricating himself without the most serious and lasting injury to himself and character. . . . I dined at Taylor's last night with that

excellent young man Lord Forbes,* and I have never seen a greater appearance of worth and honor in any young man in my life. Besides being Moira's nephew, he is an aide-de-camp to the Regent, and he has received such usage from his Master, either on his uncle's account or his own voting in Parliament, that he won't go near him, and greatly to the horror of Taylor, he came to dine yesterday with the yellow lining and the Prince's buttons taken away from his coat. He said never again would he carry about him so degrading a badge of servitude to such a master. To Taylor, who was done up in the neatest edition of the said badge, this was too much. On Saturday, a great lot of us dined at Kit Hutchinson's request at the British Coffee House, with the gentlemen educated at Trinity College, Dublin; Kit in the chair, and it really was most entertaining. Irish genius for speaking and eloquence was never more conspicuous: upon my soul, I think five or six fellows who spoke—quite young men—spoke as well as Pitt. . . ."

"House of Commons.

"Well, now we have made a start. Mr. Canning has got up with due pomp and dignity, and has declared he has full authority to state from his noble friend Lord Wellesley that he, Lord Wellesley, has this morning received from the Regent his Royal Highness's commands to form an administration. So much for this first official act of the new Whig Government! . . ."

"Richmond Hill, June 2nd.

"Very large paper this, my precious, but we must see what we can make of it. As the day is so charming and the country so inviting, I have resolved to stay over the day, and accordingly my cloaths have gone to be washed. I leave, therefore, this eventful day in London to all the heart-rending anxieties of politicians, who, I think, have as hopeful a prospect of disappointment as ever politician had. I cannot bring myself to regret that I am not to serve under

* Not the Scottish peer of that name, but the eldest son of the 6th Earl of Granard by a daughter of the 1st Earl of Moira. He was father of the present Lord Granard.

Marquis Wellesley or Mr. Canning. . . . We shall now see what this singular association of statesmen will be able to do. Canning is *for* Orders in Council, Grenville considers them as the source of all the existing national distress. Grenville thinks the country incapable of sustaining the expenditure of the war: Wellesley thinks such war to be starved by our penury. Grey is against all secret influence; Prinney says he will part with his life rather than his household. Prinney, Wellesley and Canning have each betrayed everybody they have had to do with—pretty companions for a man of honor like Grey! . . . Prinney will not strike yet to Grey and Grenville without conditions to which they will not submit. What is to be done, too, on minor subjects? What is Jack Horner to do with his notice of motion on McMahon's salary, or how is Bankes's bill to be permitted to pass, which, besides abolishing patent places of all kinds as they become vacant, goes immediately to strike off our Paymaster-Genl., our Postmaster, our Mustermaster, &c., &c., &c., all of which said places so to be abolished are doubtless looked up to with great affection and anxiety by the young friends and by the old Whigs, by the Vernons, Wards and McDonalds, &c., or by the Ponsonbys, Freemantles, &c., &c. I flatter myself both Tierney and Huskisson are to be Cabinet Ministers, which, considering that Burke and Sheridan, Dunning and [*illegible*] used to be considered as not elevated enough in rank to be admitted into such high company, will be well enough.

"I must, upon the whole, condemn Grey as acting most unwisely in putting himself forward as a candidate for power under all the circumstances of the country. He would have done much better to wait till Grenville's death or some other event dissolved the fatal connection with that family. He ought to have let Wellesley and Canning perish in their own intrigues, and he ought to have permitted the old and feeble Government to conduct the country so near its ruin that men could no longer doubt either its condition or the authors of its calamities. In such a case, which would have inevitably arrived, the country and the Crown would have called for his assistance, and in such case only, my belief is, could he have done

permanent good to the country with honor to himself. . . . Grenville I consider a dead man, and Prinney, Wellesley and Canning are both madmen and villains. . . . In the meantime, we must have sport. Amongst other things, we must have the Bank made to pay us in specie . . . which would give you and me £700 per annum more than we have. This would be something like, so we shall see what we shall see."

"Richmond Hill, Wednesday, 3rd.

"I have dilly-dallied so long here that if I don't set out directly I shall not get in time to write you a word, my precious, so I will first fire a little shot at you before I leave this place. William brought us last night just such intelligence as I was prepared to expect from Petty that the Marquis [Wellesley] had been with Earl Grey and had offered him and his friends *four* seats in the Cabinet; that he himself had condescended to become First Lord of the Treasury, that there must be some limitations of concession to Ireland, with a great variety of other restraints upon the four poor Foxite and Grenville Ministers, the whole of which induced the Earl to give the Marquis the most unqualified rejection of these proposed indignities. Ha! ha! ha! or Oh dear me! which of these exclamations is best suited to the occasion. Is one to laugh at our poor foolish party having so obviously and so fatally for themselves played the game of these villains Wellesley and Canning, or is one to cry at the never-failing success of rascality in this country? Oh how glad I am that I had no hand in making this madman Wellesley preside over the destinies of this country, to sacrifice the thousands of brave lives that he will assuredly do in Spain and Portugal, and to torture by poverty and privations the thousands that will feel the effects of his extravagance in England."

"York St., Thursday, 4th.

"Betty and I are just put into port for the purpose of my writing you a single line before the post goes. We have had a very prosperous voyage to Mrs. Fitzherbert's and old Lady Grey's, both of whom we found at home. We have seen in the

streets various persons — Albemarle, Lord Henry Fitzroy, Parnell,* &c., &c. Well, Prinney is in a capital way, is he not? There was a meeting last night at Grenville's of opposition lords to hear the history of all that has passed on the late occasion, and there was another similar one of the Commons to-day at Ponsonby's. . . . Wellesley, we are told, was as good as turned out of Carlton House when he went back with Grey's refusal on Tuesday, and this accounts for the 'violent personal objections' which he describes Prinney as having to Grey and others. It is a rare mess, by God! . . ."

"Friday, 5th.

". . . Moira has done nothing yet. Everybody has refused him, but he is quite taken in by the Prince's cajolery, and there is no saying what folly they may not commit in their selection of a Ministry. . . ."

"York St., Saturday, 6th.

". . . In coming up from the House I was much surprised to meet Sam (Whitbread) covered with smiles. He was enquiring where he could find Sheridan. . . . I presumed his trip to town was merely upon private business, and in this persuasion I remained till almost 3 o'clock this morning, when old Sheridan became drunk and communicative. He then told me he had sent an express for Sam, and that the said Sam had been dining at Moira's, with him Sheridan. Further than this he did not tell me, excepting the expression of his own conviction that Sam was the man both for the Prince and the People, and that Wellesley, Canning and Grenville must all be swamped and flung overboard. Was there ever anything equal to this? . . . If Sam does come in, it must now be upon his own terms, and I cannot think, after all my honest conduct to him, he could desert me. . . . The Whigs evidently know of an offer made to Whitbread, and are as civil to-day as be damned. . . ."

* Henry Brook Parnell, M.P. [1776–1842], created Lord Congleton in 1841; grand-uncle of Charles Stewart Parnell.

"Brooks's, Monday, 8th.

". . . I found from Sheridan yesterday just before dinner that Moira was First Lord of the Treasury, and that it was expected that the writs of Canning and others would be moved for to-night in the Commons. . . . He said he and Whitbread were to dine at Moira's yesterday, and he concluded with his regret that Whitbread was not Chancellor of the Exchequer. . . . I came, of course, here in the evening, and I soon found there was a meeting of the party at Ponsonby's to which, as I had no summons, of course I did not go. I found from people as they returned from this meeting that Whitbread had given great offence by giving his opinion that Grey and Grenville had pushed the thing too far in insisting, under all circumstances of the case, upon the surrender of the household. . . . This morning brought to my bed a note from Whitbread desiring to see me, which of course I instantly complied with, and from himself I learnt all the particulars of his intercourse with Moira. . . . Moira produced his plan for revoking Orders in Council, conciliating America by all manner of means, the most rigid economical reform, nay, parliamentary reform if it was wished for: in short every subject was most agreeable and satisfactory. . . . So far so good . . . but I have such a devil of new matter pressing upon me I must be off. Huskisson has just announced to people in the streets that Moira's powers are revoked, and that a message is coming from the Prince saying he (Moira) cannot form a Government, and that he has ordered his old servants to proceed with public business."

"House of Commons. Same date.

"Well, this is beyond anything. Castlereagh has just told us that Moira resigned the commission this morning, and that His Royal Highness had appointed Lord Liverpool Prime Minister. Was there ever anything equal to this? . . ."

"House of Commons, Tuesday, 9th.

". . . There has been a meeting of Government members at Lord Liverpool's house to-day, and he has declared to them the intention of the Government not to oppose the Catholic question as a Government measure, but everybody is to do as he pleases. Of course the measure will now take place and it will be done by Liverpool, Eldon,* &c. This convinces me more than ever of the great fault committed by Grey and Grenville in letting their negociations go off about the Household . . . but they are all at once so prodigiously constitutional, one almost suspects one's own judgment. They are, at all events, dished for the present, and most lucky will they be to be so, if anything like a rupture with America is now determined upon by that country, because that event, I am positive, gives check-mate at once to the revenue of this country."†

"House of Commons, Wednesday, 10th.

"Well, the Doctor‡ succeeds Ryder as Secretary of State for the Home Department; Lord Harrowby succeeds the Doctor; Lord Bathurst succeeds Lord Liverpool, Bragge Bathurst is Chancellor of the Dutchy—such is the worthy *new* Administration. Is it not capital? so much for 'No predilections' nor yet 'resentments.'"

Sydney Smith to Mr. Creevey (who had written at Lord Grey's request to desire him to vote for Lord Milton).

"June 6th, 1812.

"Your letter followed me here, where I had come after voting for Lord Milton,§ one of the most

* It was done by their party, but not until sixteen years had passed; Liverpool was dead, and Eldon as strongly opposed as ever to emancipation.

† War with the United States began exactly nine days after these words were written.

‡ Lord Sidmouth.

§ Eldest son of the 4th Earl Fitzwilliam.

ungainly looking young men I ever saw. I gave my other vote for Wilberforce,* on account of his good conduct in Africa, a place returning no members to parliament, but still, from the extraordinary resemblance its inhabitants bear to human creatures, of some consequence. An election out of Westminster is sad work—at the moment of the greatest ferment, York was, in the two great points of ebriety and pugnacity, as quiet as average London at about 3 o'clock in the morning."

The following extracts are from the exceedingly voluminous reports which Mr. Creevey sent almost daily to his wife during the contest for Liverpool.

"Tuesday, ½ past one.
(September, 1812.)

"The name of this place is the Fair Unknown, a single house 14 miles this side of Colchester and about 30 miles on this side of Thetford.

"No horses, by Jingo! so I'll eat a tight little beef stake, tho' it is so early in the day; but what, you know, am I to do till the horses come home? . . . Oh, I find the name of my present residence is Copdock. . . ."

"Thetford, Wednesday, September, 1812.

". . . So the parliament is really dissolved, my pretty, and I have seen the principal people of my constituents, and they behave like angels to me. I mean your Bidwells, Faux's, Pawsons, &c., &c., take a deep interest about Liverpool, and will do whatever I wish as to the time of bringing on my election here, so as to forward my views at Liverpool, will not be the least offended if I succeed at Liverpool for electing to sit for the latter place, and will bring in any other person in my place whom the Petre family shall name. . . . This is something like, is it not? What is more, they talk of dining at their own

* William Wilberforce [1759–1833], M.P. for Hull 1780, and for Yorkshire 1784. An active philanthropist, his name must ever be associated with the suppression of the Slave Trade.

expense on the day of election, *i.e.*, giving me a dinner instead of my giving them one, and so to save me as they say, from being plundered. I begin to think Mankind's damned fair, don't you? . . . I am now perfectly at ease upon this subject, and to be sure there was never anyone so fortunate as I am in escaping the agony of any dilemma upon an occasion of such complicated importance."

Unpleasant rumours began to fly about presently concerning the intentions of the Duke of Grafton, who owned the second seat for Thetford, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Petre owning the other. Creevey had become the guest of Mr. Bernard Howard at Fornham, near Bury, pending a summons to Liverpool. He was getting nervous about the tricks his colleague in that candidature might play him, for he had learnt already to regard Brougham with considerable distrust.

". . . Forster speaks very mysteriously about Ossulston's having the Duke's seat (for Thetford) again, which alarmed me not a little. Our neighbour, Marchioness Cornwallis, was passing in her barouche, and calls Howard to the carriage, who was alone in the road.

"'And so,' says she, 'the Duke of Grafton turns Mr. Creevey out of Thetford at last.'

"'Upon your soul!' says Barny, 'then there's a volley for you, for Mr. Creevey is now at my house, and is to be member for Thetford next Thursday, and for Liverpool the week after.'

"So the Gordon *chienne** went off as grumpy as be damned! . . . Howard is very good to me and I amuse him very much. He is confidential about young Harry and the dukedom, which he evidently expects to be in possession of before long.

* The Marchioness Cornwallis (who died in 1850) was daughter of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, wife of the 4th duke.

I see he means never to sell his seats. Jockey does."*

"Fornham, Sunday, 4th October.

"Diddy† has no letter again to-day from Roscoe,‡ but he expects one by express in the course of the evening. I should not be least surprised if the Liverpool election did not take place till to-morrow week, and that in that event I might safely stay over the Thetford one on Thursday. . . . This express, whenever it comes from Roscoe, will bring with it, of course, some of Brog-ham's ingenuous remarks. . . . Bernard Howard is deeply affected with the apparent treachery of my *colleague* [Brougham], and his evident wishes to give me the go-by; but we shall see what we shall see."

The express came that night; a note from Brougham, and a letter from Roscoe with news from Liverpool.

". . . Gascoigne and Tarleton§ came here to-day, both indifferently supported, particularly the latter, who came on horseback with only two friends. They are neither of them popular. . . . Canning, it is said, will make his appearance on Monday. . . . Gladstone is his commander-in-chief. Believe me, our prospects are very flattering."

Creevey, therefore, had to set out for Liverpool post haste, but found time at every stopping-place to write to his wife. He was duly elected without opposition for Thetford on 8th October.

* The 11th Duke of Norfolk was known as "the Jockey." He died in 1815, and was succeeded in the dukedom by the above-mentioned Bernard Howard, great-grandfather of the present duke.

† Creevey's pet names among his family were Diddy and Nummy.

‡ William Roscoe [1753–1831], historian, &c.; represented Liverpool in 1806, but lost his seat in 1807.

§ The old members for Liverpool. Tarleton retired in favour of Canning. Colonel (afterwards General Sir Banastre) Tarleton [1754–1833] was for twenty-one years member for Liverpool.

"Cambridge, Monday, 5th Oct.

"You will be somewhat surprised to see Diddy's handwriting from his favorite University. The accompanying letter from Wm. Roscoe will explain this movement. . . . Bernard Howard has been as good to me as possible, and *you* would delight in his suspicions of Brougham. . . . Come, Mr. John Horn, where are my eels and mutton-chops?—Here they are, by Jingo, and the said John, who is an old friend of mine of five and twenty years' standing, says he can give me an excellent bottle of port.—No such thing: I never tasted worse. The chops were, however, damned fair. . . . I send for the approbation of yourself and my dears, Diddy's colours at Thetford. . . . To Diddy himself they produce most agreeable sensations; they constitute to him a certain seat in parliament, and they remind him of a connection really virtuous, without propitiating a capricious bitch, and without Villain [Brougham] always frightful. So I am as happy as a grig with little *Thet*, and don't care a damn for Liverpool my little *Pet*."

Arrived in Liverpool, Creevey was plunged into the thick of a hot contest, the details whereof are of little interest at this day. At that period, the poll remained open for many days, generally a fortnight, and Creevey reported progress every night to his wife at Brighton. Brougham succeeded at first in reassuring him as to his good faith.

"Liverpool, 11th Oct.

". . . I must say Brougham behaves as well as a man can possibly do, and I am every day more struck with the endless mine of his intellectual resources. Nevertheless his speech to the crowd yesterday was thought not near so good as mine. . . . The people *pet* me in a way that is, upon my soul, affecting. . . . Lord Hutchinson says the Russian accounts of their victories are all lies, and that they are inevitably ruined, and the French quite safe in Moscow, having quite cut off all the trade of Petersburgh and Riga."

"14th October.

". . . We had an excellent day yesterday: Sefton, Stanley,* Brougham, Roscoe, Ashton, Heywood, &c., &c. To be sure it is quite astonishing to see the superiority of our friends over those of the enemy as to rank and good manners, and then they do behave so perfectly to one, it is quite beautiful. . . . Sefton has really been most interesting to me since breakfast in discussing the education of his son, Lord Molyneux, who is sixteen years of age, at Eton and a tutor with him. Who would think that these people (I mean he and my lady), in the midst of their eating and drink and play and racing, &c., &c., are eternally at work in the education of their children? . . . My lady is greatly touched at my writing to you every day, and praises me much for it. . . ."

"Thursday, 18th Oct.

"Well, my pretty, Diddy and Brog-ham are fairly done—beat to mummy; but we are to take the chance of some miracle taking place in our favor during the night, and are not to strike till eleven or twelve or one to-morrow. We had to do with artists who did not know their trade. Poor Roscoe made much too sanguine an estimate of our strength. . . ."

Creevey and Brougham withdrew from the contest next day, Creevey being at the bottom of the poll with 1060 votes, but claiming a moral victory.

"To play second fiddle to Brougham," he wrote to his wife, "would not be worth a dam. If it be an object worthy my ambition to get possession of Liverpool and *to keep it*, then I say that my game, and my game only, has been played, and that the whole *dramatis personæ*, Brougham and Canning included, might have been puppets selected by myself to serve my own ulterior purposes. Depend upon it, Diddy never played a slyer part than in his unassuming, modest character in which he has appeared before his fellow townsmen.

* Afterwards 13th Earl of Derby.

". . . My popularity with all sides I find still keeps up to the last, *tho' I was last upon the poll.* . . . There is to be a grand affair here on Friday—a dinner and a ball and supper for Canning. He goes dining out daily, to Boulton's and such places. I envy *not* his happy *lot!* . . ."

"Croxteth Park, 17th Oct., 1812.

"Now for the first time since Diddy left home, can he sit down in quietness to write to his pretty. . . . As to the result of the campaign, disastrous as it is in the extent of the defeat, it is impossible to consider the whole as unfavorable to me. In the first place, my friends will have no occasion for their *compassion* for my being out of parliament. This is everything to begin with. Then I have begun a connection with the town of Liverpool to be used or not at my discretion on future occasions. . . . Canning, in the present state of things, *must* be shortly in office, and then he vacates, and I never will believe that as a Minister of State he will submit to the club canvassing. . . . You never saw a fellow in your life look so miserable as he has done throughout. . . . I have been perfectly amazed during this campaign at the marvellous talent of Brougham in his addresses to the people. He poured in a volley of declamation against the *immortal memory of Pitt* the day before yesterday, describing his immortality as proclaimed by the desolation of his own country and the subjugation of mankind, that, by God, shook the very square and all the houses in it from the applause it met with. Yesterday he renewed the subject by a comparison of Fox with Pitt, that was done with equal skill and success. Still, I cannot like him. He has always some game or underplot out of sight—some mysterious correspondence — some extraordinary connection with persons quite opposite to himself."

"Knowsley, 19th Oct.

". . . We are all mighty gracious here. My lady [Derby] told me before we went in to dinner yesterday to sit with my best ear next to her. . . . We sat down 22 to dinner, all of them Hornbys, except 4 Hortons, 2 Ramthornes, young Ashton and myself. My lord was

Lord Brougham.

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in excellent spirits, and, for *such* company, it went off all very well. . . . I never saw Lady Stanley looking so well, or in such good spirits. She and her lord are damned attentive to Diddy, so upon the whole, you know, it is very well he came. . . . I won a shilling last night, I'd have you know, and then ate some shrimps, and Lady Derby would have some negus made for me alone; and all the toadys laughed very much, because my lady did, so it was all very well. . . .

"There is beginning to be damned distress in Liverpool already, and if the Americans will but continue the war for a twelvemonth, Masters Canning and Gascoigne and their supporters will have enough of it.

". . . Let me not omit to mention to you that Col. Gordon,* who you know is with Wellington, is in constant correspondence with both Grey and Whitbread, and that his accounts are of the most desponding cast. He considers our ultimate discomfiture as a question purely of time, and that it may happen on any day, however early; that our pecuniary resources are utterly exhausted, and that the [*illegible*] of the French in recovering from their difficulties is inexhaustible; that Wellington himself considers this resurrection of Marmont's broken troops as an absolute miracle in war, and in short Gordon considers that Wellington is in very considerable danger.† Of course you will not use this information but in the most discreet manner."

Creevey took his defeat with equanimity, falling back upon his seat at Thetford. Not so Brougham, who could not but feel sore at his exclusion from an

* The Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of the 4th Earl of Aberdeen. He was aide-de-camp, first to his uncle, Sir David Baird, then to the Duke of Wellington, and was killed at Waterloo.

† Marmont having been defeated at Salamanca on 22nd July, Wellington occupied Madrid. But on 21st October he was forced to raise the siege of Burgos and begin his retreat upon the Portuguese frontier, which partook more of the nature of disaster than any operation ever undertaken by him.

arena where he felt so well qualified to excel. And when Brougham felt sore, he made it his business to make others smart also; never did he forgive Grey for the philosophy with which that gentleman accepted Brougham's departure from Parliament.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"The Hoo, 1812.

". . . Should I (being quite certain that I am *out* for good, inasmuch as I see no possible seat and have received from all the leaders, except Grey, regular letters of dismissal, thanking me for past services, &c.) *should I take parliamentary practice or not?* My first intention was quite clear agt. it; for, tho' I don't affect to say a large bit of money would be disagreeable, yet gold may be bought too dear, and I don't like to lower myself, either in Parlt. or the country, to Adam's level. I never hesitated on this till I began to get angry with the leading Whigs for their cool way of taking leave [of me]; as much as to say—it is out of the question our ever bringing you in again. This, and the knowledge of others, as Plume [?], &c., being brought in, has rather raised my spleen, and given me an inclination to go into that line and make enough to buy a seat (with what I can afford to add, viz. £2000 or £2500), and then come in and enjoy the purest of all pleasures—at once do what I most approve of in politics and give the black ones an infernal licking every other night! Now really this is my only inducement, and I am half doubting about it. My judgment tells me *not* to go into Committee practice; but what do you think? I own I shall be pleased if you are as clear agt. it as I feel; but pray give your opinion *with dispatch.* Talk it over with Ward if you see him. . . ."

CHAPTER IX.

1813–1814.

The Tories came back triumphant from the polls in 1812. Lord Liverpool had succeeded Perceval as Prime Minister; although Canning remained still an ominous, brooding figure on the skirts of the party. Castlereagh had succeeded Wellesley at the Foreign Office, and his charming manner and amiability stood him in far better stead as leader of the House of Commons than greater rhetorical gifts could have done. Moreover, his able and far-sighted conduct of foreign policy, coupled with the favourable progress of the Peninsular campaign, impressed men at last with the conviction that Napoleon had overshot his mark, and that the will of England was to be enforced. Under these depressing circumstances, the old Whigs inclined to withdraw from active hostilities in Parliament; while the Radicals—"the Mountain," as they delighted to call themselves—cast about for some new weapon of offence against the hated Administration. There was one ready to their hand—one that was to serve them for many a year to come; and it was Brougham, though without a seat in Parliament, who best saw its value and how it was to be wielded.

It were an unpleasant and unnecessary task to repeat the unlovely story of the Prince Regent's

married life. It is enough to remember that, in order to please his father, George III., and induce him to pay his debts, the Prince married Princess Caroline of Brunswick in 1795. She never was an agreeable woman; there never was the slightest affection between them, and, after the birth of their only child, Princess Charlotte, they separated; and the Prince, among many other less venial loves, returned to Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he had solemnly married in 1786; and for whom, as Mr. Creevey has already explained in these papers, he maintained a remarkable establishment at Brighton and in London. Meanwhile, the Princess of Wales resided at Blackheath, and the profligate life of her husband sufficed to attract to her a large share of popular commiseration. News filtered slowly to the provinces in those days of tardy communication, else the public scandal must have roused the nation to dangerous manifestations.

In 1806, owing to manifold indiscretions of this unfortunate Princess, a Commission of twenty-three Privy Councillors was appointed, at her husband's instance, to inquire into her conduct. She was acquitted on the charge of having borne an illegitimate child, though censure was passed upon her mode of life. George III. refused to allow Princess Charlotte to be taken out of her mother's custody, but when the kindly old King became hopelessly mad, the power passed into the hands of the Regent, who forbade his wife to see her daughter more than once a fortnight. Thereupon the Princess addressed a letter of remonstrance to her husband. The only acknowledgment she received was as follows, from the Prime Minister:—

Lord Liverpool to Lady Charlotte Campbell.

"Fife House, 28 Jany., 1813.

"Lord Liverpool has the Honour, in answer to Lady Charlotte Campbell's note of this morning, to acquaint her Ladyship for the Information of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales that the Prince Regent, having permitted the Lord Chancellor and Lord Liverpool to communicate to His Royal Highness the Contents of the Letter which they had received from the Princess in such manner as they might think proper, the Letter of the Princess was read to His Royal Highness.

"His Royal Highness was not pleased to signify any commands upon it."

After the general election of 1812, it was obvious that the Opposition had no further grounds for hope from their ancient friendship with the Prince Regent. He had thrown them overboard, as he never hesitated to do anybody who had ceased to be useful or amusing to him. Brougham, therefore, who had been presented to the Princess of Wales in 1809, and who perceived how the sympathy excited by her unfortunate position might be made to reflect odium upon Ministers, and at the same time to injure the Prince Regent, proffered his legal services to the Princess. Associated with him was Whitbread, who, however little may be thought of his discretion, was probably perfectly disinterested and sincere in desiring that justice should be done. Acting under the advice of these counsellors, after waiting in vain for an answer to her letter to her husband, the Princess caused the said letter to be published in the *Morning Chronicle*. The result was the appointment of another commission of three and twenty Privy Councillors,

who, by 21 votes to 2, supported the Prince's decree about the intercourse that should be permitted between his wife and daughter. From this time forward Brougham, perceiving the means of avenging the treatment of the Whigs by the Prince Regent and, at the same time, making political capital out of the Princess's wrongs, became indefatigable in the cause. He and Whitbread drew to themselves the cordial support of the Radicals, who waxed indignant with the old Whigs by reason of their constitutional scruples in taking action against the Regent. Thus the schism in the Opposition grew ever deeper; nor was it any part of Brougham's plan that it should be healed, so long as he should be out of Parliament. He wrote incessantly to Creevey about the varying phases of the case, which it would be wearisome and unprofitable to follow in detail. A few extracts follow as examples of the style and spirit of his letters, in which the Prince Regent is usually referred to as "Prinney" or "P.," the Princess of Wales as "Mrs. P.," and Princess Charlotte as "young P." The sequence of Brougham's letters is matter for speculation, owing to his habit of not dating them. In some cases the exact date can be learnt from the postmark.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey [*at Brighton*].

"Brooks's, 1813.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"Come to town to-morrow for Mr. Prinney. Let me console you with the news that the fellow was hissed to-day going to Court, and hooted loudly. All this is good . . . A word or two upon the question of peace or war. Canning was down yesterday—

Bogey * for war—Ld. Grey semi-pacific—Sam † the only peace-maker. Prinney *ill*—dropsy, [*illegible*], strictures, &c.—it will do!"

"Temple.

"DEAR C.,

"In order to keep you up in the affairs of the Prinnies as they go on, I write from time to time, for if I let some days pass it would take too long a time at this busy season, when I really have my hands quite full, were there no Prinnies in the world. Also, this way of apprizing you of things as they happen enables you to form a safe opinion by being kept constantly informed.

"The scene at Carlton House is quite perfect: there is nothing at all equal to it. I laughed for an hour. Of course Mrs. F[itzherbert] must be religiously kept concealed. I have an arrear of things which are too long to write, and some things to shew; so these must be left till you come to town. The most curious is young P.'s letter to old P. which gave rise to all the row at Windsor.

"Notwithstanding the opening all letters, which we at first thought under the Dss. of L. would have been terribly inconvenient, things have got back nearly into their own channel, for young P. contrived to send her mother a letter of 28 pages, and to receive from her the *Morning Chronicle* with all the articles about herself, as well as the examination. Now these, I take it, are exactly what old P. had rather she did not see. She takes the most prodigious interest in the controversy, and I am going to draw up a legal opinion respecting her case. . . . I plainly see it excites no small anxiety, for the D. of Glos'ter asked me very earnestly if I knew from whence the articles in the *M. C.* came, and was greatly [*illegible*] when I told him Yarmouth was the man in *Courier*, which he certainly is. Of course, my helping Perry to his law is a profound secret. I told the D. I knew nothing about it. He had no right to put the question.

"A strange attempt was made by McMahon to

* Lord Grenville.

† Whitbread. The question was the dispute with the United States.

bribe and then to bully the editor of the *Star* (which is greatly in the Pss's. interest). He wanted him to insert a paragraph *against her.* Last Saturday he went again, and such a scene passed as I would fain send you, having before me the man's own written statement; but I dare not, in case it is sent you. It began with enquiries and offers—to know the *advisers* of his paper on the subject of the Pss., and whether she had anything to say to it, and offers of paying for a paragraph; and ended with his saying he should come again on Monday; and then going to see the press, and talking to every one of 20 printers, and giving them 2 guinea to drink!! We had a man to meet him and identify and witness his bribery on Monday, and I expect his report. . . .

"In a few days we must open our batteries in form. Sam [Whitbread] has had it out with Sheridan at Southill, and writes that he is quite convinced they have no case at all. . . . I expect to see the Govt. *jib,* for tho' the fire of the outposts is really most formidable, it is distant and scattered;—that of the City is very near and loud, and Prinney is likely to be frightened by it. . . . As for little P. *in general,* it is a long chapter. Her firmness I am sure of, and she has proved to a singular degree adviseable and discreet; but for anything further, as sincerity, &c., &c., one must see much more to make such an exception to the rule credible. However, my principle is—take her along with you as far as you both go the same road. It is one of the constitutional means of making head against a revenue of 105 millions (diminished, I am glad to say, this year in the most essential branch of all—excise), an army of ½ million, and 800 millions of debt. . . ."

"Lancaster, Monday, 1813.

"You will think it rather cool my not coming to town as soon as possible in the present state of affairs, but I have two reasons. I think Mrs. Prinnie will be insisting on some further measures the moment she sees me, and I wish it to subside *into an arrangement* before I return. I shall come up as soon as they *begin to negociate.* My other reason is a degree of dislike of the whole concern, which has, in spite of

myself, come over me since the row with the Commissioners, especially on account of Erskine. The blackening of Ellenboro' is not sufficient to counterbalance this. I can't help thinking the omission of the questions venial, as long as the evidence was not published; and then the charge agt. the Comms. was only their going beyond the inquiry assigned to them, and recommending a sort of censure on an *ex parte* proceeding. Which was wrong, I think; but one can't help regretting anything which damages, not *Grenville*, but the *whole Whigs*. This should always be avoided if possible."

" Brougham, Sunday, 6 April, 1813.

". . . Now on this question [that of bringing in a declaratory bill regarding the Princess of Wales] once for all, do not listen to Sam [Whitbread]. He has NO HEAD. Depend upon it he has not. He is good for execution, but nothing for council, except, indeed, as far as his courage and honesty go, which are invaluable, but not of themselves sufficient. The idea of the galleries being shut would frighten him to death, for he speaks very much with an eye to the newspapers. Now my belief is that if a good and popular ground for shutting them could be got (*as this may be made*) a most prodigious step would be gained. But, it will be said, why degrade the House in this way? I reply, if the House is base enough after making a row 3 years ago about its privileges, when they were to be used against the people, now to yield up everything like the privileges which can really serve the people, it deserves to be brought into every sort of contempt, and the sooner the people quarrel with it, the better. Perhaps you may think my desire too romantic a one—viz. to see a whole session pass with shut doors. I certainly do wish devoutly to see it, knowing the price we pay for reading debates; but at present I am only speaking of such a shutting as may produce acquiescence in the Bill, which will become necessary should the Courts decide against us. While mentioning Whitbread, I must say that his two capital blunders in the Pss. business certainly don't tend to raise my notion

of his judgt. . . . Pray don't forget to let me know what the Mountain mean to do about the Livery dinner."

"20 April, 1813.

". . . Mrs. P. (a bore which I always thought awaited you, tho' I have put it off as well as I could) insists positively on your going there to dinner as soon as you return. She would have had you meet Mrs. Beauclerk there yesterday, but I said you were at Brighton. . . ."

"York, Wednesday, 10 May, 1810.

"DEAR C.,

"I find by Ly. C. Lindsay that there is an idea of another letter from the Pss. to Prinnie, and that Whitbread has written one. Pray try to impress upon him the fatal effects of any more letters. She will be called the Compleat Letterwriter and become generally despised. At all events, let some time elapse and see what they mean to do."

"Temple, Monday, 1813.

". . . I have nothing to tell you, except that Mother P. certainly goes to the *Tea Garden* to-morrow night, to meet her husband. It was her own idea, but I highly approve of it on *his* account; and as the Dss. of York goes, it is fit Mrs. P. should go too, if it were only for 5 minutes. The consternation of Prinnie is wonderful. I'll bet a little money he don't go himself, so that the whole thing will have gone off as well as possible. Young P. and her father have had frequent rows of late, but one pretty serious one. He was angry at her for flirting with the D. of Devonshire, and suspected she was talking politics. This began it. It signifies nothing how they go on this day or that—in the long run, quarrel they must. *He* has not equality of temper, or any other kind of sense, to keep well with her, and she has a spice of her mother's spirit: so interfere they must at every turn. . . . I suspect they will befool the above duke. He is giving in to it, I hear, and P. will turn short-about, in all likelihood, after making him dance and dangle about, and perhaps break with his friends, and

put on his dignified air on which he piques himself, and then say—'Your Grace will be pleased to recollect the difference between you and my daughter.'

"I may be wronging the young man after all, for I am out of the way of hearing anything. Since the last time I saw you, I have only been twice to the westward of Charing Cross. Once was to see Lord Thanet. He is quite well again, and in high force—particularly abusive of Prinney, whom he objects to on account of his vulgarity, and compares to the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in Molière—a name which has got about, and must inevitably annoy P. more than even 'our fat friend.' . . ."

"Temple, Wednesday [1813].

". . . The cry against Sam [Whitbread] is high and, like all base things, higher since he left town. . . . The bitterness is among the jobbers and under-strappers of the party, who wish to blow up the coals, and put an end to the party at once, for reasons too obvious. . . . Grey, as you may suppose, partakes of little or none of the violence, now the heat is off. . . . Fitzpatrick's last words, I believe, were—*La pièce est finie*, uttered with his usual cool and determined tone to Lord Robert, there being servants in the room. He had said immediately before to Lady Robert (who was going, and said she should see him again)—'Not in this world'—from whence your piety will naturally derive an inference, by way of admission, of a future state. He leaves about £10,000 in legacies. . . . I thought you might like to hear these particulars respecting the end of by far the most clever of the quiet class I have ever seen, and the most perfect judgt. of any class.* . . ."

Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Mr. Brougham.

"Wednesday.

"Everything went off remarkably well last night. We waited at the D. of Brunswick's till we heard that the Duchess of Y[ork] was at Vauxhall; we then

* General Richard Fitzpatrick [1747-1813], for thirty-three years M.P. for Tavistock; a most intimate friend of C. J. Fox.

proceeded there, and were much huzza'd and applauded by the crowd at the door, and also by the people in the gardens, which was much more than I had expected, having considered it always as the enemies' quarters. There were a few hisses at last, but very few indeed. The Duke of Gloucester escorted the Pss. round the walks, and the Duke of Kent handed her out and took care of her to the Duke of Brunswick's house, where we supped. In short, nothing could be more right and proper, dull and fatiguing, than our last night's adventures. . . ."

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey.

"Holland House, Wednesday.

". . . Lord Darlington is to marry his *bonne amie* Mrs. Russell, *alias* Funnereau, this week;* and his daughter has chosen Mr. Forester. Neither of these alliances are brilliant. Mme. de Stael continues to be an invariable topick. The servants at assemblies announce her as *Mrs. Stale.* Her daughter, the *seduisante Albertine*, is very much relished by those who know her well."

The reference in the following is to General Sir John Murray, who raised the siege of Tarragona, and embarked his troops on the approach of Suchet, for which he was afterwards tried by court-martial. Wellington's despatch of 3rd July contains criticism of Murray's operations, the responsibility for which the Opposition sought to throw upon Wellington.†

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Chillingham, 23 July, 1813.

". . . I think Wellington's observations about Murray shamefull: he would have been mad to fight

* They were married on 27th July. Lord Darlington was created Duke of Cleveland in 1833.

† Wellington's *Despatches*, vol. x. p. 509.

20,000 French with 12,000 Spaniards and 4000 English and Germans. As usual—Wellington never allows an excuse, nor ever enables an officer to execute anything. He left Beresford at Albuera in the same situation."

"Walton, Thursday night.

". . . Is it true that Leveson has the credit of working the intrigue for Canning? I was sure, and I told Brougham and Whitbread so—that the visits of him and his wife to Connaught Place announced an intrigue, and that I knew them too well to believe that any other motive but the basest took either of them there. . . . Brougham must rejoice at the escape of his client: however the Canningites are no strength to these Ministers, and I look forward to rare fun next session. If all these peerages take place, I am for a regular attack on the prostitution of public honours, and a seriatim show-up of all the new Ministry. . . . From what one can hear, the Congress will be a pleasant scene for Milord Castlereagh. He cannot but be in a scrape; and Norway, St. Domingo, the Slave Trade, Poland and Saxony, are rare topics for future discussion. Have you read Brougham upon Norway in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review?* If not, do it, as he is very good. . . ."

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Brougham, Sept. 15, 1813.

". . . My wound is almost well now, leaving only a fine large mark, like a slash, on my head, forehead and eyelid. . . . I came off extremely well on the whole, as you would have allowed had you seen the cut, which was such as to send all the people—Bigges, &c.—out of the room fainting, except the surgeon and Strickland, who showed much skill in assisting him to take up the artery. He was in the carriage with me, and when taken out was supposed to be cut in pieces, from his bloody figure; but, on water being applied, the blood was all found to be my property, and he not even scratched. . . . Let me, in expressing my entire abhorrence of Newcastle—its natives, its

inns, drives, horses, roads, precipices, pools, &c., &c., say how skilful a surgeon they have in the person of Mr. Horne, who attended me, and who is really a wonderful young man. To be sure he has some practice; for I suppose the bodies of half the natives, in whole or in fragments, pass through his hands in the course of a year. To be out of Hell, Newcastle certainly is the damnedest district of country anywhere to be found. . . . Your account of the Brighton festivities is invaluable. I am glad to be prepared for the Jockey,* with whom I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of beginning the subject, in order to make him admit before witnesses his having had his journey to Brighton for his pains, and thus to confirm his hatred of P.† . . . I beg to remind you of my predictions, viz. Wellington's retreat in Novr. or Decr., and a separate peace on the continent before Xmas, tho' he clearly will never make such terms now as he used to do formerly.‡ . . ."

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Chillingham, 24th Sept., 1813.

"I have been looking out for a letter from you to tell me all the news of the south, and your *fêtes* at the Pavilion, at which I conclude you were, being in such favour with our magnanimous Regent! In the 1st place—is it true that Parliament is to be assembled on the 4th of November? If so, I am in despair, as in town I cannot be, and to be out of it will drive me wild. Money, I conclude, is the want, and as I feel disposed to have a fight for every shilling, and to state a grievance for each vote in supply, I am miserable at the chance of the campaign opening without me. To be sure, affairs look better on the Continent, and the

* The Duke of Norfolk. See vol. i. p. 50.

† The Prince Regent.

‡ The prediction was not fulfilled. Soult was driven across the Pyrenees on 2nd August; San Sebastian fell on 31st; the battle of the Nivelle was fought on 10th November; Wellington went into winter quarters early in December on French soil; Napoleon abdicated on 6th April, 1814.

capture of St. Sebastian is of the greatest importance to the safety of our army. We grumblers can have nothing to say, but the question of expence nothing can stave off. . . . To-day Ld. Grey was to have been in the chair at the Fox dinner at Newcastle: this kept me from the dinner, as Ld. Grey and the principles of Mr. Fox have long ago parted company. I looked on the meeting as a beat up for political friends—as a sort of levee where I shall always be the worst attender. . . ."

The year 1814 was one of great excitement, political and social, in London. In early spring the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian armies entered France, the British army having been already established on the north side of the Pyrenees since the previous autumn. The Allies entered Paris on 31st March; a few days later Napoleon abdicated and was allowed to retire to Elba; Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of France, and visited London in May, to be followed in June by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other royalties. The proclamation of peace on 6th May marked the beginning of a series of *fêtes* and rejoicings, which continued at intervals all through the summer. Unfortunately, they served to bring into harsher relief than before the scandalous relations between the Prince Regent and the Princess of Wales. The Queen having commanded two drawing-rooms to be held in June in honour of the foreign royalties, the Princess intimated her intention to appear at one of them; whereupon the Queen wrote to the Princess, informing her that she had received a communication from her son, the Prince Regent, stating that it was necessary he should be present at her court, and that he desired it to be understood, for reasons of which he alone could be the judge, that it was his

"fixed and unalterable determination not to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either public or private."

One hundred years have not passed since these events, yet what a distance have we travelled in the development of popular judgment! It would not be possible for any Prince in these days to trample thus upon public opinion, and to treat in this tyrannical manner a wife whom it had been proved impossible to convict of infidelity. The offence thus offered to public morality and self-respect goes far to account for the profound apprehensions for the monarchy which men of all parties began to entertain in view of the great increase in popular power which parliamentary reform, not to be staved off much longer, must necessarily entail.

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey [*at Brighton*].

"Holland House, Saty.

". . . The great wonder of the time is Mme. de Stael. She is surrounded by all the curious, and every sentence she utters is caught and repeated with various commentaries. Her first appearance was at Ly. Jersey's, where Lady Hertford also was, and looked most scornfully at her, pretending her determination not to receive her as she was an *atheist!* and immoral woman. This harsh resolve was mitigated by an observation very agreeable to the observer—that her personal *charms* have greatly improved within the last 25 years. She (Mme. de Stael) is violent against the Emperor, who, she says, is not a man—'ce n'est point un homme, mais un système'—an Incarnation of the Revolution. Women he considers as only useful 'pour produire les conscrits;' otherwise 'c'est une classe qu'il voudroit supprimer.' She is much less ugly than I expected; her eyes are fine, and her hand and arm very handsome. She was

flummering Sheridan upon the excellence of his heart and moral principles, and he in return upon her beauty and grace. She is to live in Manchester Street, and go occasionally to breathe the country air at Richmond Inn.

"During the debate on the Swedish treaty, Mr. Ward* came into the Coffee House, assigning for his reason that he could not bear to hear Ld. Castlereagh abuse his *Master;* upon which Jekyll said—'Pray, Ward, did yr. *last* Master give you a *character*, or did this one take you without?' Those present describe Ward as being overwhelmed, for, with all his talent, he is not ready at *repartee*, tho' no doubt by this time he has some neat epigrams upon the occasion. Lady Jane has had a return of spitting of blood, and she was blooded twice last week; the pain in her breast is very troublesome, and I much fear she is fast approaching to an untimely close of her innocent and valuable life.† There are reports, but I believe idle ones, of marriages between Lady Mildmay and Ld. Folkestone, and Sir Harry [Mildmay] and Miss Thayer. Ld. H. Beauclerk is certainly to marry Miss Dillon. The Greys . . . are not invited to the *fêtes* at C[arlton] House, nor any more of the Opposition than usual. . . ."

Lord Folkestone to Mr. Creevey.

"April 5, 1814.

". . . . If you should happen to hear in the world that I am going to be married to Mildmay's *sister*, you need not put yourself to the trouble to deny it. I have not any pretensions to suppose that Mrs. Taylor interests herself enough about me to presume to write to her, but I wish you would tell her from me that I should have been glad to have had an opportunity of informing her in person how immutable with me is the power of *black* eyes.‡ . . ."

* Afterwards Lord Dudley.

† It had been strange if life had long endured in a patient treated for phthisis by blood-letting!

‡ The marriage took place 24th May, 1814. Miss Mildmay was Lord Folkestone's second wife, and great-grandmother of the present Lord Radnor.

Thomas Sheridan to Samuel Whitbread, M.P.*

[April, 1814.]

"Bonaparte has signed his resignation—Bourbons proclaimed—Victor, Ney, Marmont, Abbé Sieyes, Caulincourt, &c., &c., &c., have sign'd. The Emperor has a pension of 200,000 per ann.: and a retreat in the Isle of Elba. . . . There are to be immense rejoicings on Monday—white cockades and tremendous illumination. Carlton House to blaze with fleurs de lis, &c. The royal yatch is ordered to take the King (Louis) —the Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Clarence to command her—all true, honor bright—I am just come from the Prince.

"TH. S."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Thomas Sheridan.

"Cardington, April 10, 1814.

"MY DEAR SHERIDAN,

"I thank you for your letter, and I daresay you will not be surprized when I tell you that the Circumstances which have led to, and attend upon, this great Event, are such as to enable me to contemplate it with entire satisfaction.

"A Limited Monarchy in France, with Religious Liberty, a Free Press and Legislative Bodies such as have been stipulated for before the Recognition of the Bourbons, leave their Restoration without the possibility of Regret in the Mind of any Man who is a Lover of Liberty and a friend to his kind. Paris safe, Bonaparte suffered to depart, after the experiment had been fully tried of effecting a Peace with him, upon terms such as he was mad to reject—'Tis more than I dared to hope!

"Then the great Example set of the Fidelity of all His Generals, and of the Armies they commanded, up to the very Moment that He himself gave all up for lost and opened his own Eyes to the consequences of His own desperate Folly, must surely have its effect on the World, and redeems many of the Treacheries

* Son of R. B. Sheridan.

Men have committed against their Leaders. I confess it pleases me beyond measure. . . . God grant us a long and glorious Peace.

"If the Regent had but a true friend to tell him that he has only two things to do at home to complete the Happiness and Splendour of this Epoch!* I hear He says I am the worst Man God Almighty ever formed, except Bonaparte! but I could tell him how to be as justly popular as Alexander himself.† . . . No Murders, No Torture, No Conflagration—how ill the pretty Women of London bear it?"

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brooks's, 1814.

"DEAR C.,

"Nothing new. The Boneys & Co. are understood to have left Fontainbleau on the road to Italy. What a fall! and what a triumph for sound doctrines of freedom! The Coles‡ look very low. Their chance of office is at 100 per cent. discount, and the Holland Housians are in a sad quandary. Our dinner was good and well managed, and a good spice of Whiggism. . . . The Duke of Sussex talked very sad stuff: his last feat was the following toast—'Respectability to the Crown, durability to the Constitution and independence to the People!' He talked of the Stuarts and made an odd allusion to their fate and the Bourbons. The King of France is to make his palace at Grillons. He comes to-morrow. . . . It is pleasing to see so many happy faces."

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, 1814.

"DEAR C.,

"I write to congratulate you on this most speedy and compleat, as well as favorable termination

* One was the rehabilitation of the Princess of Wales, the other, probably, Roman Catholic Emancipation.

† The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, at that time in high favour with the English Whigs.

‡ Tierney, Abercromby, &c.

of the Revolution. I pass over the reasons for approving of it as regards France. These are many—but I look chiefly to England. We have been working day and night (and seldom succeeding) to knock off a miserable £10,000 or £20,000 a year from the patronage of the Crown. This event cuts down 50 or 60 millions at once. If we had made peace with Bpte., Prinney would have been bitterly annoyed, the aristocrats humbled, the ministers (a good, quiet, easily-beaten set of blockheads) turned out, and a much worse and stronger set of men put in their places; but who could have looked to any real diminution of Army, Navy and expenditure? It would have been impossible. *Now*, there is not a pretence for keeping these sources of patronage open. Besides—the *gag* is gone, which used to stop our mouths as often as any reform was mentioned—'Revolution' first, and then 'Invasion.' These cues are gone. It really appears to me that the game is in the hands of the Opposition. Every charge will now breed more and more of discontent. The dismissal of officers and other war functionaries will throw thousands out of employ, who will sooner or later ferment and turn to vinegar. All this will tell agst. Govt. and the benefits of the peace. The relief from taxes, &c., will never be able to tell much for them.

"One should think these things evident enough, and yet the Cole school, and Holland House above all, are in perfect despair. I am, however, glad to find Grey as right and factious as can be. . . . Thanet is exactly in the same spirit, tho' he expects nothing from the *folly and moderation* of our friends and their fear of annoying Prinnie. By the way, Ld. Grey dines with Mother P. on Wednesday next to meet the D. of Glo'ster, to the no small annoyance of the Coles. . . . Pray don't forget that a Govt. is not supported a hundredth part so much by the constant, uniform, quiet prosperity of the country, as by these damned spurts which Pitt used to have just in the nick of time, and latterly by the almost daily *horn and gun* under which we have been living."

"Lancaster, 1814.

". . . As for a seat in Parlt. generally, I should feel that the use of it is nearly gone if the peace is made and discussed. Allow me just to observe in passing (a subject I don't think I have ever alluded to before) the great use of Whig boro's; for, without any extravagant pretensions, I can't help thinking it a little strange that my being left out permanently is, to all appearance, now a settled matter. This is the more odd, because Grey is so decidedly anxious for my coming in. Were I, by any chance, once again in that place, I certainly have some little arrears to settle with more folks than one."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Dover St., June 4, 1814.

". . . I have just received a petition from Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, complaining of cruelty and partiality in her mode of confinement, and stating various instances where indulgences have been obtained for money. If I do not hear from you that you wish me to delay presenting it that you may be present, I intend to present it on Monday. We reckon your letter received yesterday to be quite provincial in its Politicks, and even the House of Commons—*all* but Wynne—seem to think it a case that in some shape they must interfere, if nothing shall be done to set the matter right out of doors. . . ."

The correspondence between the Queen, the Prince Regent, and the Princess of Wales having been sent to the Speaker, was communicated by him to the House of Commons, whereupon arose debate.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, Monday, [June, 1814].

"DEAR C.,

"Just as I was going to begin a letter to you, entered *old Hargrave*, as mad as Bedlam, and I have

been so completely bored to death by him that I can scarcely write at all. . . . The Doctor on Saturday evening gave notice of the letter being delivered to P.* on Friday, but I made him again apply yesterday to know if there was any answer, and the Dr. said he had not received P.'s commands to make any answer to it. All being safe and right, you see it is fired off, and I may add that I was finally decided in favour of publishing to-day by the apprehension of Alexr., &c.,† coming in a day or two, and taking off the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bull.‡ I have, moreover, made Mrs. P. § go to the opera to-morrow evening, but without any row, merely to show she does not skulk. If there is a good reception, so much the better."

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brooks's, Saturday.

". . . The Kings dine with Liverpool to-day—Prinny to-morrow, and with Ld. Stafford on Monday; a review on Tuesday and I believe to Oxford afterwards. Alexander grumbles at the long dinners of the Regent's. I like the Prussians very much; they are the best."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"June 11, 1814.

". . . The Emperor [of Russia] has as yet returned no answer nor returned any civility to the Pss.'s message and letter by St. Leger. *They* [the Princess of Wales, &c.] go to the Opera to night, and if you were here she would be sure to be well received. Why the Devil are you not here? Brougham will, I suppose, certainly stand for Westminster, which will be favourable to him in the Cry that will be raised for him. You must come and stop as long as you are wanted. The Pss. shall not compromise anything.

* The Prince of Wales.
† The Emperor of Russia and other foreign royalties.
‡ The British Public.
§ The Princess of Wales.

She is sadly low, poor Body, and no wonder. What a fellow Prinny is!"

Brougham entertained the idea of standing for the vacancy in Westminster, but Sheridan was already in the field.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, 29 June, 1814.

"Dear C.,

"As you may be amused to hear the infinite follies of mankind, I write to say that the Whigs have just discovered Old Sherry to be 'an old and valued friend and an ancient adherent of Fox.' They therefore support him. To be sure, he has ratted and left them—he kept them out of office twice—and he now openly stands on Yarmouth's influence and C[arlton] House, and Ld. Liverpool is supporting him! . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Mrs. Creevey.

"14 June, 1814.

". . . The Emperor of Russia sent for Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Erskine, and had long conversations with all of them. Lord Grey represents him as having very good opinions upon all subjects, but quite royal in having all the talk to himself, and of vulgar manners. He says the Emperor was much indebted to his sister the Dutchess of Oldenburg for keeping him in the course by her judicious interposition and observations. In truth he thinks him a vain, silly fellow, and this opinion is much confirmed by what the Austrian who is in London now, and who went with Buonaparte to Elba, states to be Buonaparte's opinion as he (the Austrian) heard him deliver it. It seems there is no subject more dealt in by Buonaparte than criticism upon people. He said to this Austrian:—

"'Now I'll tell you the difference between the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The Emperor thinks himself a very clever fellow, and he is a damned fool; whereas the King of Prussia thinks

meanly of his own talents, and he is a very sensible man.'

"Grey, Holland, &c., &c., agree in their opinion of Buonaparte, in that Buonaparte seems the most popular person possible with all parties, both foreigners and our own grandees. Blücher is a very nice old man, and so like your old friend Lord Grey* that Lady Elizabeth Whitbread cried when she met him at Lady Jersey's. Platoff is so cursedly provoked at the fuss made with him that he won't accept an invitation to go out. To be sure, as Russ. is the only language he speaks, I don't much wonder at his resolution. They are all sick to death of the way they are followed about, and, above all, by the long dinners. The King of Prussia is as sulky as a bear, and scarcely returns the civilities of the populace.

"Prinny is exactly in the state one would wish; he lives only by protection of his visitors. If he is caught alone, nothing can equal the execrations of the people who recognise him. *She*, the Princess, on the contrary, carries everything before her, and had it not been for an accident in her coming into the opera on Saturday night, whilst the applause of the Emperor and King was going on, by which means she got no *distinct and separate* applause, tho' certainly a great deal of what was going on was directed to her. By the bye, I called on her this morning, and saw very different names in her calling book from what I had ever seen before. Lord Rivers was the first name, Lady Burghersh the second, and so on, which, you know, is capital. All agree that Prinny will die or go mad. He is worn out with fuss, fatigue and *rage*. He came to Lady Salisbury on Sunday from his own dinner beastly drunk, whilst her guests were all perfectly sober. It is reckoned very disgraceful in Russia for the higher orders to be drunk. He already abuses the Emperor lustily, and his (the Emperor's) walzing with Lady Jersey last night at Lady Cholmondeley's would not mend his temper, and in truth he only stayed five minutes, and went off sulky as a bear, whilst everybody else stayed and supped and were as merry as could be."

* The 1st Earl Grey.

"June 21, 1814.

"Well, my pretty, I hope you admired our little brush last night in the presence of all the foreign grandees except the Emperor.* It was really very capitally got up, and you never saw poor devils look so distressed as those on the Treasury Bench. It was a scene well calculated to make the foreign potentates stare as they did, and the little Princes of Prussia laugh as they did. . . . We have now, however, a new game for Master Prinny, which must begin to morrow. Whitbread has formal authority from young Prinny† to state that the marriage is broken off, and that the reasons are—first, her attachment to this country which she cannot and will not leave; and, above all, her attachment to her mother, whom in her present distressed situation she likewise cannot leave.

"This is, in short, her letter to the Prince of Orange in taking leave of him, and a copy of this letter is in Whitbread's possession. What think you of the effect of this upon the British publick?

"Since writing the last sentence Whitbread has shown me Princess Charlotte's letter to the Prince of Orange. By God! it is capital. And now what do you suppose has produced this sudden attachment to her mother? It arises from the profound resources of old Brougham, and is, in truth, one of the most brilliant movements in his campaign. He tells me he has had direct intercourse with the young one; that he has impressed upon her this fact that, if her mother goes away from England, as she is always threatening to do from her ill usage in the country, that then a divorce will inevitably take place, a second marriage follow, and thus the young Princess's title to the throne be gone. This has had an effect upon the young one almost magical."

* The "brush" was that, knowing the foreign potentates were to be in the Gallery of the House of Commons, Sir M. Ridley was put up by the Opposition to move a resolution respecting the marriage of Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Prince of Orange.

† The Prince Regent's daughter, Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Although there is no reference in these papers to the scene in the House of Commons when the Duke of Wellington was admitted to receive the thanks of the House, still it is agreeable to remark that, while Mr. Whitbread and his party had not scrupled to avail themselves of the difficulties of the campaign in the Peninsula as the means of bringing reproach upon the Government and their officers in the field, it was Mr. Whitbread who now objected that the grant to the Duke moved by the Speaker, viz. £10,000 a year, commutable for £300,000, was too small.

Three days later a debate, in which Mr. Whitbread took a leading part, arose upon Lord Castlereagh's motion to increase the allowance to the Princess of Wales from £35,000 to £50,000 a year. This was moved and carried in the earnest hope that the Princess would carry out her wish to go to the Continent, and that she would stay there. The removal of this rock of offence to the Ministry was by no means to the liking of the Opposition.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Dover St., July 1, 1814.

"MY DEAR CREEVEY,

"You will have seen by the papers that Castlereagh laid upon the Table on Wednesday papers relating to the Princess of Wales's pecuniary situation, which were ordered to be referred to a Committee of the whole House on Monday next. In the evening of Wednesday I received at the House of Commons a note from Lady C. Campbell No. 1, enclosing the note from C[astlereagh] No. 2, to which I replied, 'I would see Brougham in the evening and we would communicate further.' I did see Brougham after the debate, at Michael Taylor's, and we agreed

that the offer was to be refused, and that the mode of refusal should be by letter to the Speaker.

"Yesterday morning before 10 o'clock I had sent a note to Lady C. Campbell to say 'that I had seen Brougham, that we had agreed upon the mode of proceeding respecting *this insidious offer* made in *so unhandsome a manner*, and that I would be at Connaught House at two o'clock, to submit the result of our counsel, in the shape of a letter to the Speaker.' At two o'clock I was preparing to set out to recommend the letter No. 3, which is the production of Brougham, when to my infinite surprise I received from the Princess the Papers Nos. 4 and 5, to which I replied by the Note, No. 6. I then went and found Brougham in Westminster Hall, to whom I communicated the contents. His convulsions in consequence were very strong. I then went to Lady C. Lindsay who burst into tears upon perusing the papers. I then called upon St. Leger, who was thunderstruck and mortified to the greatest degree, but he entreated me to call upon the Princess; which I did, and found her and Lady C. Campbell together. She received me very civilly, and told me she saw I disapproved of what she had done. With the proper prefaces and in the mildest tone, I told her that I did exceedingly disapprove it; and that after her communication of the night before, I had reason to complain of her having sent an answer without having previously shown it to me or Brougham, and that I was much chagrined and disappointed at what she had done: that the crisis had just arrived, which would have put her in possession of all she wanted; and that I firmly believed her income would have followed on her own terms; but that the last paragraph of her letter appeared to me to have surrendered everything, and her words would be retorted upon her whenever she wished to assert the rights of her station. She said she meant to relinquish nothing, and particularly that she meant to go to St. Paul's (for which measures had been taken). I told her I thought 'it might impair the tranquillity of the mind of the Prince Regent' if she were present, and she would be told so. We parted by my wishing her success, and that all might answer her expectation.

"You may suppose the effect the communication of these matters had upon Sefton, Tierney, Jersey, &c. Tierney had been in counsel with us, and was quite decided. In the evening I received the enclosed 7, 8 and 9, to which I shall only answer that when called upon I will advise, but it shall be on my own terms."

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to Samuel Whitbread, M.P.

[*Note No.* 5, *referred to in above letter.*]

"The Princess of Wales informs Mr. Whitbread that she has been extremely surprised at the contents of his note. The Princess does not view the offer made to her by the Crown, through Lord Castlereagh, in the light in which Mr. Whitbread views it. As no conditions derogatory to Her as Princess, or to her Honor as a female, have been annexed to the fulfillment of her rights. The Princess of Wales can have no scruple, therefore, whatever, in accepting the proposal which has been made to her, and the Princess cannot expect anything very respectful or attentive in the manner of the offer, coming from persons who has been at variance with her so many years. Considering this as an act of justice, and not an act of grace, she has accepted it accordingly and incloses a copy of her letter to Ld. Castlereagh for Mr. Whitbread's perusal. A refusal to the Crown would have made her extremely unpopular. The Princess is, besides, weary of all the trouble she has endured herself, and been the occasion to her friends, and takes the whole blame upon herself by exhonorating Mr. Whitbread from all responsibility whatever as to the issue of the event. The Princess of Wales shall never forget the true and sincere interest which Mr. Whitbread has on all occasions evinced towards her, but there are moments in life when every individual is called upon to act for themselves."

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

[*Note No.* 6 *referred to in the above letter.*]

"Dover St., June 30, 1814.

"Mr. Whitbread has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the note of your Royal Highness, enclosing the Copy of Your Royal Highness's answer to Lord Castlereagh, and to present his most humble duty to your Royal Highness."

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, 1st July, 1814.

"Dear C.,

"I suppose you have heard of Mother P. bungling the thing so compleatly—snapping eagerly at the cash, and concluding with a civil observation about unwillingness to 'impair the Regent's tranquillity!!' &c. This was all done on the spot and in a moment, and communicated to Sam and me next day, 'that we might be clear of all blame in advising it.' We are of course fully justified in giving her up. I had written a proper letter to the Speaker, refusing, which would only have made the House certain to give it [the grant to the Princess]. The intelligence came before my letter reached her.

"However, tho' she deserves death, yet we must not abandon her, in case P. gets a victory after all, therefore I have made her send St. Leger to the Bp. of Lincoln (Dean of St. Paul's) to notify her intention of going in state on Thursday, and demand proper seats for her and her suite. They are trying to fight off, but tho' they may dirty themselves, nothing shall prevent her from going. This is a healing and a good measure.

"Again—there is a second letter from Castlereagh, mentioning a bill to 'confirm the arrangement of 1809;' and as this involves separation, it has (as well it may) alarmed her, and now she is all for asking our advice! They *may* make such a blunder, as all along

they have blundered; if they do, we are *all alive* again, and shall push it. Say how it strikes you.

"As for Westr.—it now appears that Ald. Wood is only making a catspaw of old C[artwright]* and that he counts on his dying and leaving a place for him—the Alderman. He has avowed that he would rather see Sheridan, or any court tool, returned than a *Whig in disguise*, viz., me; and he asserts plainly that, on the comparison, 'more is to be hoped from Cart.'s parliamentary talents than from B.'s—the former being greater.' This has opened some eyes—for they justly conclude he can't be really speaking his mind. . . . I can't help fearing Burdett is doing something, but I don't know for certain. Holland House from *personal* hatred [*i.e.* of Brougham] supports Sherry; the Russells and Cavendishes, I understand, quite the contrary. . . ."

The next stage in this intolerable scandal was the refusal to the Princess of a seat in St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the national thanksgiving for peace on 7th July.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Monday.

". . . Mrs. Prinny comes into court this day. She sent St. Leger to see the Ld. Chamberlain about St. Paul's, who wd. not see him. A letter then was written to which she got an answer last night. She was told there was no place for her. So the game is alive once more. Sefton is in high spirits, and Sam and Brougham are to see her this day, and get, if possible, a letter or message from her upon the subject, setting forth this new indignity, and I trust spurning the money upon such terms. So we shall recover from the scrape *she* placed us all in. . . . What think you of Cochrane setting all at defiance, refusing to solicit a pardon from the pillory, maintaining his innocence, &c. ?—that it is the sentence, not the infliction that he minds; and as for pardon, he will die

* John Cartwright [1740–1824], the "Father of Reform."

sooner than ask it.* Burdett takes the field for him. I find many people take the field for him as to innocence, or at least have doubts, tho' the doctrine is that the conviction is a sufficient reason to send him back to his constituents."

"4th July, 1814.

"DEAR C.,

"First as to Mother P.† I was sure of my adversary giving some opening; so yesterday, in reply to St. Leger's asking seats, Lord Hertford (cornuto, husband, father, &c.) in his own proper person writes saying the whole seats in St. Paul's are arranged by the Regent, and Mrs. P. can't have one. I have just despatched a Dft. of a letter to Mr. Speaker in which Mrs. P. takes the highest ground, saying she had accepted in the belief of its being an earnest of a new system of treatment, &c., and in order to show her conduct to the P. was only because she *must* vindicate herself, and not arising from any vexatious views; but *now* she finds she and the offer and all have been wholly misconstrued, and that her conduct has been supposed to proceed from an unworthy compromise; and in short, throwing up, on the ground of the treatment continuing, &c., &c. . . . This is decisive, I think, and gives us the game again. . . . However, if she refuses to send it (which I fear) we are done, or nearly so. I wrote her a long and very severe epistle on Saturday, accusing her of everything, &c. She is the better for it, and promises, &c. . . . Now as to Westr. I hear Burdett really is trying to put down the Major and bring me in. Meantime Sherry‡ talks of W. as a

* Lord Cochrane, afterwards 10th Earl of Dundonald [1775–1860], one of the most splendid naval commanders that ever paced a quarter-deck, was tried for a Stock Exchange conspiracy, and, though undoubtedly innocent, was convicted with his own uncle and one de Berenger, who were the real culprits. Cochrane was sentenced to an hour's pillory, a year's imprisonment, and a fine of £1000. He was dismissed the Navy, and expelled from the House of Commons; but his constituents in Westminster immediately returned him again to Parliament. In 1828, after continuous sea-service under foreign Powers, he was reinstated as rear-admiral in the Royal Navy.

† The Princess of Wales.

‡ R. B. Sheridan.

close boro' in his family, and he is to have a meeting forthwith. G. Byng told me he had declared himself for me, and was ready to go from house to house, 'and by Gad to wear out two shoes in it,' meaning two pair. . . . There is a strange backwardness in Sam [Whitbread] about Westr. Whether it be that he never can be led to believe that there is no occasion for anybody in Parlt. other than himself—or that he thinks Westr. too much for me—or that he really can't feel easy in going agt. Sherry—I know not, but he won't speak to any one."

To the chagrin of the irresponsible members of the Opposition, the Princess of Wales, having declined the increase to her allowance voted by Parliament, left the country in August, for which Brougham bitterly blames Whitbread—unjustly, as far as one can see.

"9th Aug., 1814.

". . . By G—d, Sam is incurable—all this devilry of Canning, &c., and Mrs. P. bolting, &c., is owing to his d——d conceit in making her give up the £15,000 —*of himself*, without saying a word to any one."

CHAPTER X.

1814-1815

The peace having reopened the Continent to English travellers, Mr. Creevey took his wife, who was in failing health, in the autumn of 1814, to spend the winter at Brussels; than which, as affairs turned out, he could scarcely have chosen a less tranquil resting-place for an invalid.

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey [at Brussels].

"Holland House, 23rd Sept., 1814.

". . . We have all assured Mr. Jeffrey* that you and Mr. Creevey will be glad to see him, so do not be surprised at receiving a visit from that very dear little man, who has the best heart and temper, although the authors of the day consider him as their greatest scourge. . . . You will thank us much for his acquaintance, as he is full of wit, anecdote and lively sallies. . . . The strange intrigue about the Dss. of Cumberland's not being received is likely to become publick.† From the letters I have seen, our old Queen is likely to come off second best, as her actions are directly in contradiction to her professions; but all these Court

* Francis Jeffrey, the distinguished lawyer and judge, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

† The Duke of Cumberland did not marry till August, 1815. His wife was Princess Frederica, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, and widow, 1st, of Prince Frederick of Prussia, and 2nd, of Prince Frederick William of Salmo-Braunfels.

squabbles are trumpery and uninteresting in the greatest degree. I hear nothing of the meeting of Parliament, and conclude it will stand over Xmas. We hear reports of disunion among the luminaries who govern us, especially in those at Paris as to the subject of France, both as to its limits and its ministry; but it is so much their interest to agree, that it will not transpire beyond a little grumbling. . . ."

Lord Holland to Mr. Creevey.

"Holland House, 17th Oct., 1814.

"The peace, as it is with some stretch of courtesy called, satisfies no one class of people. Those who hate France think enough has not been done to reduce her power of mischief, and those who feel some little sympathy with her from a recollection of the original cause in which she engaged, and to which late events have in some degree brought her back, lament her humiliation, and resent yet more the triumph of her enemies. When a male child is born, every woman in the house looks an inch higher; and when a legitimate King is restored, every sprig of Royalty in Europe becomes more insolent and insufferable. . . . I have, I own, a little *tendresse* for the Dutch King whom you laugh at. It does not seem that the Flemish have any. . . ."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, Nov. 24, 1814.

"DEAR LORD CREEVEY,

"I beg to begin by informing you that Lord Binning, the Canningite, is extremely angry to find persons who are *not* lords getting the title in France just as if they were. To learn that this delusion extends to Brussels must drive him mad. Next, let me notify to you the destruction or *doing* of Canning and Co.—not his character, for no man who can make a flashy speech ever lost that, except, perhaps, by conviction for a certain kind of offence—but his being

sent abroad, and on the score of his child's health;* so that Mouldy† and Co. may be gasping, and he can't possibly come to their aid without either killing or curing his child. He can't do the one, and he won't do the other. I am told the *Moscovites* are ashamed of their member, and the result will be their chusing Husky.‡ All this I tell you because you are a good hater. You know I care not two farthings one way or t'other, and have far more liking—I should rather say far less dislike—towards C. than to many of our own friends—the little Whigs who ruin the party.

"This brings me to add, that the Ministry being dished over and over again has no effect in turning them out, because our friends have lost the confidence of the people—a plant of slow growth and almost impossible to make sprout again after it has been plucked up and frostbitten—for example, by the Grenville winter. . . . Meanwhile, Holland House being, by the blessing of God, shut up, some chance of favorable change is afforded. I forgot another event of much account in truly Whig eyes—a young Cavendish§ is, or is to be soon, added to the H. of C. You may expect news, therefore. Perhaps you'll say the Govt. will be overthrown. Possibly: but I expect that, at the least, the interesting young person will divide once in the course of the *Frost*, if it lasts, and that he will range under the illustrious heads of the House of Cavendish. . . . As for the big man of all, Prinnie, he has been ill in the bladder, on which Sam [Whitbread] said—'God make him worse!' but this prayer was rejected. Young P.‖ is as ill off as ever

* Canning, who had been out of office since his duel with Castlereagh in 1809, was sent as ambassador to Lisbon in 1814.

† The Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, created Lord Bexley in 1823.

‡ The Right Hon. William Huskisson [1770–1830] was Secretary to the Treasury in the last administration of Pitt and in the Duke of Portland's, but he resigned office with Canning in 1809. In 1814 he resumed office as First Commissioner of Woods, &c., though his views on free trade were not in harmony with those of the Tory Cabinet. He was not returned for Liverpool till 1823.

§ Hon. Charles Cavendish, created Baron Chesham in 1858: died in 1863.

‖ Princess Charlotte of Wales.

—no money, sale of trinkets to pay pensions, &c., an old lady sleeping in the room, &c., &c. The Party are no longer as averse to the subject as Lauderdale would wish and Ly. Holland. . . . I mentioned above my Paris trip having been most agreeable. I say, after seeing all the rest of Europe from Stockholm to Naples, nothing is to be named in the same year with Paris for delights of every kind and sort. . . . It is the place to go to and live at: be sure of that."

"Temple, 15 Dec., 1814.

"I delayed writing last Friday in hopes of having better news to give you of Sefton, who had been dangerously ill of an inflammn. of the bladder. . . . To-day came a letter from himself, which is a picture of the man, to be sure, but gives rise, nevertheless, to much alarm. Hat Vaughan had written to make him ask Stanistreet (his ally) about the 'Fortunate Youth' hoax, on which the said Hat had a bet. Sefton begins thus—'As I have just had my will witnessed by 3 physicians, I thought I might not have another opportunity of asking Stanistreet your question;' and then he goes on very coolly to give the details of the matter. He concludes by saying he had had a relapse, and been in great jeopardy, and that he had lost 140 ounces of blood in five days. This was in addition to 40 the first attack, besides every sort of discipline—calomel, hot baths, antimony, &c., &c. . . . After such evacuation by bleeding, I know the cursed effects upon the system, and want him to have the best advice. . . . My own complaints came, I believe, wholly from the infernal bleeding I had in that country of broken bones and traders and voices—Northumberland; and tho' I bled about a bucket full, it was nothing to this late performance of the Earl.

"I put all private feeling out of the question (tho' I don't know why one should, considering the d——d country we have to deal with), and I say that no loss I know would annoy me more at present than his. If he was invaluable before, now that everything like discipline is at an end he is 1000 times more so. You cannot easily conceive . . . how he rallied, animated, stirred, supported—in short, did all that a man could

do who absurdly chose to be silent when he might have done great things in speaking. He was once or twice even on the point of doing *this* also, and I *know must* have succeeded. . . . I dined yesterday at Coutts's. The last time I had that pleasure (Erskine being there) a difficulty arose about thirteen persons at table; to prevent which, E. being there likewise yesterday, twenty guests were provided; among them Lauderdale and the Marchioness of L.* (the Countess of L. being in the Ionian Islands with all his family), Warrender† and his wife. I learnt from W. (and L. seemed to agree), that Prinnie is in a bad way. They have positively ordered him to give up his stays, as the wearing them any longer would be too great a sacrifice to ornament—in other words, would kill him. . . .

"The D. of York dined t'other day at Holland House, and was very gracious. Whether any attempt at getting £200,000 to pay his debts will succeed, is another matter. . . . A breach between Prinnie and him seems unavoidable, sooner or later, tho' the D.'s discretion will make it more difficult for P. to bring him to a quarrel than most people.

"As for Mrs. P., I never for a moment have doubted that a divorce is as impossible as ever. They may buy her; but even that will take time, for we were prepared for such a purpose 3 years ago, and steps were taken to create delays, which must be effectual. However, I don't expect to see the Ministers do such an act of folly, not to mention the situation of the Chancellor, and Canning, and the interests of Hertford House.

"As the session approaches, it is natural to feel anxious for your return. It will be a session of detached and unexpected affairs, and full of sport and mischief, after a dull commencement. . . . Don't believe those who say nobody will come up. Everybody will. Curiosity and idleness will also make everybody attend from 4 to 7 daily,‡ and when have

* The allusion is obscure, as there was no Marchioness of Lauderdale.

† Sir John Warrender, 5th baronet of Lochend, and his wife, Lady Julian, daughter of the 8th Earl of Lauderdale.

‡ In those days the sittings of the House of Commons began at 4 p.m.

they done more? . . . Your coming is indispensable. I could give so many reasons, that I shall give none. You must be over before the 27th Jany.—that is quite certain. . . . I shall only say everything will depend on a little exertion soon after the meeting. When I tell you that Bennet almost gave up attendance, because Mrs. B. would not allow him to remain later than 6 any night, you will conclude that there are two fools in the world; and, strange to tell, one is a brother of O[ssulston]—the other a Russell.* *She* is really too bad. I used to think her a model, till marriage brought her out: *now* she exceeds all belief. . . ."

"Southill, 28 Dec., 1814.

". . . C. Stuart† will do whatever he can to make himself useful to you. . . . He is a plain man, of some prejudices, caring little for politics and of very good practical sense. You will find none of his prejudices (which, after all, are little or nothing) at all of an aristocratic or disagreeable kind. He has no very violent passions or acute feelings about him, and likes to go quietly on and enjoy himself in his way. He has read a great deal and seen much more, and done, for his standing, more business than any diplomatic man I ever heard of. By the way—as for *diplomacy*, or rather its foppery, he has none of the thing about him; and if you ever think him close or buttoned up, I assure you he had it all his life just as much. He has no nonsense in his composition, and is a strictly honorable man, and one over whom nobody will ever acquire the slightest influence. I am so sick of the daily examples I see of havoc made in the best of men by a want of this last quality, that I begin to respect even the *excess* of it when I meet it. I thought you might like to be forewarned of your new Minister, and therefore have drawn the above hasty sketch. . . ."

* The Hon. Henry Bennet, 2nd son of the 4th Earl of Tankerville, and an active member of "The Mountain," married, in 1816, Gertrude Frances, daughter of Lord William Russell.

† Sir Charles Stuart, G.C.B., British Minister at Brussels. He was a grandson of the 3rd Earl of Bute, and was created Baron Stuart de Rothesay in 1828.

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*at Brussels*].

"Whitehall, 2 Feby., 1815.

"Our partys at Taylor's * are very flourishing——the veal tree in full fruit—and I go there every night. All the party (tree as well) send there remembrances to you. Taylor is steady with Prinny for the session, as he has been told that Py. said the other day—'he loved no man so well.' Is not this provoking? that so good a man shd. be so duped."

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple, Jan. 17, 1815.

". . . Liverpool (the town) is all in an uproar (indeed I might say the same of the man of that name) about the property tax. *We* shall do them to a certainty. Our friends are in much force on the American peace and renewal of their trade, and the Scotchman (Gladstone) at a woful discount, having become odious to all parties. His letters in the newspapers boldly denying the receiving a communication from Jenky † on the property tax (and which he now explains away, I understand, by a quibble) are quite fatal with a 'generous and open-hearted publick,' who never understand special pleading, and are very ready to confound it with lying. Accordingly, I expect to see severe handling at the approaching meeting called by a large requisition, at the head of which are 'Earl of Sefton and W. Roscoe, Esq.' S. will be good on the *backbone*, and the *pautriot* will have much to urge. Our *worthy* friend, now returned from America, will not be bad—and the Pastor tells me 'Carey is now in the state of a loaded blunderbuss, and it is hard to say whether he mow down more friends or foes, but probably many of both.' Erskine is K.T.,‡ and says he passes

* Michael Angelo Taylor's, a constant rendezvous of the Whig party. Mr. Taylor was an importunate candidate for a peerage.

† The Premier, Lord Liverpool.

‡ Knight of the Thistle.

the happiest hours of his life at the Pavillion, which is like enough, if his w——e knocks him down before his son as she lately did."

"Temple, Wedy.

". . . The only remarkable thing I have to tell you is that yesterday arrived a formal annunciation of our blessed Lady, the Pss. of Wales, that early in May she is to appear and make herself manifest in Kensington Palace. I had warned her of her perils at Xmas, and she writes the letter to Jenky, officially, on 11th Jany. This is pretty well for a morning cordial to our illustrious Regent. Ferguson, M. Taylor and I t'other day made a party and went to the STAKES—the Jockey * in high force as also was *Mister Chairles Moris.* The said Jy. begins to think the [*illegible*] blown upon by the great ribbon trade in which P. has been dabbling; for he was pleased to speak of 'ribbons of all sorts—blue and red,' a kind of disrespect not customary with him.

"I dined with Erskine t'other day in a large party, and he seems much in fear of that subject being broached. I took occasion to congratulate him twice of happy events that had happened since we met, and made each time a short pause, so that he expected the Thistle was coming out; but I added—the peace with America and Tom's marriage. He was clearly hustled about his new honour. Romilly made a very good joke about it: he called him 'The Green Man and Still,' alluding to his silence in the House of Lords." †

"March 8, 1815.

". . . I must repeat my intreaties that if *you can* at all make it convenient to come even for a fortnight *this* session after Easter, you should do so. Whitbread *cannot* tell you how much you are wanted, because he is quite satisfied all is right when he is there himself. . . . All our friends are jibbing on the Scotch job, except the Mountain. To hear Whigs speak for a measure that goes directly to augment

* The 11th Duke of Norfolk.

† The ribbon of the Order of the Thistle, just received by Erskine, is green.

the power of the Crown in the very worst direction, viz. great increase of *judicial patronage*, is a little spleening. . . . Adam * and Lauderdale talk them over, tho' they all know that Adam was a principal means of keeping them out of place. This is a subject too irritating, by God, to think of. What think you, too, of Adam keeping his *household office* about the P., tho' a puisne judge? Were I in Parlt., I should undoubtedly bring forward a specific and personal question upon it. But why does not Folkestone? I hope to God he will."

The deliberations of the Congress of Vienna, where Wellington was British Plenipotentiary, were verging upon violent rupture, owing to the anxiety of every Continental Power either to increase its own dominions or to diminish those of its neighbour. The disputants had gravitated into two hostile groups, wherein Russia and Prussia, supporting Murat, King of Naples, in his aggression on the Papal States, were ranged against Great Britain, France, and Austria. Suddenly, at the beginning of March, all these disputes were hushed to silence in the imminence of common peril. Napoleon had escaped from Elba and landed in France. The wondrous Hundred Days had begun.

Hon. H. G. Bennet to Mr. Creevey [*at Brussels*].

"Upper Brook St., 3rd April, 1815.

". . . You are at the fountain head of all the continental projects. Here we are certainly for war: the old doctrines of there being no security for peace with Napoleon are again broached, and you hear all repeated, which one had almost forgot, of the nonsense of 1793. Parties are making on these subjects, and they are as you may imagine. Ld. Grenville started furious for

* The Right Hon. William Adam [1751–1839], Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales and Lord Chief Commissioner to the Scottish Jury Court.

war, or at least declaring there was no chance of avoiding it. A correspondence has taken place between him and Grey, who is anxious for peace, which has considerably softened the Bogey, and now he [Grenville] declares that his opinions are not made up, but that he shall await further information. So much is gained by Grey's firmness, who is behaving very well. Elliot and the Wynnes and that wise statesman Fremantle* are more hot, and the former holds as a doctrine of salvation that the existence of the French power, with Napoleon at the head, is incompatible with the safety of Europe: so you see what are to be the labours necessary to be accomplished in case the war faction triumphs. I have not as yet heard of there being any more lovers of war. Ld. Spencer, the Carringtons, &c., are for peace, and what is more amusing still, Yarmouth, who preaches peace at the corners of all the streets, and is in open war with Papa and Mama† upon that subject. Prinny, of course, is for war: as for the Cabinet, Liverpool and Ld. Sidmouth are for peace; they say the Chancellor‡ is not violent the other way; but Bathurst, Castlereagh, &c., &c., are red hot, and if our allies will concur and the plans do not demand too much money, war we shall have. Sam is all for Boney, and the Slave Trade decree has done something. We consider here that the Jacobins are masters at Paris, and let them and the free press and the representative government come from that source. Leave them to themselves, and quarrel they will; but war will unite every soul, particularly if upon the cursed motives of the high party. . . . However, all the world of all parties speak of Ney with abhorrence, as his offers to the King—from whom he got everything, double the money he demanded, &c.—were all made with a firm determination to betray him. He said, among other things, that he would bring Napoleon in a cage: to which the King replied—'Je n'aimerais pas un tel oiseau dans ma chambre!' Chateaubriand has also declared for Napoleon, and made a speech in

* The Right Hon. Sir Wm. Henry Fremantle, M.P. [1766–1850], a Grenvillite. Joined Lord Liverpool's Government in 1822.

† Lord and Lady Hertford.

‡ Lord Eldon.

his favour in the same style of nonsense and blasphemy for which the Bourbons had named him Minister to Sweden.

"Most brilliant court at the Tuilleries, and the French say 'L'Empereur est la bonté même.' They would say the same of the devil; but if I was a Frenchman, I should be all for Napoleon. . . . The Guards have marched this morning to embark at Deptford for Ostend. I consider they will be there in two days. The fellows went off in high spirits, as it is known here that beer, bread, meat and gin are cheap in Flanders. . . ."

From Mr. Creevey's Journal.

"*Brussels, Sat., April 22,* 1815.—I met this night at Lady Charlotte Greville's, amongst various other persons, the Duke of Wellington, and he and I had a conversation to which most of those present became parties. He maintained that a Republick was about to be got up in Paris by Carnot, Lucien Buonaparte, &c., &c., &c. I asked if it was with the consent of the *Manager* Buonaparte, and what the nature of the piece was to be. He said he had no doubt it would be *tragedy* by Buonaparte, and that they would be at him by stiletto or otherwise in a very few weeks. I, on the contrary, thought the odds were in favor of the old performer against the new ones, but my Lord would have it B. was to be done up out of hand at Paris: so *nous verrons.* I thought several times he [Wellington] must be drunk; but drunk or sober, he had not the least appearance of being a clever man. I have seen a good deal of him formerly, and always thought the same of his talents in conversation. Our conversation was mightily amicable and good, considering our former various sparring bouts in the House of Commons about Indian politics."

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*at Brussels*].

"May 31, 1815.

". . . We, the Mountain, are in hopes the Grenvilles are about to part company. Ld. Buckingham holds

very warlike language abroad and is for peace against the Ministers, so we are not to be fettered or controuled; and this even on Althorpe's motion about Prinny's [*illegible*] the £100,000 outfit. The Grenvilles swear either to vote against us or not to attend. I mean one of these fine days to fire a shot at them when they are sheering off, and I cannot tell you how joyful I feel at the chance of it. You may depend upon it the Marquess wishes to be a Duke,* and he is looking sharp after Stafford's patent, with which Ld. G. Leveson's earldom is soon to come forth;† but I don't think that the Government are at all pleased at our division. They put off the debate till that of the Lords was over to try the effect of Bogey's speech;‡ but it had but little, and so far from it lessening Sam's minority, you see we rose from 72 to 92. The Treasury Bench thought we might divide 80, but none calculated on more. We hope it may tell with the foreigner: it does much here. Grattan, after all, was no great thing —full of wit and fire and folly—more failures than success in his antithesis, and his piety and religious cant was offensive, as, after all, whatever may be its merit in an individual, it is only used in a speech for the worst of purposes. . . ."

Enclosed in this letter was the following list of "the Mountain":—

Milton.	Wynn, Sir Watkin.
Balem.	Mallem.
Plunket.	Fremantle.
Pelham.	F. Lewis.
Grattan.	Gower, Lord.
Baring.	Calvert.
Baring, Sir T.	Knox.
Wrottesley.	S. Smith.
Carew.	Smith.
Wynn.	

* The 2nd Marquess of Stafford was not created Duke of Sutherland till 1833, six months before his death.

† Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, youngest brother of the 2nd Marquess of Stafford, was created Viscount Granville 12th August, 1815, and Earl Granville in 1833.

‡ Lord Grenville's.

Hon. H. G. Bennet to Mr. Creevey.

"Whitehall, June 13.

"Why, what a fellow you are! have you not received my two last letters that you complain so? Sam complains too, and he sends you his *respects*, for you never write to him, and he says you ought to do so, for you have nothing to do but to lounge. He has not been well—his old attack, but he looks better, and is so. I hope soon he will get out of town, and we shall have our release from that damned place the H. of C., where we spend our time, health and fortunes. . . . We all congratulate you at the recovery of your senses, as we thought the Great Lord* had bit you, and that he, [*illegible*] and the Frog† had got you quite over, and that you really believed Boney was to be eat up alive; but from all we hear from Paris he has a great army, and that things are disturbed in La Vendée, &c., &c. Yet I put my confidence in the Jacobins, and if they act; all the youth of France will come out with them, and then let me see the state your Kings will be in. For my part, if I thought they [the Kings] could succeed, I shd. be miserable; it is only their entire failure that keeps me in tolerable humour.

"Our warlike friends are more peaceable, except the Grenvilles: at least Ld. Buckingham is trying hard for office. His own creature, Freemantle, never comes near us: the *Stale*‡ stays away, too, from the Lords, and uses the old language of clogging the wheels of government. All this, you will perceive, leads to place, and I am prepared for anything—be it the basest of the crew. . . . Grey is in the most confounded ill humour: Ponsonby goes to the play, and when he comes to the House sits on the 2nd bench, and Opposition muster in general from 20 to 30 persons, amongst whom is your humble servant: no other people make a show. Ridley and Monck never miss. Mrs. Cole§ is doing very well: the young one‖ factious and violent —looking at the coming storm with fear; for come it will, and not long first. It is quite impossible but

* Wellington. † The King of Holland. ‡ Lord Grenville?
§ Mr. Tierney. ‖ Hon. James Abercromby.

that our finances must, if Boney be not overthrown this year, give way, and our dividends cease. . . . The Loan is taken this day, I hear, at 54, so you see to what a state our finances have sunk."

The agony of apprehension—the scuffle of preparation—which swept over Europe during the terrible Hundred Days, when, regiment by regiment, the French army rallied to the returned Emperor, can never lose their hold upon the reader of history. The dismay among English residents and holiday-makers in Brussels, their precipitate flight, and the scenes of undignified confusion and panic which accompanied it, can never be more vividly or more truthfully depicted than in the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Still, Thackeray wrote from hearsay. Distant though that day may be from our own, it has lost little of its interest for us of the present. One is grateful to one who, like Mr. Creevey, actually witnessed the mighty drama, and was at the pains to record his experiences. From the moment when, on 5th April, the Duke of Wellington arrived in Brussels from Vienna to take command of the allied forces in Belgium, it was apparent that these must act on the defensive, much as their commander desired to take the initiative. Of the 700,000 troops of which he had written on 24th March to his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley,* as ready to be massed on the French frontier "in about six weeks," none were yet at hand. The Russians were advancing slowly through Poland; the Austrians had their hands full with Murat in Italy; of the Prussians, only 30,000 were near enough to co-operate with the Duke's composite array of 24,200, whereof but 4000 were British, mostly recruits. The choice

* Created Lord Cowley in 1828.

of battle-ground, then, lay with Napoleon, not with the Powers. Everything depended upon how soon he could make ready to strike.

He wasted no time. It was not his custom to squander that priceless element of successful war. Entering Paris on 20th March, he had at his disposal in the first week of June a regular army of 312,400, and an auxiliary force of 222,600—in all, 535,000 men. By that time Wellington's forces also had been considerably augmented; but how different was their quality from the army he had dispersed in the south of France the year before—the army of which he proudly said in after-years it was "fit to go anywhere, and do anything"! The actual composition of his force in Belgium on 13th June was this:—

British	31,253
King's German Legion	6,387
Hanoverians	15,935
Dutch-Belgians	29,214
Brunswickers	6,808
Nassau Contingent	2,880
Engineers, Staff Corps, etc.	1,240
	93,717

Napoleon left Paris on 12th June to join his army on the Belgian frontier. On the 14th his headquarters were at Beaumont, about sixteen miles south of Charleroi, with his five *corps d'armée*, numbering 126,000 of all arms, well within reach of his personal command.

Thus much to show the position outside Brussels. Mr. Creevey and his correspondents throw some light upon the aspect of affairs within that capital. Doubtless he would have removed his wife from a scene so little suited for an invalid, and have joined the stream

of migrating English before the French crossed the frontier, had not Mrs. Creevey's state of health made it the less of two evils to remain where she was.

First come a series of hurried, clandestine notes from Major Hamilton, who had married, or was engaged to, the eldest Miss Ord, and was on General Barnes's staff.

Major Hamilton to Mr. Creevey.

"Brussels, Thursday, 4 p.m. [about 18th March].

"My dear Mr. Creevey,

"*If you will not blab,* you shall hear all the news I can pick up, bad and good, as it comes. I am sorry to tell you bad news to-day. General Fagal writes from Paris to say that Bonaparte may be in that capital ere many days. His army encreases hourly; and as fast as a regiment is brought up to the neighbourhood of Lyons, it goes over to its old master. Soult is said to have promised not to act *against* the King, but that his obligations to Bony would not allow him to take part against the latter. Thus saying, he resigned to Louis the office of War Minister, and the man who now holds it said he would only do so so long as the Chamber of Deputies were in favor with the nation. Fagal, take notice, is an alarmist, and I hope our next accounts will not be of so gloomy a nature.

"Yours,
"A. H."

"March 20th, 1 o'clock.

"Bonaparte is at Fontainebleau with 15,000 men every man of whom he can depend upon, because every man is a volunteer, and they have risked all for his sake. The Royal army is at Melun, consisting of about 28,000 men, National Guards, &c., &c., included —not a man of whom can be relied on. This is the critical moment; for if they allow him to enter Paris without a battle, all is over. I feel that I am not acting imprudently in thus stating facts, which naturally

Mrs. Creevey must be made acquainted with. . . . Wherever we may be ordered to bend our course, I shall always have it in my power to give you such information as you may see necessary to ask for."

"March 22nd.

"There is no news this morning. All communication with Paris is at an end, and we now look with anxiety for the arrival of Lord Wellington."

"March 22nd, 11 p.m.

". . . The unfortunate Louis 18th was at Abbeville yesterday, and has sent to the General commanding at Lille to know if it would be safe for him to go there. Baron Trippe has gone off to Lille to ascertain the answer. . . . 2000 men still remain with Louis."

"Friday, 4 p.m.

"I am sorry my news still continues bad, indeed worse to-day than ever. 'The people of Paris seem to think all is lost, and await the entry of Bonaparte as a circumstance not to be prevented. Marshal Macdonald has acted with the utmost loyalty, but all his influence and exertions have been unavailing. His men have told him to "go back to the King, to remain faithful to him if he pleases, but that they would go over to the Emperor." The troops have refused on every occasion to fire at Bonaparte's force, or to make any resistance. He has gone to Dijon. The Government has no good information, for the very persons who are sent to gain intelligence go over to the enemy.'

"Matters are not so well with ourselves here as they might be, inasmuch as the Belgians at Mons evince a bad spirit. Dorneburg, who commands that garrison, is a determined and good officer, and has corps of the German Legion near him should circumstances require aid. A letter from Lille speaks favorably of the good spirit prevailing amongst the inhabitants; but alas! if the soldiers do not hold to their allegiance, what can be expected? Pray do not blab; for although all this may have come to your

knowledge through other channels, yet it would not do for *me* to have the name of a news-giver.

"In haste, much yours,
"A. H."

"10 p.m., Saturday.

"The only good news is the spirit which seems to prevail amongst the people, particularly at Marseilles. . . . Everything looks gloomy; I fear that my dispatch of to-morrow will announce Bony to be not many leagues from Paris. The big-wigs are now together, and I shall have more to tell you at 12 o'c."

"Sunday, 2 p.m.

"Old Fagal seems to have recovered very much from his fright. He now says Bony is still at Lyons —that the best spirit prevails throughout France, and that affairs seem to wear a brighter aspect. 3000 Dutch troops are on their march to reinforce this army."

"[No date], 5 o'clock.

"The Prince [of Orange] is just now returned, you shall know what news he brings from Tournay.

"Dorneberg is a good officer, and has much judgment and experience. He commands at Mons.

"Halket commands at Courtray; has a fine British brigade and is a gallant soldier.

"Old Alten has the Cavalry at Ypres, with the 52nd and 69th British, and 4 of the Hanoverian battalions: all good stuff. 7000 Royalists from France, first to bleed, are outside the Belgic frontier; and will give us notice, *by their running away;* but until WE begin to run, Mrs. Creevey need not fancy the French are in Bruxelles; and, *for her sake,* may they never be is the very sincere wish of

"Yours,
"A. H."

"Saturday.

"Headquarters remain here for the present. The Prince [of Orange] brings no news. All is quiet. Lord March was sent to find out where the King was

on the 24th. His Majesty was not at Bruges, and *the Earl returned.* If Lord Wellington comes in a day or two *or three*, how Mrs. Creevey will crow over all the world! For, rest satisfied, if Bony does not push to-morrow (which he *cannot* do) his game for the present is up, and a stand can be made on the ground we occupy, with the troops hourly expected from Ostend, *and with the Patrone!*" *

"26th, 10 p.m.

"A Russian general arrived this day at Mons who left Paris on the 24th. Bonaparte was to review *his* troops on this day. The General saw no troops on the road but one regiment, and it was marching on Paris. A General from the Prussian army (Röder) has been sent here by Kliest to remain at our head-quarters. A great deal of *talk*, much communication, aides-de-camp from the Duc de Berri—from the King —from Victor; in short, all parties seem to have lost their heads, and instead of getting troops together, they *talk* about it. It is hoped that Dunkirk is not yet in Boney's possession. If not, it will form a good flanking position in case of Boney not succeeding in his first attack on our line."

Wellington took up the command of the allied forces in Belgium on 5th April. There is nothing from Creevey's pen until the crisis of the campaign was upon Europe.

From Mr. Creevey's Journal.

"*June* 16. *Friday morning, ½ past two.*—The girls just returned from a ball at the Duke of Richmond's. A battle has taken place to-day † between Buonaparte and the Prussians: to what extent is not known; the result is known, however, to be in favour of the French. Our troops are all moving from this place at present. Lord Wellington was at the ball to-night as composed as ever."

* Wellington.

† Writing early in the morning of the 16th, he refers to Napoleon's passage of the Sambre on the 15th and the capture of Charleroi.

Reminiscences, written in 1822.

A number of incidents contained in Mr. Creevey's letters and journals of this period were afterwards thrown into a consecutive form by him, together with many not elsewhere recorded.

"*Cantley, July* 28, 1822.—I became a member of the House of Commons in 1802, and the moment a man became such then, if he attached himself to one of the great parties in the House—Whigs or Tories—he became at once a publick man, and had a position in society which nothing else could give him. I advert particularly to such persons as myself, who came from the ranks, without either opulence or connections to procure for them admission into the company of their betters.

"The account of Buonaparte's conversation with O'Meara at St. Helena, which is just published, is so infinitely curious and interesting that they present a very favorable occasion to me for committing to paper general facts within my own knowledge, more or less connected with some of the events to which he refers. Most of these facts I have already recorded, either in letters to my friends at the time, or by occasional journals; but they are all as distinctly in my recollection at present as if they had happened yesterday.

"In the autumn of 1814, Mrs. Creevey, her two eldest daughters (the Miss Ords) and her second and younger son, Mr. Charles Ord, and myself went to Brussells, where we took a house for a term. . . . We found Brussells full of our London Guards; our cavalry and other troops were quartered up and down the country. Having spent our winter very merrily with our English officers, and others who had arrived there in great abundance, about the 8th of March, 1815, I think it was, we first heard of Buonaparte's escape from Elba. At the time the young Prince of Orange was Commander-in-chief of our forces in Brussells; General Sir Edward Barnes was Adjutant General of the army, and Sir Hudson Lowe Quarter-

master General. We remained nearly a fortnight in great suspense as to what was to be the result of this enterprise of Buonaparte. Since our arrival in Brussells I had formed a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with General Barnes to be quite sure of learning from him the earliest intimation of any movement of our army. One of the aides-de-camp, too, the late Col. Hamilton, had already formed an attachment to Miss Ord, which in 1815 ended in their marriage. . . . It was on the 24th March, I think, in the morning, that he came to tell us that in all probability Buonaparte had passed the preceding night at Lille, and might be reasonably expected at Brussells in two days' time, and that we ought to lose no time in leaving the place. Mrs. Creevey at this time was a great invalid, quite lame, and only to be removed with very great pain and difficulty to herself. Upon consulting with some people of the place, therefore, as to the supposed conduct of the French if they arrived, and knowing from Barnes that our troops were to retire without fighting, we resolved to stay.

"During the whole of this day—the 24th—the English were flying off in all directions, whilst others were arriving from Paris; and in the night the Guards all marched off to Ath, Enghien, &c., &c. On one of these days, I forget which, I saw arrive on the same day from Paris the old Prince de Condé and all his suite, who went to the Hotel Bellevue—Marmont, who went to the Hotel d'Angleterre—Victor to the Hotel Wellington, and Berthier to the Duc d'Aremberg's. On Easter Monday, I think it was, I was sitting at Charlotte Greville's, when the Duc de Berri came to call upon her, and expressed his great astonishment that any English should remain there, as Buonaparte was certainly at Lille and would no doubt be here on the Wednesday following, and that he himself, in consequence, was going to Antwerp. . . . We soon found there was no foundation for the report of an early invasion of Belgium by Buonaparte, and a good many of our people returned to Brussells, and other new ones came there. In April the Duke of Wellington arrived (I forget what day *)

* It was the 5th.

at Brussells from Vienna; and it was the 22nd, I think, I met him at Lady Charlotte Greville's in the evening; she having a party of all the principal persons then in Brussells of all countries every evening.

"I had seen a good deal of the Duke of Wellington in 1806, and in a very amicable way. He was then just returned from India, and [was] brought into the House of Commons to defend his brother Ld. Wellesley's Indian government. I was Secretary of the Board of Controul at the time, so that all Indian papers moved for on either side came thro' me; and this brought me very much in contact with Sir Arthur Wellesley personally, as well as with Paull, who was attacking his brother.* Afterwards in 1807–8 and –9 I took a very decided part in Parliament against Lord Wellesley, which produced such angry words between Sir Arthur and myself that I was quite prepared for there being no further intercourse between us. To do him justice, however, he not only did not seem to resent or recollect these former bickerings, but from the first moment he saw me at Lady Charlotte's (where he put out his hand to me) till he quitted France finally in the end of 1818, he behaved with the most marked civility and cordiality to myself and to all who were connected with me.

"The first occasion when I met him at Lady Charlotte's was so curious a one that I took a note of it when I returned home, and this I now have by me. We had much conversation about Buonaparte, and the Duke would have it that a Republick was the thing which he was sure was to be got up at Paris—*that it would never come to fighting with the Allies*—that the Republick would be all settled by Carnot, Lucien Buonaparte, &c., &c.—*that he was confident it would never come to blows.* So he and I had a good deal of

* Among Creevey's papers are many letters from this Paull, who was the son of a Perth tailor, was educated in an Edinburgh writer's office, and was a trader for some years in India. Expelled by the Nawab from the Dominion of Oude, he was reinstated by Lord Wellesley's influence, made a large fortune, and was returned to Parliament, where he exerted himself to obtain his benefactor's impeachment. Having taken to gambling and lost heavily, he cut his throat in April, 1808.

joking, and I asked him what he thought the old manager Buonaparte would say to this new *piece*, and whether it was with his consent it was got up, and whether it would in truth turn out a tragedy, comedy or farce. He said he had no doubt it would be a tragedy to Buonaparte, and that they would beat him by stilleto or otherwise in a very few weeks.

"I retired with the impression of his (the Duke) having made a very sorry figure, in giving no indication of superior talents. However, as I said before, he was very natural and good-humoured.

"I continued to meet him both at Lady Charlotte's and other places repeatedly, and he was always equally communicative—still retaining his original opinion. I remember his coming in one day to Lady Charlotte's in great glee, because Baron Lories, the Finance Minister, had fled from Paris to join the French King at Ghent.—'The old fox,' he said, 'would never have run for it, if he had not felt that the house was tumbling about his ears.'

"Then he was always expressing his belief that the then approaching fête at Paris in the Champ de M[ars] would be fatal to Buonaparte—that the explosion would take place on that occasion, and that Buonaparte and his reign would both be put an end to on that day. So when we knew that the day had passed off in the most favorable manner to the Emperor, being that night at a ball at the Duke's house, I asked him what he thought of things now at Paris; upon which he laughed and seemed not in the least degree affected by the event. But when on the same evening I made a remark about the Duke's indifference to Sir Charles Stuart,* our ambassador, the latter said in his curious, blunt manner:—'Then he is damned different with you from what he is with me, for I never saw a fellow so cut down in my life than he was this morning when he first heard the news.'

"The Duke during this period was for ever giving balls, to which he was always kind enough to ask my daughters and myself; and very agreeable they were.

* Nephew of the 1st Marquess of Bute, created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in 1828.

On one occasion, having been at a ball in his house on a Saturday night, old Blucher and his staff came over to the town on the next day—Sunday, and the Duke sent out instantly to all who had been there on the preceding evening to come again that night to meet Blucher, and he kept making everybody dance to the last. Amongst others, I remember his bringing up General [*illegible*], who has since been so conspicuous in France, to dance with Miss Ord, which he did.

"Some short time before the battle of Waterloo—a fortnight, perhaps, or three weeks—the two Miss Ords and myself were walking in the Park at Brussells. When opposite the Ambassador's house (now the Prince of Orange's) the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Stuart, having been engaged in conversation, parted, and the Duke joined us. It was the day the papers had arrived from England, bringing the debates in Parliament where the question is the war. So he began to me by observing:—'What a good thing it is for Ministers that Grattan has made a speech in favor of the war.'—To which I replied that all Ministers were always lucky in finding some unexpected support: and then I added the question was a nice one.—'A question of expediency,' said the Duke.—'Granted,' I replied, '*quite;* and now then, will you let me ask you, Duke, what you think you will make of it?' He stopt, and said in the most natural manner:—'By God! I think Blucher and myself can do the thing.'—'Do you calculate,' I asked, 'upon any desertion in Buonaparte's army?'—'Not upon a man,' he said, 'from the colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two, perhaps; but not worth a damn.'—'Do you reckon,' I asked, 'upon any support from the French King's troops at Alost?'—'Oh!' said he, 'don't mention such fellows! No: I think Blucher and I can do the business.'—Then, seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about at the statues and images:—'There,' he said, pointing at the soldier, 'it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure.'

"About a week before the battle, he reviewed

three regiments of our infantry, and three Hanoverian ones, in the Allée Verte, and I stood in conversation with him as they passed. They were some of our best regiments, and so he pronounced them to be. As the Hanoverians passed he said:—'Those are very good troops too, or will be so when I get good officers into them.'

"On Wednesday evening the 14th June, having had daily rumours of the approach of the French, I was at Lady Conyngham's, where there was a party, and it was confidently stated that the French had reached or crossed the frontier. The Duke presently came in and said it was so.*

"On the 15th there was a ball at the Duke of Richmond's, to which my daughters, the Miss Ords, and their brother went; but I stayed at home with Mrs. Creevey. About half-past eleven at night, I heard a great knocking at houses in my street—la Rue du Musée—just out of the Place Royale, and I presently found out the troops were in motion, and by 12 o'clock they all marched off the Place Royale up the Rue Namur. . . . I sat up, of course, till my daughters and their brother returned from the Duke of Richmond's, which they did about two o'clock or half after. I then found that the Prussians had been driven out of Charleroi and other places by the French, and that all our army had been just then set in motion to meet them. The Duke had been at the ball—had received his intelligence there, and had sent off his different orders. There had been plenty of officers at the ball, and some tender scenes had taken place upon the ladies parting with them.

"I saw poor Hamilton† that night; he came home in the carriage with the Miss Ords and their brother.

"On Friday the 16th the Duke and his staff rode out of the Namur gate about nine,‡ and we were

* Napoleon left Paris at daybreak on 12th June. On the 14th his headquarters were at Beaumont, about 16 miles south of Charleroi, but he did not cross the frontier till the morning of the 15th.

† His step-son-in-law.

‡ Other witnesses say 8 a.m.

without any news the best part of the day. I dined at Mr. Greathead's in the Park. . . . In walking there between 4 and 5, poor Charles Ord and I thought we heard the sound of cannon; and when we got to Greathead's we found everybody on the rampart listening to it. In the course of the evening the rampart was crowded with people listening, and the sound became perfectly distinct and regular.*

"Just before we sat down to dinner, Greathead saw Col. Canning, one of the Duke's Aides-de-camps, walking by the window, and he called him up to dine. He had been sent by the Duke on a mission to the French King at Alost, and was then on his return. He was killed two days afterwards at Waterloo.

"In the evening—or rather at night—Colonel Hamilton rode in to Brussells, to do some things for General Barnes, and to see us. We found from him that the firing had been the battle of Quatre-Bras. He was full of praises of our troops, who had fought under every disadvantage of having marched 16 miles from Brussells, and having neither cavalry nor artillery up in time to protect them.† He was full, too, of admiration of the talent of Buonaparte in this daring attempt to get between the English and Prussian armies. . . . Hamilton had seen the Duke of Brunswick killed at the head of his Brunswickers,‡ and represented the grief of these soldiers as quite affecting. Two of our young Brussells officers and friends had been killed, too, in the action—Lord Hay, aide-de-camp to General Maitland, and a brother of Jack Smyth's. Upon one occasion during the day, Hamilton stated, Wellington and his whole staff had been very nearly taken prisoners by some French

* The action at Quatre-Bras began about 3 p.m. and lasted till 9 o'clock.

† The Allies began the action with 7000 infantry and 16 guns. Van Merlen's horse, 1200 strong, joined them before 5 o'clock, but Lord Uxbridge's division of cavalry halted on the Mons-Brussels road, through a mistake in their orders.

‡ Their black uniform, with silver death's-head and crossbones, commemorated the death of the Duke's father at the head of his Brunswicker Hussars at Jena.

cavalry.* . . . Hamilton returned to headquarters about 12 at night.

"On Saturday the 17th I remember feeling free from much alarm. I reasoned with myself that as our troops had kept their ground under all the unequal circumstances of the day before, surely when all the Guards and other troops had arrived from Ath and Enghien, with all the cavalry, artillery, &c., they would be too strong for the French even venturing to attack again. So we went on flattering ourselves during the day, especially as we heard no firing. About four o'clock, however, the Marquis Juarenais [?], who I always found knew more than anybody else, met me in the street and said:—'Your army is in retreat upon Brussells, and the French in pursuit.' He quite satisfied me that he knew the fact; and not long after, the baggage of the army was coming down the Rue de Namur, filling up my street, and horses were bivouacked [picketed ?] all round the park.

"At night Hamilton came in to us again, and we learnt from him that Buonaparte had beaten Blucher so completely the night before that all communication between the latter and Wellington had been cut off, and that, under such circumstances, Wellington had been obliged to fall back and take up another position.

"It was now clear there was going to be a desperate battle. Hamilton said so, and we who knew the overflowing ardent mind, as well as the daring nature, of his General (Barnes), well knew the danger his life would be exposed to next day. He returned to headquarters, according to custom, at midnight.

"Sunday, June the 18th, was of course a most anxious day with us. I persuaded poor Charles Ord to go that day to England. Between 11 and 12 I

* This happened just after the Duke of Brunswick fell. The Brunswick infantry giving way before a charge of French cavalry, Wellington rode up with the Brunswick Hussars to cover them; but these also fell into disorder under a heavy fire of musketry, and were then driven off by Piré's Red Lancers. Wellington galloped off, closely pursued. Arriving at a ditch lined by the Gordon Highlanders, he called out to them to lie still, set his horse at the fence, and cleared it, bayonets and all.

perceived the horses, men, carts and carriages of all description, laden with baggage, which had filled every street all night, had received orders to march, and I never felt more anxiety than to see the route they took; for had they taken the Antwerp or Ostend road, I should have concluded we were not to keep our ground. They all went up the Rue de Namur *towards the army.*

"About three o'clock I walked about two miles out of the town towards the army, and a more curious, busy scene it was, with every kind of thing upon the road, the Sunday population of Brussells being all out in the suburbs out of the Porte Namur, sitting about tables drinking beer and smoking and making merry, as if races or other sports were going on, instead of the great pitched battle which was then fighting.

"Upon my return home about four, I had scarcely got into my own room to dress for dinner, when Miss Elizabeth Ord came running into the room saying:—'For God's sake, Mr. Creevey, come into the drawing-room to my mother immediately. *The French are in the town.*'—I could not bring myself to believe that to be true, and I said so, with my reasons; but I said—'Let all the outside blinds be put to, and I will come in an instant.'—So having remained five or ten minutes in the drawing-room, and hearing nothing, I went out; and then I found the alarm had been occasioned by the flight of a German regiment of cavalry, the Cumberland Hussars, who had quitted the field of battle, galloping through the forest of Soignes, entering the Porte Namur, and going full speed down the Rue de Namur and thro' the Place Royale, crying out the French were at their heels. The confusion and mischief occasioned by these fellows on the road were incredible, but in the town all was quiet again in an instant.

"I then sat down to dinner, in the middle of which I heard a very considerable shouting near me. Jumping up to the window which commanded the lower part of the Rue de Namur, I saw a detachment of our Horse Guards escorting a considerable body of French prisoners, and could distinctly recognise one or two eagles. I went into the Place Royale

immediately to see them pass, and then returned to my dinner. Their number was said to be 1500. In half an hour more I heard fresh shouting, and this proved to be another arrival of French prisoners, greater in amount—it was said 5000 in all had arrived.

"About this time, in looking out of my window I saw Mr. Legh, of Lyme, M.P. for Newton,* arrive on horseback at his lodgings, which were next to my house; and finding that he had been looking at the battle, or very near it, I rejoiced with him upon things looking so well, which I conceived to be the case from the recent arrivals of prisoners. My surprise, therefore, was by no means small when he replied that he did not agree with me: that from his own observation he thought overything looked as bad as possible; in short, that he thought so badly of it that he should not send his horses to the stable, but keep them at his door in case of accidents.

"After this I went out to call on the Marquis Juarenais in the Park, to collect from him what news I could; and in passing the corner of the Hôtel Bellevue I came in contact with one of our Life Guards—a soldier who had just come in. I asked him how he thought the battle was going when he left the field; upon which, after turning round apparently to see if anybody could hear him, he said:—'Why, sir, I don't like the appearance of things at all. The French are getting on in such a manner that I don't see what's to stop them.'

"I then got to Juarenais's, and was shown into a drawing-room, in the middle of which I saw a wounded officer of our Foot Guards (Griffiths, his name was, I knew afterwards) sitting in apparently great pain — a corporal on one side picking his epaulet out of the wound, and Madame de Juarenais holding a smelling-bottle under his nose. I just heard the officer apologise to Madame de Juarenais for the trouble he was giving her, observing at the time that he would not be long with them, as the French would be in that night, and then he fainted away.

"In going out of the drawing-room into the balcony commanding the Park, the first thing I saw

* Grandfather of the present Lord Newton.

was General Barnes's chaise and four going as fast as it could from his own house in the Park towards the Porte Namur and, of course, the field of battle; upon which I went immediately to Barnes's to see what intelligence I could pick up there; when I found a foreign officer of his staff — I forget his name — who had just arrived, and had sent off the General's carriage. His information was that General Barnes was very badly wounded — that Captain [*illegible*] Erskine of his staff had lost an arm — that Major Hamilton * was wounded but not severely, and that he thought everything was going as badly as possible.

"With this intelligence I returned to Mrs. Creevey and my daughters between 8 and 9, but I did not mention a word of what I had heard, there being no use in my so doing. About ten o'clock, however, or between that and 11, Hamilton entered the room, and then the ladies and myself heard from him that Genl. Barnes had been shot through the body by a musquet ball about 5 o'clock—that his horse having just previously been killed under him, the general was on foot at the time—that Hamilton and the orderly sergeant had put him immediately upon Hamilton's horse, and that in this manner, one on each side, they had walked these 12 miles to Bruxelles, tho' Hamilton had been wounded both in the head and in one foot. *Observe*—the road had been so choaked by carts and carriages being overturned when the German regiment † ran away, that no carriage could pass that way for some time.

"Well—Hamilton had put his general to bed, and was then come to give us the opinion, both of the general and himself, that the battle was lost, and that we had no time to lose in getting away. Hamilton said he would immediately procure horses, carriages or anything else for taking us from Bruxelles. After a very short consultation, however, with Mrs. Creevey, under all the circumstances of her ill health and helplessness, and the confusion of flying from an army in the night, we determined to remain, and Hamilton returned to his general.

"The young ladies lay down upon their beds without undressing. I got into my own, and slept

* Mr. Creevey's son-in-law. † The Cumberland Hussars.

soundly till 4 o'clock, when, upon waking, I went instantly to the front windows to see what was passing in the Rue Namur. I had the satisfaction of seeing baggage, soldiers, &c., still moving *up* the street, and towards the field of battle, which I could not but consider as very favorable. Having dressed and loitered about till near six, I then went to the Marquis Juarenais's, in pursuit of news; and, upon the great court gate being opened to me, the first person I saw was Madame de Juarenais, walking about in *deshabillé* amidst a great bivouack of horses. She told me immediately that the French were defeated and had fled in great confusion. I expressed so much surprise at this, that she said I should learn it from Monr. Juarenais himself; so she took me up to his bed, where he was fast asleep. When he woke and saw me by his bedside in doubt about the truth of the good news, he almost began to doubt himself; but then he recollected, and it was all quite right. General Sir Charles Alten, who commanded the Hanoverians, had been brought in to Juarenais's late at night, very badly wounded; but had left particular orders with his staff to bring or send the earliest accounts of the result. Accordingly, one of his officers who had been on the field about 8 o'clock, when the French had given way, and who had gone on with the Duke in the pursuit as far as Nivelles,* had brought all this intelligence to Alten at Juarenais's about 3 o'clock.

"I went in the first place from Juarenais's to General Barnes's; where, having entered his bedroom, I found him lying in bed, his wound just dressed, and Hamilton by his side; and when I told him the battle was won (which he did not know before), and how I knew it, he said:—'There, Hamilton, did not I say it was either so or a drawn battle, as the French ought to have been here before now if they had won. I have just sent old [*illegible*] (one of his staff) up to headquarters for news.'

"I then returned directly home, and of course we were all not a little delighted at our escape.

"About eleven o'clock, upon going out again, I

* Wellington did not follow as far as Nivelles, but handed over the pursuit to Blücher at La Belle Alliance.

heard a report that the Duke was in Bruxelles; and I went from curiosity to see whether there was any appearance of him or any of his staff at his residence in the Park. As I approached, I saw people collected in the street about the house; and when I got amongst them, the first thing I saw was the Duke upstairs alone at his window. Upon his recognising me, he immediately beckoned to me with his finger to come up.*

"I met Lord Arthur Hill in the ante-room below, who, after shaking hands and congratulation, told me I could not go up to the Duke, as he was then occupied in writing his dispatch; but as I had been invited, I of course proceeded. The first thing I did, of course, was to put out my hand and congratulate him [the Duke] upon his victory. He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. —'It has been a damned serious business,' he said. 'Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost 14,000 on Friday night,† and got so damnably licked I could not find him on Saturday morning; so I was obliged to fall back to keep up [regain ?] my communications with him.'‡—Then, as he walked about, he praised greatly

* It may seem improbable that the Duke should have made himself so accessible to a mere civilian on such a momentous morning; but there is ample confirmation of Mr. Creevey's narrative from the Duke's own lips. In 1836 he described the circumstance to Lady Salisbury, who noted it in her journal (unpublished) as follows:—

"'I was called,' said the Duke, 'about 3 in the morning by Hume to go and see poor Gordon' (in the same inn at Waterloo), 'but he was dead before I got there. Then I came back, had a cup of tea and some toast, wrote my dispatch, and then rode into Brussels. At the door of my own hotel I met Creevey: they had no certain accounts at Brussels, and he called out to me:—"What news?" I said:—"Why I think we've done for 'em this time."'"

The dispatch was begun at Waterloo and finished at Brussels, evidence of which remains in the draft of the original now at Apsley House, which is headed first "Waterloo;" that is struck out and "Bruxelles" substituted.

† At Ligny.

‡ Napoleon had detached the column of Maréchal Grouchy, 34,000 men with 96 guns, on the 17th to pursue the Prussians to Namur.

those Guards who kept the farm (meaning Hugomont) against the repeated attacks of the French; and then he praised all our troops, uttering repeated expressions of astonishment at our men's courage. He repeated so often its being *so nice a thing—so nearly run a thing*, that I asked him if the French had fought better than he had ever seen them do before.—'No,' he said, 'they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimeira.'* Then he said:—'By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there.'†

"When I left the Duke, I went instantly home and wrote to England by the same courier who carried his dispatch. I sent the very conversation I have just related to Bennet.‡ I think, however, I omitted the Duke's observation that he did not think the battle would have been won had he not been there, and I remember my reason for omitting this sentence. It did not seem fair to the Duke to state it without full explanation. There was nothing like vanity in the observation in the way he made it. I considered it only as meaning that the battle was so hardly and equally fought that nothing but confidence of our army in himself as their general could have brought them thro'. Now that seven years have elapsed since that battle, and tho' the Duke has become—very foolishly, in my opinion—a politician, and has done many wrong and foolish things since that time, yet I think of his conversation and whole conduct on the 19th—the day after the battle—exactly the same as I did then: namely—that nothing could do a conqueror more honor than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of lives he had sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did his enemy.

"I may add that, before I left him, I asked whether he thought the French would be able to take the field again; and he said he thought certainly not, giving as his reason that every corps of France, but one, had

* In 1808.

† Captain Gronow, to whom Creevey gave an account of this interview, remarks: "I do not pretend to say what the Duke meant in his conversation with Mr. Creevey, who was truth itself" [*Reminiscences*, vol. i. 212].

‡ Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., 2nd son of the 4th Earl of Tankerville.

been in the battle, and that the whole army had gone off in such perfect rout and confusion he thought it quite impossible for them to give battle again before the Allies reached Paris.

"On Tuesday the 20th, the day after this conversation with the Duke, Barnes and Hamilton would make me ride over to see the field of battle, which I would willingly have declined, understanding all the French dead were still on the field—unburied, and having no one to instruct me in detail as to what had passed—I mean as to the relative positions of the armies, &c. However, I was mounted, and as I was riding along with Hamilton's groom behind me about a mile and a half on the Brussells side of the village of Waterloo, who should overtake me but the Duke of Wellington in his curricle, in his plain cloaths and Harvey by his side in his regimentals. So we went on together, and he said as he was to stop at Waterloo to see Frederick Ponsonby and de Lancey, Harvey should go with me and shew me the field of battle, and all about it. When we got to Waterloo village, we found others of his staff there, and it ended in Lord Arthur Hill being my guide over every part of the ground.

"My great surprise was at not being more horrified at the sight of such a mass of dead bodies. On the left of the road going from Waterloo to Mont St. Jean, and just close up to within a yard or two of a small ragged hedge which was our own line, the French lay as if they had been mowed down in a row without any interval.* It was a distressing sight, no doubt, to see every now and then a man alive amongst them, and calling out to Lord Arthur to give them something to drink. It so happened Lord Arthur had some weak brandy and water in his holster, and he dismounted to give some to the wounded soldiers. It was a curious thing to see on each occasion the moderation with which the soldier drank, and his marked good manners. They all ended by saying to Lord Arthur:—'Mon général, vous êtes bien honnête.' One case in particular I

* Where Picton's 5th Division repulsed d'Erlon's corps in the morning. The ragged hedge has now disappeared.

remember, on the other side of the road near the farm at Hugomont, a remarkably fine-looking man reared himself up from amongst the surrounding dead. His aiguilette streaming down his arm, Lord Arthur asked him if he was an officer, to which he replied no, but a sergeant of the Imperial Guard. Lord Arthur, having given him some drink, said he would look about for some conveyance to carry him off (his thigh being broken), and apologised for its not being sooner done, on account of the numbers of our own men we had to take care of. The Frenchman said in the best manner possible:—'O mon général, vous êtes bien honnête: après les Alliés.'

"I rode home with Hume the physician at head quarters, who said there were 14,000 dead on the field; and upon my expressing regret at the wounded people being still out, he replied:—'The two nights they have been out is all in their favor, provided they are now got into hospitals. They will have a better chance of escaping fever this hot weather than our own people who have been carried into hospitals the first.'"

Lord Arthur Hill to Mr. Creevey.

"Mons, 25th June, 1815.

"Dear Creevey,

"The King entered Le Cateau yesterday and was very well received. I was sent off from thence here with letters from the Duke to Talleyrand, who is here, with the news that Nap had abdicated in favor of his son. There is a provisional government formed. I don't suppose we shall have any more fighting. Hd. quarters advanced to-day however, but I don't know where to. I shan't be able to reach them to-night—roads horrible. Cambray was taken last night by storm: the Governor still in the Citadel —can't last. Inhabitants illuminated and received our troops with joy—Genl. Colvill's brigade. Let me hear of Harris and other wounded.

"Yours,

"Arthur Hill.

"My wounded mare is in the Duke's stable under care of Percy's servant. Will you visit her?"

CHAPTER XI.

1815–1816.

After the stern realities of war, home politics and social gossip read flat enough. The crowning victory of Waterloo brought no strength to the Opposition. There were troubles enough ahead for the Government, arising out of the fall in prices consequent on the peace and the thousands of idle hands thrown on the labour market following on reduction of the forces; but, meanwhile, the country was aglow with enthusiasm for the Government and the army. It was when their prospects were at the lowest that the Liberals received a cruel blow in the suicide of one of their chief representatives in the Commons, Mr. Samuel Whitbread.

Hon. H. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*at Brussels*].

"Whitehall, July, 1815.

". . . Nothing could be more droll than the discomfiture of our politicians at Brooks's. The night the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived, Sir Rt. Wilson and Grey demonstrated satisfactorily to a crowded audience that Boney had 200,000 men across Sambre, and that he must then be at Brussels. Wilson read a letter announcing that the English were defiling out of the town by the Antwerp gate; when the shouts in the street drew us to the window, and we saw the

chaise and the Eagles. To be sure, we are good people, but sorry prophets! The only consolation I have is in peace, and that we shall have, and have time, too, to look about us, and amend our system at home, and damage royalty, and badger Prinny. I will venture to say he will long again for war abroad, as we will give him enough of it at home in the H. of Commons, so I beg you will be preparing for battle in the ensuing campaign. Peace we are hourly expecting. The [*illegible*] want to stop the French frontier, [*illegible*] to pillage Paris, and the ladies of the fashionable world to massacre its inhabitants. I assure you we are very bloody in this town, and people talk of making great examples, as if the French had not the right to have, independent of us, what government they liked best.

"You will be sorry to hear that Sam [Whitbread] looks and is very ill. He has lost all spirits, and cannot speak. I hear he vexes himself to death about Drury Lane. I am told a bill is filed against him by the [*illegible*] to the tune of £25,000. . . . I hope it is Drury Lane and not bad health that destroys his spirits."

"Whitehall, July 7.

"My dear Creevey,

"It is with a heavy heart that I write to tell you that you have lost your friend Whitbread; and though I hardly know how to name it, yet I must add that he destroyed himself in a paroxysm of derangement from the aneurism in the brain. He had been for the last month in a low and irritable state. The damned theatre and all its concerns, the vexatious opposition he met with, and the state of worry in which he was left—all conspired together to [*illegible*] his understanding as to lead to this fatal step. On Wednesday night the 5th I had a note from him written in his own hand, and as usual. He spoke on Tuesday in the H. of Commons more in his usual style than of late. . . . On Wednesday he passed all the evening with Burgess the solicitor, discussing the theatre concerns—walking up and down the room in great agitation, accusing himself of being the ruin of thousands. As you may well imagine, he did not sleep,

but got up early on Thursday in a heated and flurried state—sat down to dress after breakfast about 10, and, while Wear was out of the room, cut his throat with a razor. When Wear returned, he found him quite dead. Is it necessary to say what the blow is to us all? To lose him in any way, at the maturest age, would have been a cruel loss, but in this manner—one feels so overpowered and broken down that the thing seems to be but a frightful dream. To me, the loss is greater than that of Fox, for the active, unwearied benevolence—both public and private—of our poor friend surpassed all the exertions of any one we ever knew. He lived but for mankind—not in showy speeches and mental exertions alone, but there was not a poor one or oppressed being in the world that he did not consider Whitbread as his benefactor. . . . I never heard of his equal, and he was by far the most honest public and private man I ever knew. . . ."

"July 11.

". . . I am not astonished at Grey's losing his heart, as this day he is to attend Sir W. Ponsonby's* funeral, and at night he is to go down to Southill to attend our poor friend's to-morrow. . . ."

"12th.

". . . I delay sending this to say that Tavistock moved yesterday the writ in the most perfect and [*illegible*] manner: there was not a dry eye in the House. Wilberforce said he always considered Whitbread as the true [*illegible*], possessing all the virtues of the character, tho' with its foibles, and that he was one of the public treasures. Vansittart deeply regretted his loss, and allowed that, when most in opposition to them, he was always manly, honest, [*illegible*] and true, and that he was an ornament to his country. Thus ended the saddest day I have yet seen in the House of Commons. Tierney sobbed so, he was unable to speak; I never saw a more affecting scene. . . ."

* Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby [1772–1815] commanded the "Union" brigade of heavy cavalry at Waterloo, and was killed in their famous charge upon d'Erlon's column.

Sam. Whitbread.

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Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey [at Brussels].

"Friday, July 14, 1815.

"The message I sent you by C. Grey three weeks ago must have prepared you for this dreadful calamity which has befallen us, though nothing could reconcile you to it. Indeed one feels it more, if possible, as a private than a publick loss. . . . It seems as if the Opposition lay under a curse at this time—not merely politically, but physically. Romilly last winter was *bled out* of a violent inflammation of the lungs, and I think him damaged by it, next winter will show whether permanently or not, but at 58 such things are not safe, and he continues to work as hard as ever.* Ossulstone has been most dangerously ill. . . . The anxiety and labour Grey has lately had make one fear a severe attack of his spasms—indeed he had one a few nights ago, having been on Monday at Sir W. Ponsonby's funeral, and having to set off for Whitbread's at 4 the next morning. The attack was in the night, and he went notwithstanding.

"I hardly can venture to mention myself after these cases, but I have been very ill for 4 or 5 months, hardly able to go through common business, and now forced to give up the circuit. . . . I can only give you a notion how much I am altered by saying that I have not made such an exertion in writing for three months as this letter is, and that I already *ache all over* with it. . . . To continue my catalogue, Lord Thanet has been alarmingly ill, tho' now somewhat better; and such dismal accounts of the Hollands are daily arriving that one of my chief reasons for writing to you now is to ask you how the poor boy is. . . . In this state of affairs and of my own health, when there seems nothing to be done, and when, if there were, I am not the man now to do it, you will marvel at my coming into Parlt., which I have been overpersuaded to do, and which will have happened almost as soon as you receive this.† The usual and unchangeable friendship

* He committed suicide in 1818.

† Brougham remained out of Parliament after his defeat at Liverpool in 1812, until returned for Winchelsea, a borough of Lord Darlington's, in 1816.

of Ld. G[rey] obtained the seat, but I am not at all satisfied that I have done wisely in accepting it, for the reasons just hinted at. All I can say to myself is that I *may* recover and be again fit for service, in which case I should think myself unjustifiable had I decided the other way. But 20 years hard work have produced their effect, I much fear, and left little or nothing in me. . . ."

Lord Ossulston, M.P., to Mr. Creevey in Brussels.*

"Walton, July 31, 1815.

". . . Buonaparte still remains at Plymouth, but it is expected that the ship which is to convey him will sail very shortly. I believe he is allowed to take 3 persons (besides servants) with him, excepting those who are named in the list of proscribed. The general feeling, I think, here is that he ought to be placed out of the reach of again interfering in the concerns of the world, tho' it is difficult not to feel for a man who has played such a part, if he is destined to end his days in such a place as St. Helena. Seeing the other day a list of intimate friends invited to meet the P. Regent at Melbourne House—viz. Jack Manners, Ld. Fife, Ld. Headfort, &c., I could not help thinking what a strange fortune it was by which Buonaparte shd. be at that moment at Torbay, waiting his destiny at the Prince's hands. . . . Kinnaird is in town. His account of his arrest by Buonaparte is that, hearing of the battle of Waterloo, he had said in society—'Now the French have nothing to do but to send for the D. of Orleans;' which being reported to Buonaparte on his return, he sent to Kinnaird to quit Paris in 2 hours, and France in 2 days. Kinnaird upon this asked leave to go to Fouché, who told him not to stir, for that in two hours he would hear something which wd. surprise them—that was Buonaparte's abdication. . . . Whitbread's eldest son comes into not less than £20,000 per ann. —so Brougham told me. Whitbread, however, in the last year had outrun his income by £14,000—probably the theatre. . . ."

* Afterwards 5th Earl of Tankerville.

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey.

"London, Nov. 7, 1815.

". . . What chiefly moves me to write is some conversation that Ossulston * and I have had concerning the state of the Party in one material point. The Jockey † is gone—you may lay that down. It is a question between days and weeks, and he cannot possibly see the meeting of Parlt. Baillie says if things go favorably he *may* last six weeks, but that he won't insure him for ten days. In short, it is a done thing.

"Now upon your friend B[ernard] Howard's succession to this most important publick trust (for so I consider it), it is plain beyond all doubt that old Mother Stafford ‡ will be working by every means to touch him—at all events to neutralize him. She will make the young one § turn Protestant—a most improper thing in his station; for surely his feeling should be—'I *will* be in Parlt., but it shall be by force of the Catholic emancipation;' and, viewing this as a personal matter to himself, he should shape his political conduct mainly with reference to it. But I fear that is past praying for, and all we can hope is that the excellent father should remain as steady in his politics as he is sure to be in his adherence to his sect. . . . Now what strikes both O. and myself is—that at such a critical moment your friendly advice might be of most material use towards keeping the newcomer on his guard against the innumerable traps and wiles by which he will assuredly be beset, and if you intend (which of course you do) to come over this session, perhaps it would be adviseable to come

* Afterwards 5th Earl of Tankerville.

† Eleventh Duke of Norfolk.

‡ Wife of the 2nd Marquess of Stafford, who was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833, she having been Countess of Sutherland in her own right.

§ Eldest son of Bernard Howard; became Earl of Arundel on his father succeeding to the dukedom, and in 1842 became 13th Duke of Norfolk.

a little sooner so as to be here before the Jockey's death, for the above purpose."

Creevey, however, continued to live in Brussels for the sake of his wife's health, resisting many pressing entreaties from his friends to come over and rouse the flagging spirits of the Opposition. He and Mrs. Creevey received many letters from London containing the gossip and speculations of the day.

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey [*in Brussels*].

"Holland House, 1st Jany., 1816.

". . . According to the song, 'London is out of town;' the country houses are overflowing. The love of tennis is come so strongly upon Lord Holland that he has persuaded me rather reluctantly to go once more to Woburn for 3 or 4 days, in order that he may play a few setts. The plea which makes me yield is that I believe exercise keeps off the gout.

"The most violent people here even rejoice at poor La Vallette's escape. What an abominable proceeding it has been. That tygress the Duchess of Angoulême in talking of Madame de la Bedoyère observed—'Elle a été elevée dans des bons principes, mais elle *nourrit* le fils d'un traitre'—an envious reproach from her sterile Highness, who can never enjoy the poor widow's maternal felicity. There is a strong feeling getting up in the country at our permitting the capitulation to be broken, altho' none are sorry Ney suffered.*. . . Lady Waldegrave is dying of water in the chest. Her death will cause the disclosure of the secret whether Lord Waldegrave is married or not. . . . I want a handsome Valenciennes

* Such was not Lord Holland's sentiment. Among Creevey's papers is a very long letter from Lord Holland to Lord Kinnaird, declaiming against the Duke of Wellington, "in whom, after the great things he has done, even so decided an opponent of the war as myself must feel some national interest," for permitting the execution of Ney and Labedoyère.

collerette, either made up, or lace to make it. Remember, my throat is *thick*, and it is to wear over the collar of a pelisse. . . . Sir Hudson Lowe has married a beautiful, and for him a young, widow. She is the niece of Genl. Delaney—quite a military connexion. . . ."

[No date.]

". . . The new bishop is to be Legge, the Dean of Windsor, familiarly called by the Regent 'Mother Frump.' . . . Lord Craven embarks with all his family in his own yatch for the Mediterranean, giving a good chance to his brother Berkeley, especially as he will rely much upon his own skill in the management of the vessell. He sets off at the already incurred expense of forty thousand pounds—a brilliant *debut;* 70 souls on board, including men, women, children and ship's company. . . . Lord Warwick's marriage with Lady Monson is all settled. It is so advantageous to the minor that the Chancery will not enforce the cruel limitations of the malignant will of Lord Monson against her. . . ."

Henry Brougham to Mr. Creevey [*in Brussels*].

"Temple, Jany. 14, 1816.

". . . You naturally must be desirous of learning what appearances there are of work for the session. I augur very well. Whether Snoutch * comes over or not, I can't tell; but in the event of his not coming, I have communicated to Grey the wishes of many of the party including the Mountain,† that Lord G. Cavendish should be our nominal leader, with something like a house opened to harbour the party in. In fact, a house of rendezvous is more wanted than a leader. But if Snoutch comes, indeed whether he does or not, our merry men are on the alert, and we shall see that no half measures prevail. I really wd. fain hope that Tierney and Abercromby at length will see the folly of their temporising plans, and will act always and systematically as they did during part of last session. But nothing must be left to chance, and

* ? Lord Grenville. † The Radicals.

—'speaking as an humble individual'*—I am quite determined (tho' ready to meet them half way for peace and union sake) that the game of the country and the people shall be played in good earnest—if not with their help, without it—by God's blessing.

"The plan of campaign which presents itself to me on a review of the state of affairs and the temper of men's minds is of this description. As to foreign affairs—to act as a corps of observation and take advantage of all openings, not very much courting debates on those matters which the country never feels at all, and on which recent events tend greatly to discredit the Opposition; but ready always to expose the enemy's blunders. *E.g.*, the d——d absurd plan of the peace, which sows the seeds of war broadcast—the systematic plans of interference, &c. Above all, the grievous proceedings of our Ferdinand† agt. the very allies we had fought with in his behalf. . . . As to home politics—here we should make our main stand; and the ground is clearly Retrenchment—in all ways, with ramifications into the Royal family, property tax, jobs of all sorts, distresses of the landed interest, &c. In short, it is the richest mine in the world. *A text* has been put forth in the *Edinr. Review*, to which I refer you. . . . Last of all, but not least, the proposal of measures and inquiries unconnected with ordinary party topics, whereby much immediate real good is done to the country, and great credit gained by the party, as well as, ultimately, a check secured to the Crown and to abuses generally. For example—prison reform—education of the poor—tithes—above all the Press, with which last I think of leading off immediately, having long matured my plan. . . . It embraces the whole subject—of allowing the truth to be given in evidence—limiting the *ex officio* powers, both by filing informations and other privileges possessed by the Crown, and abolishing special juries in cases of libel, or rather misdemeanour generally. . . . But the material point is—won't you come over to our assistance? You are more wanted than my regard

* A sarcastic allusion to Tierney's style in speaking.

† King Ferdinand VII., who was availing himself of his restoration to the throne of Spain to indulge in harsh and tyrannical despotism.

for your modesty will allow me to say. Really you *must* come. . . . There are many uncomfortable things, beside the dreadful one of our irreparable loss of poor Sam [Whitbread]—now to be *really* felt. Nothing, for instance, can be more unpropitious than the plan of carrying on the party by a *coterie* at Lady Holland's elbow, which cannot be submitted to for a moment, even, I shd. think, by those who belong to her *coterie;* at least I know no one but the Coles, Horner * and the Pope † (who are of her household) who can bear it. Do, then, let us hear that you mean to come over. . . ."

The following refers to the speech on the Treaty of Paris, whereby, on 9th February, Brougham marked his return to the House of Commons.

Mr. Western, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*in Brussels*].

"9th Feb., 1816.

". . . I have often marvelled at the *want* of sense, discretion, judgment and common sense that we see so frequently accompany the most brilliant talents, but damn me if I ever saw such an instance as that I have just witnessed in your friend Brougham. By Heaven! he has uttered a speech which, for power of *speaking*, surpassed anything you ever heard, and by which he has damn'd himself past redemption. You know what my opinion of him has always been: I have always thought he had not much sound sense nor too much political integrity, but he has outstripped any notion I could form of indiscretion; and as to his politicks, they are, in my humble opinion, of no sterling substance (but that between ourselves). He has been damaging himself daily, but to-night there is not a *single fellow* that is not saying what a damn'd impudent speech that of Brougham's—four or five driven away—even Burdett says it was too much. He could not have roared louder if a file of soldiers had come in and pushed the Speaker out of his chair. Where the devil a fellow could get such lungs and

* Francis Horner, M.P. [1778-1817].

† Reference obscure.

such a flow of jaw upon such an occasion as this surpasses my imagination.

"I was sitting in the gallery by myself, and he made my head spin in such a style I thought I shd. tumble over. He quite overcame one's understanding for a time; but when I recovered, I began to think—this will *never* do—impossible—I will go down and see what other lads think of it: perhaps my nerves are a little too sensitive. I soon found, however, that everybody was struck in the same way, and even more. Now, when I say that he has damaged himself past redemption, I mean as a man aspiring to be Leader, for to that his ambition aspired, and for that he is DONE now. By Heaven! you never saw men so chop-fallen as Ministers—Castlereagh beyond belief, I see it in every line of his face. They wd. have been beaten to-night, I do believe, again. Brougham has put them up 20 per cent.; that is to say, by inducing people more to support them to keep [the] Opposition out, just as they were supported upon [the] Walcheren business to keep us out. Our fellows *all* run the savage too keen for the game to succeed in bagging it. There is never more skill necessary than when the fox is in view. They are for running in upon him at once, and they will run a chance of being totally thrown out in the attempt. They fought the Property Tax well, though it was done out of doors completely. *Glorious victory* that! If you are not set out, come directly; we shall have a famous session. . . . It is a pretty tight fitt for me, but ruin overwhelms the farmers. I feel convinced a national bankruptcy will be the consequence. I declare I believe it firmly. I shall drive at the whole of the Sinking Fund. . . . I have not any hopes of Midsummer rents, and the generality of landowners will be minus the best part of their interest, without a wonderful alteration. . . ."

Mr. J. Whishaw, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 10th, 1816.

". . . We have had two distinguished foreigners for some time in London—General de Flahaut and Genl. Sebastiani. The former was one of Napoleon's

chief favourites, and is the reputed son of Talleyrand by the present Madame de Souza, formerly Madame de Flahaut. He does not inherit the talents of his parents, but is a handsome, accomplished and very agreeable officer, a flattering specimen of the manners of the Imperial Court, which assuredly could not boast of many such ornaments. Sebastiani is nearly the reverse of all these, with somewhat of an air of pedantry and solemn importance, of which you may recollect some traits in his famous dispatch. It is a little curious to sit at table with a person formerly so much talked of, and who contributed so much to the war of 1803. You may remember that he was one of Pitt's principal topics on that occasion. . . ."

Mr. Western, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*in Brussels*].

"House of Commons, Feb. 17, 1816.

". . . As to the *general* proceedings of the Opposition, I can say little. There is no superior *mind* amongst us; great power of speaking, faculty of perplexing, irritation and complaints, but no supereminent power to strike out a line of policy, and to command the *confidence* of the country. Brougham has shown his powers rather successfully, and exhibits some prudence in his plans of attack; but I cannot discern that superiority of judgment and of view (if I may so express myself) which is the *grand* desideratum. Tierney is as expert, narrow and wrong as ever; Ponsonby as inefficient; Horner as sonorous and *eloquent*, I must say, but I *cannot* see anything in him, say what they will, though he certainly *speaks* powerfully. A little honest, excellent party are as warm as ever, and only want a good leader to be admirable. Grenvilles and Foxites splitting — all manner of people going their own way. As to foreign policy I came to a conclusion that the Bourbons cannot keep their place, and that their proceedings are abominable, as I told you in a letter from Paris; and then what may happen no man can calculate. If they had any wisdom or firmness, they were safe, but they *must* kick the thing over.

"In regard to our internal—Agriculture, &c., is getting into a state of DESPAIR absolutely and distraction. . . . I assure you the landed people are getting *desperate;* the universality of ruin among them, or distress bordering on it, is *absolutely* unparallel'd, and at such a moment the sinking fund is not to be TOUCHED for the world, says Horner—no not a shilling of it: and yet—taxes to be taken off, rents to come down, cheap corn, cheap labour—how can a man talk of such IMPOSSIBILITIES? The interests of all debts and sinking fund together amount to £43,000,000
Establishment 29,000,000

72,000,000

Now, cut the Establishment ever so low, we shall have four times as much to raise as before the war. It is not to be done out of the same rents, &c., &c. It is absolute madness to talk of it. . . . By the bye—there never was a moment for the exertion of yr. talents in the job-oversetting way, and fighting every *shilling* of expenditure. This is the time, never before equalled. They cannot resist on these points, and the carrying them is valuable beyond measure, *prospectively* as well as *immediately.* Whenever you blow one jobb fairly out of the water, it presents a *hundred* others, and this is the moment!"

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [*in Brussels*].

"Temple, Thursday [May, 1816].

"DEAR C.,

"I think it better to trust this to the post than to any of their d——d bags. [Here follow some minute details concerning Creevey's seat for Thetford, which he seemed to be in some danger of losing, owing to changes of plan on the part of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Petre, who had the disposal thereof]. . . . All I desire is that you put *me* personally wholly out of your view. I am worked to death with business, and, for my own comfort, care little whether I remain out this session or not. The labour would

be a set off agt. the pleasure of revenging myself agt. certain folks, and even the sweets of that revenge would be dashed with bitterness, for I foresee a rupture with Grey as by no means an unlikely result of doing my duty and taking my swing. We have lately had rather an approach to that point, in consequence of my urgency agt. Adam's job, Lauderdale's general jobbery and other tender points, including the *Cole* faction, and their getting round him (G.). The Whigs (as I hold) are on the eve of great damage from the said jobs, and I conceived a warning to be necessary, with a notice that the Mountain and the folks out of doors were resolved to fire on the party if it flinched. Some very unpleasant things have passed, and the discussion is only interrupted by his child's death. Now—come when I may into Parlt., it must be *wholly opposed* to the Coles, who have a lamentable hold over his mind. . . . A Westminster vacancy would be awkward; on the other hand, a Liverpool vacancy would be still more so, were I out of Parlt. The merry men *are all up*, and I should inevitably be dragged into the scrape. There are overtures from both parties—Gladstone* would support a moderate Whig—with us; the Corporation and Gascoigne would prefer a Mountaineer as most agt. Canning and favorable to their *undivided* jobbery. That we may put in a man is clear, but I *really* cannot give time enough to the place. This matter concerns you as well as myself, but then if you remain out of the way for *two* sessions, it would not be easy to bring you in. Moreover, if you take Liverpool and quit your present hold you can't so well resume it in case of accident. . . . I have written a *hash* of a letter, without giving an opinion, having really none to give, and wishing to leave you to yourself. You alone can decide. . . . I have served Prinny with a formal notice from his wife that in May she returns to Kensington Palace. . . ."

* John Gladstone of Liverpool, created a baronet in 1846, a leading Tory in that town, and father of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"1816.

"If Mrs. C. can possibly let you come for a few weeks, for God's sake do come! It is morally certain you can come in for L'pool. . . . If you don't come in there, you are out altogether, with some other good men—as Mackintosh, Ossulston, &c., and, for anything I know to the contrary, myself. For who can answer for a county like Westmorland, where there has been no contest for 50 years? and where I have all the parsons, justices, attorneys, and nearly all the resident gentry (few enough, thank God! and vile enough) leagued agt. me, besides the whole force of the Government. The spirit of the freeholders, to be sure, is wonderful, and in the end we *must* beat the villains. Govt. complain of L[onsdale] for getting them into it, and he complains of them for not dissolving. My satisfaction is that he is now bleeding at every pore—all the houses open—all the agents running up bills—all the manors shot over by anybody who pleases."

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey.

"Holland House, 21st May, 1816.

". . . Lord Kinnaird carried over the singular libel published by Lady C. Lamb against her family and friends.* It is a *plaidoyer* against her husband addressed to the religious and methodistical part of the community, accusing him of having overset her religious and moral (!) principles by teaching her doctrines of impiety, &c. The outlines of few of her characters are portraits, but the *amplissage* and traits are exact. *Lady Morganet* is a twofold being—Dss. of Devonshire and her mother: *Lady Augusta* Lady Jersey and Lady Collier: *Sophia* Lady Granville, who had 6 years ago a passion for working fine embroidery, and she marks

* Lady Caroline Ponsonby [1785–1828], only daughter of the 3rd Earl of Bessborough, married in 1805 the Hon. W. Lamb, afterwards Viscount Melbourne and Prime Minister, but her temper was so bad that they separated in 1813. *Glenarvon*, the romance referred to in the text, was published anonymously in 1816, and reissued in 1865 under the title of *The Fatal Passion.*

most *atrociously* her marriage with Lord Granville. *Lady Mandeville* is Ly. Oxford: *Buchanan* is Sir Godfrey Webster: *Glenarvon* and *Vivian* are of course Lord Byron. Lady Frances Webster is sketched and some others slightly. Lady Melbourne is represented as bigotted and vulgar. The words about Mr. Lamb are encomiastick, but the facts are against him, as she insidiously censures his not fighting a duel which her fictitious husband does. The bonne-bouche I have reserved for the last—myself. Where every ridicule, folly and infirmity (my not being able from malady to move about much) is portrayed. The charge against more essential qualities is, I trust and believe, a fiction; at least an uninterrupted friendship and intimacy of 25 years with herself and family might induce me to suppose it. The work is a strange farrago, and only curious from containing some of Lord Byron's genuine letters—the last, in which he rejects her love and implores an end to their connexion, directed and sealed by Lady Oxford, is a most astonishing performance to publish. There is not much originality, as the jokes against me for my love of *aisances* and comforts she has heard laughed at by myself and *coterie* at my own fireside by years. The invasion of Ireland is only our own joke that when we were going out of Bruxelles with such a cavalcade the inhabitants might suppose we were a part of the Irish Army rallied. The *dead* poet is Mr. Ward's joke at Rogers having cheated the coroner. I am sorry to see the Melbourne family so miserable about it. Lady Cowper is really frightened and depressed far beyond what is necessary. . . . The work has a prodigious sale, as all libellous matters have. Even General Pillet's [?] satire upon the English was bought for *two* guineas the other day by Mr. Grenville.

"I know Lord Kinnaird also took over the *Antiquary* and the new play, otherwise I would send them to you; but if Moore's poem is good you shall have it.

"We have been returned to our delicious old mansion above a week. Foliage and birds are the only demonstration of a change of season from December, as the cold, piercing easterly winds are still dreadful. . . ."

"Holland House, Tuesday.

"I take the opportunity of Lady Lansdowne's departure to send you a small parcel of rubbish for your friend Gina, and, what is *not* rubbish, some verses by Mr. Rogers to add to his poems. . . . The town has been much occupied by a very strange affair which led to a duel between Ld. Buckingham and Sir Thos. Hardy. It is a mysterious business, but I sincerely hope quite over for ever. It was the charge of Ld. B. being the author of some very scandalous, offensive anonymous letters to, and about, Ly. Hardy. You would naturally suppose that the character of a gentleman, which Ld. B. has never forfeited would have been a sufficient guard to have repelled such a charge; but the Lady was angry. There are various conjectures about the writer of these letters; but, except just the angry parties, the world generally do justice to Lord B., from the impossibility of a man of character and in his station of life being capable of such an abominable proceeding. It is not the mode of revenge which a man takes, however he may have been jilted, or believed himself as so. But all these stories you will have heard from the Tierneys, who meant to spend some days at Bruxelles. . . . We are going to make a northern excursion . . . we shall make Lord Grey a visit of a week at Howick, and if Lord Lauderdale should not be *philandering* in these parts, stop at Dunbar. . . ."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Temple [no date, 1816?]

"The opinion is prevalent that the *fête* after all won't hold; at any rate that P.* won't venture. His loyal subjects are sure to attack him, and the burning of the temporary room, with the whole fashionable world, may be the consequence. Indeed a small expense, laid out in one squib, would bring about this catastrophe, so they will probably take fright. . . . I dined on Saturday at Dick Wilson's, who was pleased to give the Pss. of W.'s health immediately after the King's (the D. of Sussex being there), and he

* The Prince Regent.

then, with his accustomed patriotism, gave 'The Rights of the People.' . . . Young Frog * was t'other day made remarkably drunk by a savage animal of the name of Wirtemburg (son of the *pickled* sister, your friend), and in this predicament shewn up to young P.† among others. The savage took the opportunity of making love on his own score, and has been forbid C[arlton] House in consequence."

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Whitehall, July 12 [1816].

"Now a word or two about poor Sheridan. One does not feel the loss of so great a creature as one ought to do, for, after all, he is the last of the giants, and there is no one to take the chair he leaves. I believe there is no doubt that his death was hastened, if not caused, by his distress—by his fear of arrest—and if he had been in Parliament he would probably have been alive. His dread was a prison, and he felt it staring him in the face. . . . The funeral takes place on Saturday. Peter Moore invites people to attend, and several are going. I have heard of Ld. Guildford and Thanet. I shd. like to do what was right, but I do not think ceremony at all wise or in good taste."

"Walton, July 21.

". . . The last session has been very damaging to the country. . . . The Opposition has made no way and the Government are certainly stronger than ever, for all the tinsel and lace have rallied round them. At the same time, these attacks on the constitution have made the liberty boys feel more kindly towards us. But we must allow that, tho' the Government are hated, we are not loved. . . . As you may imagine, our friend Brougham has done everything this year with no help, for there literally is no one but Folkestone who comes into the line and fights. Our leaders are away—poor Ponsonby from idleness and from fatigue, and Tierney from ill health. I fear he will never show again as he used to do. Who is to lead us now? God knows! Some talk of Ld. George Cavendish,

* The Prince of Orange. † Princess Charlotte of Wales.

which I resist, because I think his politicks are abominable and his manners insolent and neglectful; but also because the Cavendish system, with the Duke [of Devonshire] at the head, is not the thing for the present day. They are timid, idle and haughty: the Duke dines at Carlton House and sits between the Chancellor and Lord Caithness, and I have no doubt will have, one of these days, the Ribband. Then the Archduchess (as they call him) is a great admirer and follower of Prinnie's, and *presumes to abuse the Mountain*, and as I am in duty bound to protect myself, he singles me out as the most objectionable person in the H. of Commons, and says my politics are revolutionary. This last offence determines me to submit to no Cavendish leader. Milton is named, and Tavistock,* who would be the best of all, but I fear he loves hunting too much, and has not enough money, for we must have a leader with a house and cash. So amid all the difficulties, I propose a Republic—no leader at all! . . ."

From Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey [in Brussels].

"Aug. 15, 1816. Geneva (uninhabitable).

"DEAR C.,

". . . I have been here for some time and in the neighbourhood. It is a country to be in for two hours, or two hours and a half, if the weather is fine, and no longer. Ennui comes on the third hour, and suicide attacks you before night. There is *no resource whatever* for passing the time, except looking at lakes and hills, which is over immediately. I should except Mme. Stael, whose house is a great comfort.

"You may wish to know the truth as to Mother P. They resolved, under Mrs. Leach's auspices, to proceed. I rather think the Chancellor and ministers were jealous of Mrs. L.; at any rate they were indisposed to the plan, but on it went, and a formal notification was made to little P.'s husband† and herself. I believe they were to have begun in Hanover, to

* Afterwards 7th Duke of Bedford.

† In May of this year Princess Charlotte of Wales had married the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld.

have something to show to Bull and his wife and daughter. But *steps were also taken in England.* Being advised of this *from the best authority,* I deemed it proper, according to the tacticks we have always adopted, *not* to wait to be attacked, but to fire a shot of some calibre, and you will by this time have seen more of it, tho' you may not have guessed whence it came. . . . As for Mrs. P. * herself, she won't do any more; but the daughter is a strong force and will carry the old lady through. Mrs. P. is, I believe, among the Ottomans, but I have no sort of communication with her. . . . Tell Kinnaird that Lord Byron is living here, entirely cut by the English."

"Rome, 14th Nov., 1816.

". . . I agree in your view of the high importance of this session. Lord [*illegible*], who is here, holds that it will be one of expedients and shifts, and that the grand breakdown won't happen yet. I don't much differ from him; but still, it will be *the* session, for their shifts and struggles and agonies will be the very time for work. The illustrious Regent meantime has been suffering in the flesh as well as the spirit, and I rejoice to find that his last defeat (which was a *total* one) has greatly annoyed him. I suppose you are aware of the secret history of it, and of Mother P. having miraculously been found fit for service once more. However, this time I must say she was rather a name than anything else, and little P. in reality bore the brunt of the day. I rejoice to say that Lord Grey views the divorce question in its true light, as do the party generally, *i.e.* in its connection with little P. and upon more general grounds. Both Carlton House and Hertford House now say the matter is finally at rest. . . . There are too many of the party abroad this session. Lord Lansdowne is here and remains all the winter in Italy, unless some very imperious call should take him home. The Jerseys and Cowpers come in a few days with the same plans. . . . Lady Jersey's absence is very bad for the party. She alone had the right notion of the thing, and her great influence in society was always honestly and heartily exerted with her usual excellence

* The Princess of Wales.

of disposition. Ill as we can spare speakers, we can still less afford such a loss as this. . . . All this brings me to my text. You *must* come over; it won't do to be absent any longer, therefore make up your mind to take the field. Meet me at Paris or Calais, if I can't come to Brussels, and I can take you easily if you don't fear the squeeze of three in a carriage. . . . When you get to London, if you please you may have my chambers for as long as you stay, with the laundress and man. I take lodgings in Spring Gardens during the session, and only am in chambers now and then for half an hour to look at the statutes. . . ."

Mr. Allen to Mr. Creevey.*

"Maidenhead, Sat., Nov. 20th.

"DEAR SIR,

"Lord and Lady Holland are in very great affliction, and you who knew the dear little girl they have lost and how much they were attached to her, will not wonder at their sorrow. . . . It is a satisfaction to hear that Lord Derby's fears are subsiding, and from what I observed before I left town I think several others who were in the same predicament are recovering from their alarm. This mud bespattering of the extra Radicals at their last meeting has made people ashamed of their fears, and if the Whigs most inclined to popular courses adhere steadily to their determination of having no communication with the Radicals of any description, I trust the session may pass over without any schism among Opposition, and that ministers will have revived this alarm to very little purpose. But all depends on the discretion of the two or three first days of the session. One violent speech, received with approbation by the more eager members of the party, would cause the same break-up as in 1792, and give Jenky† and the Duke of Wellington the same despotic authority that Mr. Pitt exercised from that period to the end of his administration. . . ."

* John Allen, M.D. [1771–1843], political writer, a regular inmate of Holland House; of whom Byron said that he was "the best-informed and one of the ablest men" that he knew.

† Lord Liverpool.

CHAPTER XII.

1817-1818.

In 1817 the Creeveys continued in Brussels. Apparently the hopeless disorganisation of the Opposition in Parliament deterred Mr. Creevey from coming home; at least, there are no indications of his having availed himself of any of the numerous and pressing invitations he received. His friends, however, still kept him well supplied with gossip, and Brussels at that time was the centre of much political activity, so Creevey had no want of occupation for his thoughts, his tongue, and his pen.

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"London, March 25, 1817.

". . . We have holiday this week in virtue of Mr. Speaker's right cheek having swelled out with erysipelas to an extraordinary size. His appearance is worth coming over to see. Sefton and I went to his levee t'other night, and the Earl was much amused with our small friend's grimaces. . . . Lord Rolle coming in he [the Speaker] spoke of the climate in Devonshire—'I take it *skates* are quite unknown in your lordship's part of the world,' and so forth. I then made the Earl go to the Chancellor's, and rejoice to tell you his observation was how much more the manners of a gentleman the Chancr. had, which is quite true. I ought to apologise to you for taking so much liberty with your little friend, with whom I foresee your flirtation is speedily about to

close, for there is a plan of a peerage and a pension of £4000 for *three lives*. Now I hardly think your loves, how warm and constant soever, can stand this shock."*

"London, April 1, 1817.

". . . I am glad you and Kinnaird approved of my broadside on the 13th March.† . . . I knew that Govt. would be taken by surprise, and had told Sefton so, for Ward and others had said to me some days before that they took it for granted I was to give them, as they were pleased to say, 'a most valuable speech,' on the plan of my last year's on Agricultural distress —a sort of pair or pendant to that. I answered I meant no such matter, and should divide at all events, and regarded it as a hostile occasion. They did not believe it—had no guess of attacks on *foreign* policy, and looked innocent and astonished as I went on. I was very much tickled, and really enjoyed it, for I began quietly to the greatest degree, and only flung in a stray shot every 20 minutes or ½ hour by way of keeping them on the alert and preserving attention; and when, at the end of the first hour and a half, I opened my first battery, I do assure you it had a comical effect. . . . Still, it was not quite personal to Castlereagh, and when it was over, I changed my plan, in order to get breath, and play with them a little longer, and give my other fire more effect—that is, I went back to general, candid and speculative observations, and at large into the taxation part of the subject, and having prepared them by a few more random shots for a factious conclusion, I then opened my last battery upon C., to see whom under the fire was absolutely droll. He at first yawned, as he generally does when galled—then changed postures —then left his seat and came into the centre of the bench—then spoke much to Canning and Van, and at last was so d——d fidgetty that I expected to see him get up. It ended by his not saying one word in his

* Mr. Speaker Abbot, who had filled the chair since 1802, was created Lord Colchester, 3rd June, 1817.

† He had spoken vehemently against the Property Tax and in favour of retrenchment in various departments.

own defence, but *appealing to posterity*. . . . We really want you more than words can describe. You positively *must* come, if but to show. . . ."

Lord Holland to Mr. Creevey.

"Holland House, 24th June, 1817.

". . . The heat of the weather is delightful, but writing letters is not the way of enjoying it. The country is, or was, as flat about its liberties as it had been animated and, according to my judgment, absurd about sinecures and Parliamentary reform five months ago. However, I think the spies and informers admirably exposed by Ld. Grey. The conversion of Ld. Fitzwilliam and the stoutness of Milton,* have somewhat roused them from their indifference, and very much shaken any disposition there was to approve these revivals of Pitt's worst measures. However, the best chance of change in the Government is, after all, that of their weakness and disunion, rather than our popularity, strength or concert. Peel's election has galled the Cannings to the quick." †

[No date.]

"Dear Creevey,

"I have put off answering your very entertaining letter and interesting communication to the last moment, and unfortunately to a moment when I am full of business—trying to get up a Middlesex meeting and to bring the great guns, called Dukes, to bear upon the question of Habeas Corpus. That cursed business of Reform of Parliament is always in one's way. With one great man nothing is good unless that be the principal object, and with another nothing must be done if a word of Reform is even glanced at in requisition, petition or discussion. . . .

* The 3rd Earl Fitzwilliam sat in the House of Commons as Viscount Milton from 1807 to 1833. He was strongly opposed at first to parliamentary reform; but became one of its most ardent advocates, though his family held a number of pocket boroughs.

† Peel was elected member for Oxford in this year, a seat which Canning had greatly coveted for himself.

They say the Prince has left off his stays, and that Royalty, divested of its usual supports, makes a bad figure. . . . I wish I had politics, tittle-tattle or book-news to send you. Of the latter, Llandaff's memoirs are empty, but cursed provoking to the Court and the Church. Franklin's life will be curious, both for its information and style. *Rob Roy* is said to be good, but falls off at the end. . . ."

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey.

"Holland House [no date, 1817].

". . . I have seen few people and heard no news. . . . Lt. Clifford (the Dss. of D.'s son *) is to marry Lord John Townshend's 2nd daughter: Ld. Clivton [*sic*] Miss Poyntz. The report at Windsor is that Princess Charlotte is in a bad state of health—a fixed pain in her side, for which she wears a perpetual blister; and she is grown very large and is generally unwell. The Duke of York was so tipsy at [*illegible*] that he fell down and was blooded immediately, and whilst the Queen was delivering her warlike manifesto, the little Pss. was making game and turning her back upon her. . . . Poor Courtenay has had a paralytick stroke, and Nollekens the sculptor is very ill from the same dreadful visitation. Ld. Lauderdale's eldest daughter was 8 days in labour of a dead child, and was not out of danger when he wrote."

Lord Holland to Mr. Creevey.

"Bruges, 4th July, 1817.

"Dear Creevey,

"We shall make an excursion to Antwerp from Brussels instead of taking it on our way, and consequently shall arrive the day after to-morrow by the Ghent road. We are all well and much delighted

* The 4th Duke of Devonshire married in 1748 Charlotte, Baroness Clifford. She died in 1754, and the barony passed to her son the 5th Duke, and from him to the 6th Duke, at whose death in 1858 it fell into abeyance between his sisters the Countesses of Carlisle and Granville. I cannot identify the person named in the text Lt. [? Ld.] Clifford.

with the country. How can such a fertile country want bread? and why, when it (bread) has fallen at Ypres and even Courtray, is it at the same price here? Allen, though he bears Adam Smith and M. Marcot in his head, cannot solve this. . . ."

Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Oakley, July 20, 1817.

". . . I rejoice at the prospect of your return home, as not only I want you, but we all require your counsel and aid. . . . Your friends the Grenvilles are not only nibbling, but biting at us once more, but I trust we shall have nothing to do with them. Have you heard of our plan for a leader? Some persons last year thought of one of straw, such as Althorpe or Ld. G. Cavendish, but that wd. not do, and we, the Mountaineers, resented the scheme. At present we all concur in the necessity of some one, and, taking all circumstances into consideration, Tierney is the man selected in this choice. Romilly and Brougham cordially concur, and I do so likewise: not that Mrs. Cole has not many grievous faults, but there is no one else who has not more. Romilly cannot, from his business; and Brougham cannot from his unpopularity and want of discretion. I think that the good old lady can be kept in order, and tho' she be timid and idle, yet she is very popular in the House, easy and conciliatory; in no way perfect —in many ways better than any other person. The proposition takes immensely, and at present between 60 and 70 persons have signified their adherence. Let me know your opinion. . . ."

Lady Holland to Mrs. Creevey.

"Holland House, Friday, September, 1817.

". . . We staid a short time at Edinburgh and made a long visit of a fortnight at Howick, where I had the delight of seeing Lord Grey all the time in the most perfect health and spirits, his countenance exhibiting gaiety and smiles which never are seen

on this side of Highgate Hill. . . . Lady Louisa is very handsome, the others are very tolerably well-looking, but not equal to her, but graceful in dancing and riding, and excellent musicians. Some of the boys are uncommonly promising, especially the 2nd son Charles, and little Tom. The House is made one of the most comfortable mansions I know, and the grounds are as pretty as they can be in the ugliest district in the Island. I never expected to be so long in a country house, and yet leave it with regret, which was the case in this instance. We made a visit to Lambton, which is a magnificent house, everything in a suitable style of splendor. He is an excellent host: his three little babies are his great resource, tho' I hope he is recovering his spirits; and as he has no son, the sooner he decides upon taking another wife, the happier it will be for all parties. He is full of good qualities, and his talents are very remarkable.

"London is very deserted: only a few stragglers, and those are not likely to encrease; as September is invariably the most empty month. Lawyers and sportsmen are always absent, and they are a numerous part of the community.

"We have been near losing our Regent, and as the physicians mistook his disorder, they have probably curtailed his length of life, for the disease was treated at first as inflammatory, and they took 60 ounces of blood. When Baillie saw him he declared it to be spasm, and gave laudanum and cordials. The consequences are likely to produce dropsy. His disinclination to all business is, if possible, encreased, and there have been serious thoughts of a council of Regency to assist in the dispatch of affairs. Pss. Charlotte is going on in her *grossesse*, but there are some strange awkward symptoms.* They are living at Claremont. Ld. Castlereagh is supposed to have entire influence over the Prince Leopold.

"What think you of the pamphlet on the divorce? It is most artfully done. The appeal to the shabby ones in the H. of Commons will have its weight, and

* Princess Charlotte died in childbirth the following year.

perhaps the threat of recrimination may startle the party at Ragley. This skilfull work is supposed to come from the borders of the Lake of Geneva.*

"In the *beau monde* I hear of Ly. C. Cholmondeley's marriage with Mr. Seymour, a son of Lord Hugh's; his brother and Miss Palk; Lord Sunderland and Ly. E. Conyngham. The Duke of Marlborough gives him £5000.

"You heard of Lady L [*illegible*] from a ceremonial depriving herself of the pleasure of seeing Napoleon. The Govt. are displeased that the determination of Napoleon's adherents to continue with him should be known, and more strictness is adopted in the correspondence with the Island [of St. Helena]. As you will see from many idle paragraphs that the impression to be given in this country is that all belonging to him hate and abhor him, and wish to be quit of him whereas the fact is notoriously the contrary. It is rather mortifying to see this country become the jailors and spies for the Bourbon Govt.; for to that condition Ld. Castlereagh has brought it."

The following notes of a conversation with H.R.H. the Duke of Kent remain in Mr. Creevey's handwriting, apparently as they were written down immediately after the event. Previous to this year, there is no indication that Creevey ever entertained the notion of collecting or publishing anything from his papers; but after his wife's death, which occurred in 1818, time hung more heavily on his hands, and he conceived the idea, which he discussed frequently with his step-daughter, Miss Ord, of compiling a history of his own times. This never took shape, further than that his letters to Miss Ord were carefully preserved by his desire, along with much other correspondence. Upon this occasion, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent happened to be in Brussels, shortly after the death of Princess Charlotte of Wales. He

* *I.e.* from Lord Byron's pen.

desired Creevey, whom he had known familiarly in former times at the Pavilion and Carlton House, to call upon him; when, after discussing some trifling matter relating to the appointment to a chaplaincy, he broached a subject which evidently was weighing upon his mind. It must be confessed that his Royal Highness was not very discreet in choosing Mr. Creevey as the repository of his confidence in such a delicate matter. Creevey seems to have had no scruple in communicating the tenour of the conversation to some of his friends. He certainly told the Duke of Wellington,* and on 30th December Lord Sefton wrote from Croxteth, acknowledging Creevey's letter with its "most amusing contents. Nothing could be more *apropos* than its arrival, as it was put into my hand while a surgeon was sounding my bladder with one hand and a finger of the other, to ascertain whether I had a stone or not. I never saw a fellow more astonished than he was at seeing me laugh as soon as the operation was over. Nothing could be more first-rate than the Royal Edward's ingenuousness. One does not know which to admire most—the delicacy of his attachment to Mme. St. Laurent, the refinement of his sentiments towards the D. of Clarence, or his own perfect disinterestedness in pecuniary matters."

Notes of a Conversation with H.R.H. the Duke of Kent at Brussels, Dec. 11, 1817.

". . . The Duke begun, to my great surprise, a conversation upon the death of the Princess Charlotte, and upon an observation from me upon the derangement of the succession to the throne by this event, and

* See vol. i. p. 284.

of the necessity of the unmarried Princes becoming married, if the crown was to be kept in their family; and having in addition asked him, I believe, what he thought the Regent would do on the subject of a divorce, and whether he thought the Duke of Clarence would marry, the Duke of Kent, to the best of my recollection, and I would almost say word for word, spoke to me as follows.

"'My opinion is the Regent will not attempt a divorce. I know persons in the Cabinet who will never consent to such a measure. Then, was he to attempt it, his conduct would be exposed to such recrimination as to make him unpopular, beyond all measure, throughout the country. No: he never will attempt it. Besides, the crime of adultery on her part must be proved in an English court of justice, and if found guilty she must be executed for high treason. No: the Regent will never try for a divorce.

"'As for the Duke of York, at his time of life and that of the Duchess, all issue, of course, is out of the question. The Duke of Clarence, I have no doubt, will marry if he can; but the terms he asks from the Ministers are such as they can never comply with. Besides a settlement such as is proper for a Prince who marries expressly for a succession to the Throne, the Duke of Clarence demands the payment of all his debts, which are very great, and a handsome provision for each of his ten natural children. These are terms that no Ministers can accede to. Should the Duke of Clarence not marry, the next prince in succession is myself; and altho' I trust I shall be at all times ready to obey any call my country may make upon me, God only knows the sacrifice it will be to make, whenever I shall think it my duty to become a married man. It is now seven-and-twenty years that Madame St. Laurent and I have lived together: we are of the same age, and have been in all climates, and in all difficulties together; and you may well imagine, Mr. Creevey, the pang it will occasion me to part with her. I put it to your own feeling—in the event of any separation between you and Mrs. Creevey. . . . As for Madame St. Laurent herself, I protest I don't know what is to become of her if a

marriage is to be forced upon me; her feelings are already so agitated upon the subject. You saw, no doubt, that unfortunate paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, which appeared within a day or two after the Princess Charlotte's death; and in which my marrying was alluded to. Upon receiving the paper containing that article at the same time with my private letters, I did as is my constant practice, I threw the newspaper across the table to Madame Saint Laurent, and began to open and read my letters. I had not done so but a very short time, when my attention was called to an extraordinary noise and a strong convulsive movement in Madame St. Laurent's throat. For a short time I entertained serious apprehensions for her safety; and when, upon her recovery, I enquired into the occasion of this attack, she pointed to the article in the *Morning Chronicle* relating to my marriage.

"'From that day to this I am compelled to be in the practice of daily dissimulation with Madame St. Laurent, to keep this subject from her thoughts. I am fortunately acquainted with the gentlemen in Bruxelles who conduct the Liberal and Oracle newspapers; they have promised me to keep all articles upon the subject of my marriage out of their papers, and I hope my friends in England will be equally prudent. My brother the Duke of Clarence is the elder brother, and has certainly the right to marry if he chooses, and I would not interfere with him on any account. If he wishes to be King—to be married and have children, poor man—God help him! let him do so. For myself—I am a man of no ambition, and wish only to remain as I am. . . . Easter, you know, falls very early this year—the 22nd of March. If the Duke of Clarence does not take any step before that time, I must find some pretext to reconcile Madame St. Laurent to my going to England for a short time. St. George's day is the day now fixed for keeping the birthday, and my paying my respects to the Regent on that day will be a sufficient excuse for my appearing in England. When once there, it will be easy for me to consult with my friends as to the proper steps to be taken. Should the Duke of Clarence do nothing before that time as to marrying, it will become my

duty, no doubt, to take some measures upon the subject myself.

"'You have heard the names of the Princess of Baden and the Princess of Saxe-Cobourg mentioned. The latter connection would perhaps be the better of the two, from the circumstance of Prince Leopold being so popular with the nation; but before anything is proceeded with in this matter, I shall hope and expect to see justice done by the Nation and the Ministers to Madame St. Laurent. She is of very good family and has never been an actress, and I am the first and only person who ever lived with her. Her disinterestedness, too, has been equal to her fidelity. When she first came to me it was upon £100 a year. That sum was afterwards raised to £400, and finally to £1000; but when my debts made it necessary for me to sacrifice a great part of my income, Madame St. Laurent insisted upon again returning to her income of £400 a year. If Mad. St. L. is to return to live amongst her friends, it must be in such a state of independence as to command their respect. I shall not require very much, but a certain number of servants and a carriage are essentials. Whatever the Ministers agree to give for such purposes must be put out of all doubt as to its continuance. I shall name Mr. Brougham, yourself and two other people on behalf of Madame St. Laurent for this object.

"'As to my own settlement, as I shall marry (if I marry at all) for the succession, I shall expect the Duke of York's marriage to be considered the precedent. That was a marriage for the succession, and £25,000 for income was settled, in addition to all his other income, purely on that account. I shall be contented with the same arrangement, without making any demands grounded upon the difference of the value of money in 1792 and at present. As for the payment of my debts, I don't call them great. The nation, on the contrary, is greatly my debtor.'

"Here a clock striking in the room where we were seemed to remind the Duke he was exceeding his time, and he came to a conclusion almost instantly, and I retired."

Lord Folkestone, M.P., to T. Creevey [in Brussels].

" Lower Grosvenor St., Feb. 23 [1818].

". . . We go on in the House in a very languishing way: very little attendance, and still less attention. The House is regularly empty till 9 or 10 o'clock on the most interesting questions; and then the new comers are all clamorous for a division to get away again. We all like our new Speaker * most extremely: he is gentlemanlike and obliging. The would-be Speaker (*alias* Squeaker) † has, as I suppose you have heard, moved down to my old anti-Peace-of-Amiens bench. There are Wynn, Fremantle, Phillimore ‡ enlisted under Bankes. I rejoice sincerely I did not vote for said Squeaker; but some of those who did are, I hear, very much ashamed of themselves for it. Romilly is in high force this year: Brougham, I know not why, has been quite silent. . . . Prinny has let loose his belly, which now reaches his knees: otherwise he is said to be well. Clarence has been near dying: has been refused by the Princess of Denmark, and is going, it is thought, to marry Miss Wykeham. But his malady is of that nature that they say matrimony is likely to destroy him, so that your friend the Duke of Kent will be King at last. I hope you have noted that the Issues of the Bank have again increased, and that the price of gold and other articles is rising, and the Bank restriction to continue. The old career, it seems, is to be run over again, and the few Landed Proprietors who have come unhurt out of the first business will be swallowed up in the second. A pretty prospect this for a Lord like me with a young and increasing family. I should like much to introduce to you my son, who is a very jolly fellow. Lady F. tells me that she is known to you, though not in the character of my wife."

* Charles Manners Sutton [1780–1845], Speaker of the House of Commons from 1817 to 1835, when he was created Viscount Canterbury.

† C. W. W. Wynn.

‡ Joseph Phillimore [1775–1855], M.P. for St. Mawes 1817–26.

Mr. Creevey was a warm and intimate friend of Lord Kinnaird, who, like himself, had been a vehement opponent of the war with France. Lord Kinnaird was so indiscreet as to persist openly in his anti-national demonstrations long after the war was over. Being in Brussels in 1818, a certain French refugee named Marinet, then under sentence of death, offered to reveal to Kinnaird a plot for the assassination of the Duke of Wellington in Paris, on condition that Kinnaird would intercede for him with M. de Cazes. Kinnaird informed Sir George Murray, the Duke's Adjutant-General, by letter, who naturally asked the name of the informer. This Kinnaird refused to give, having passed his word that he should not do so; neither could he be induced to reveal it after the attempt upon the Duke's life had been made by Cantillon on 10th February. Upon this the Belgian Government ordered his arrest. Kinnaird left Brussels secretly, taking Marinet with him. Both were arrested on arriving in Paris, but Kinnaird was released at the request of the Duke, who took him into his own house, to prevent him being "lodged in the Conciergerie," as the Duke explained to Lord Bathurst, "which I certainly should not have liked."* On 15th April, Kinnaird left Paris, for Brussels, as he informed the Duke, but really on his way to England, leaving behind him a letter addressed to the French *Chambre des Pairs*, accusing the Government, and, by implication, the Duke of Wellington, of breach of faith in the arrest of Marinet. Kinnaird's indiscretion brought him into very unfavourable notice at the time; he was even suspected of some degree of complicity in the crime, whereof the Duke

* Wellington's *Supplementary Despatches*, xii. 382.

freely acquitted him, though Lady Holland always afterwards spoke of him as "Oliver" Kinnaird. There is nothing of interest in Kinnaird's letters at the time to Creevey, but one to his wife may serve to show him in the light of a wrong-headed busybody, without any useful field for his activity.

Lord Kinnaird to Lady Kinnaird.

"Paris, April, 1818.

"What shall I tell you of the proceedings here? My patience is exhausted. I have in vain claimed the interference of the Duke [of Wellington] and the justice of the Govt. in favor of a man unjustly imprisoned. I have suffered all sorts of calumnies to be spread agt. me for a long time. I will no longer submit to it, and have now given definite notice that I will leave Paris this week. . . . I would not trust our own courier, or Dukes, or Ambassadors. You have no notion of the mischievous attacks some ministerial papers have been making on me. You may believe I despise them, but I think I must say something in reply. . . ."

In the summer of 1818 took place a general election, and Creevey received notice to quit Thetford, which he had represented since 1802. The reason for the new Duke of Norfolk making this change is not apparent; possibly he was dissatisfied with Creevey's absence from Parliament for more than three years; possibly, as Brougham had anticipated, the Duke's mother-in-law, Lady Stafford, may have induced him to choose one of her own friends. Anyhow, Creevey bitterly resented this treatment at the hands of his old friend Bernard Howard, and wrote him a very long letter of remonstrance. The correspondence is only worth referring to as illustrating a condition of affairs which ceased to exist in this country with the passing

of the Reform Act of 1832. Creevey reminds the Duke that they have been acquainted for sixteen years.

"The question I put to you, Duke, is this—Why have you not noticed me in your arrangements for the new Parliament, or why have you not given me your reasons for not doing so? Shall I begin with my claims upon you on publick grounds? I can only do this by comparing myself with the persons returned by you. I will take, for instance, the returns of Mr. Phillips and his son. . . . I have learnt, and am taught to believe, that Mr. Phillips's claims upon you are founded upon a large loan of money that he advanced to you two or three years ago. . . . I am certain that mature reflection will show you the fatal effects that such a precedent, if generally followed, would produce, as well upon your own body—the Aristocracy—as upon the Constitution itself of your country. . . . Need I point out to you, Duke, the certain and speedy result of such operations on the part of the Aristocracy? Would they not *then*, at least, be subject to the reproach, hitherto so unjustly and maliciously urged against them, of trafficking in seats in Parliament? . . . How long do you think the Constitution and liberties of the country would survive the loss of publick character in the Aristocracy?"

To all this, and a great deal more, the Duke replied very briefly, expressing regret that "dear Creevey" was not "in any situation that he desired, and in which the exertion of his talents might be useful to the country," but refusing to acknowledge "the right he had thought proper to exercise of reproaching him (the Duke) with imaginary injustice." He is willing to attribute Mr. Creevey's "extraordinary and unmerited asperity to some temporary irritation proceeding from misconceptions."

Having, then, lost the seat which he had held for

sixteen years, during four Parliaments; having, also, lost his excellent wife, and, with her, the greater part of his income, he moved with his step-daughters, the Miss Ords, from Brussels to Cambray, where the Duke of Wellington had the headquarters of the army of occupation. While there he kept, or attempted to keep, a journal, which is not without some passages of interest.

Extracts from Mr. Creevey's Journal.

"*Cambray, 16th July*, 1818.—I came from Brussells to Cambray with the Miss Ords on 14th July, and got there the 15th. To-day I rode to see a cricket match between the officers near the town, and presently the Duke of Wellington rode there likewise, accompanied by Mrs. Harvey and Miss Cator. As soon as he saw me, he rode up and shook hands with me, and asked me if I was returned in the new Parliament, to which I answered that the weather was too hot to be in Parliament, and that I should wait till it was cooler. He asked me to dine with him that day, but I was engaged to the officers who were playing the match, and he then asked me for the next day.

"*17th.*—I dined with the Duke. . . . Mrs. Harvey and Miss Cator were the only ladies. We were about sixteen or eighteen, I suppose; no strangers but myself. One of the first things said at dinner by the Duke was:—'Did you see Kinnaird at Brussells, Creevey?' to which I said:—'Yes, I saw him on Monday, just on the point of starting for Milan, where he means to spend the next winter.' Upon which the Duke said:—'By God! the Austrian Government won't let him stay there.'—'Oh impossible,' I said, 'upon what pretence can they disturb him?'—and then he paused, and afterwards added:—'Kinnaird is not at all busy wherever he goes:' to which I made no answer. This was the year in which Lord Kinnaird took up Marinet from Brussells to Paris, to give evidence about the person who had fired at the Duke in Paris—an affair in which Kinnaird, to my mind,

acted quite right, and Wellington abominably to him in return. . . . In the evening I had a long walk and talk with the Duke in the garden, and he was very agreeable. . . . We talked over English politics, and upon my saying that never Government cut so contemptible a figure as ours did the last session—particularly in the repeated defeats they sustained on the proposals to augment the establishments of the Dukes of Clarence, Kent and Cumberland upon their marriages, he said:—'By God! there is a great deal to be said about that. They (the Princes) are the damnedest millstone about the necks of any Government that can be imagined. They have insulted—*personally* insulted—two thirds of the gentlemen of England, and how can it be wondered at that they take their revenge upon them when they get them in the House of Commons? It is their only opportunity, and I think, by God! they are quite right to use it.'

"18*th.*—Invited to dine at Lord Hill's, where the Duke and a great party were to be; but I would not go, because I found [General] Barnes had written to Lord Hill desiring him to ask me.

"*23rd.*—Dined at Sir Andrew Hamond's, with Alava,* Hervey, Lord Wm. Russell and the Lord knows who besides. Young Lord William was very good about politics, and civil enough to say he was sorry I was out of Parliament.

No date.—"Dined at Sir Lowry Cole's† and liked Lady Frances very much—very good-looking, excellent manner and agreeable. That cursed fellow Colonel Stanhope‡ was there amongst others, who I remember was an Opposition man 3 years ago, but who now is in Parliament and a Government lick-spittle. He

* *Note by Mr. Creevey.*—"The Representative of Spain at the Court of the Bourbons, and at Wellington's headquarters also—a most upright and incomparable man."

† Second son of the 1st Earl of Enniskillen: commanded the 4th Division in the Peninsular War, and married a daughter of the 1st Earl of Malmesbury.

‡ Probably the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, son of the 3rd Earl Stanhope, and father of the present Mr. Banks Stanhope of Revesby Abbey. Creevey's uncomplimentary reference is to nothing worse than Stanhope's change of politics.

made up to me cursedly, but I would not touch him.

No date.—"Dined at Lord Hill's with my young ladies and Hamilton and a monstrous party, all in a tent at his house four miles from Cambray. I should just as soon have supposed Miss Hill—Lord Hill's sister—who was there, to have been second-in-command of our army, as Lord Hill, his appearance is so unmilitary.* He and his sister seem excellent people, and Barnes tells me that there cannot be a better second-in-command of an army than Lord Hill. I found Master Stanhope there again, and he wanted me to dine with him, but I would do no such thing. He has no talents: he is all pretension and impudence. Col. Percy † is by far the best hand at conversation of the Duke's young men.

No date.—"Dined at the Duke of Wellington's. The ladies were Lady Charlotte Greville and Lady Frances Cole. The Duke began by asking:—'Well, Creevey, how many votes have the Opposition gained this election? Who is Wilson that is come in for the City, and what side is he of?' I thought Lady Frances looked rather astounded at such familiarity, and upon such a subject. At dinner he began again:—'Who is to be your leader in the House of Commons?' I said they talked of Tierney, but I was quite sure Romilly ought to be the man.—'Ah,' he said, 'Tierney is a sharp fellow, and I am sure will give the Government a good deal of trouble. As for Romilly, I know little of him, but the House of Commons never likes lawyers.' So I said that was true generally, and justly so, but that poor Horner ‡ had been an exception, and so was Romilly: that they were no ordinary, artificial skirmishing lawyers, speaking from briefs, but that they conveyed to the House, in addition to their talents, the

* Sir Rowland Hill, created Viscount Hill in 1814 for his splendid services in the Peninsular War, was a great favourite with his soldiers, among whom he was known as "Daddy Hill."

† Fifth son of the 5th Duke of Northumberland; aide-de-camp, first to Sir John Moore, and then to the Duke of Wellington. Carried the Duke's despatches to London after Waterloo.

‡ Horner died in 1817.

impression of their being really sincere, honest men. I availed myself of this occasion to turn to my next neighbour Lord W. Russell, and to give him a good lecture upon the great merits of Romilly and the great folly of our party in making Tierney leader, whose life had been in such direct opposition to all Whig principles. I found the young lord quite what a Russell ought to be.

"In the evening I had a walk with the Duke again in the garden, and upon my asking some question about the Regent, as the Duke had just come from England, he said:—'By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is. Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him.'

"Our conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Harvey and Miss Cator coming up to the Duke with a Yankee general in their hands—a relation of theirs, just arrived from America—General Harper, whom they presented to the Duke. It is not amiss to see these sisters, Mrs. Harvey and Miss Cator, not content with passing themselves off for tip-top Yankees, but playing much greater people than Lady C. Greville and Lady F. Cole — to *me* too, who remember their grandfather, old Cator, a captain of an Indiaman in Liverpool; their father an adventurer to America, and know their two aunts now at Liverpool —Mrs. Woodville and another, who move in about the *third-rate* society of that town.

No date.—"Dined at Sir George Murray's* with Alava, General Harper and a very large party. I sat next to Harper, who quite came up to my notion of a regular Yankee. I touched him upon the late seizure of the Floridas by the United States, but he was as plausible, cunning and jesuitical as the very devil. He was singularly smug and spruce in his attire, and looked just as old Cator would have looked the first Sunday after a Guinea voyage—in new cloaths from top to bottom. From the Floridas he went to fashionable life, and asked me if he could not live *very genteelly* in London for £6000 per annum.

* Wellington's trusted and excellent Quartermaster-General during the Peninsular War.

"Sir George was all politeness and good manners, but he is *feeble*, tho' they say excellent in his department. He has not a particle of the talent of Barnes, nor do I see any one who has, except the Duke. He [Murray] and his staff — Sir Charles Brooke and Eckersley—are for all the world like three old maids.

"The young ladies and I were at a ball at the Duke's, and he was very civil to us all, as he always is, and called out to us in going to supper to sup at his table.

"*Monday* [*no other date*]. . . . Hope of the Staff Corps is to go on Thursday with dispatches to the Duke, and wishes me to go with him as he travels in a cabriolet, which I most cordially consent to do.

"*Thursday.*—Hope and I left Cambray about 5 in the evening — went thro' St. Quintin, La Fère, &c. I was much interested by Laon and its vicinity, as well on account of its singular position, as having been the theatre of so much fighting between Blucher and Buonaparte in 1814. The vineyards, likewise, on the right hand side of the road and on the slope of the hills before and after Sillery were very pretty. We got to Chalons between four and five, having travelled all night of course, and before the Duke; so we got the postmaster to let us shave and clean ourselves in his house, and that being done, we sallied forth to a restaurateur to dine, leaving a special messenger on the spot to summon Hope the moment the Duke's courier arrived. Hope was sent for before we had finished, and was at the post house with his dispatches just as the Duke drove up. I followed in a few minutes. Hope had told him I was with him, and when I came he shook hands out of the window. On his expressing some surprise at seeing me there, I told him I was trying how I liked travelling at the expense of Government. The Duke then said:—'Come on and dine with me at Vitry, Creevey,' and off he drove.

"We got to Vitry about ten. The Duke had driven much faster than us, so as to have time to answer his letters, and to have the return dispatches ready for Hope. The inn we found him in was the most miserable concern I have ever beheld—so small

and so wretched that after we had entered the gate I could not believe that we were right, till the Duke, who had heard the carriage enter, came out of a little wretched parlour in the gateway, without his hat, and on seeing me said :—'Come in here, Creevey: dinner is quite ready.' Dinner accordingly was brought in by a couple of dirty maids, and it consisted of four dishes—2 partridges at the top, a fowl at the bottom, fricassee of chicken on one side and something equally substantial on the other. The company was the Duke, Count Brozam [?], aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, Hervey, Sir Ulysses de Burgh, Hope and myself. Cathcart and Cradock were not come up, but were expected every moment.

"The Duke had left Paris at 5 in the morning, and had come 130 miles, and a cold fowl was all that had been eaten by his party in the coach during the day. Altho' the fare was so scanty, the champagne the commonest of stuff, and the house so bad, it seemed to make no impression on the Duke. He seemed quite as pleased and as well satisfied as if he had been in a palace. He and I had a very agreeable conversation for an hour or an hour and a half, principally about improvements going on in France, which had been begun by Buonaparte—land, &c., &c.—and then we all went to bed.

"In the morning we all breakfasted together at five o'clock punctually. Our fare was tea in a great coffee-pot about two feet high. We had cups to drink out of, it is true; but no saucers. The Duke, however, seemed quite as satisfied with everything as the night before; and when I observed, by way of a joke, that I thought the tea not so very bad, considering it was made, I supposed, at Vitry!:—'No,' said he, with that curious simplicity of his, 'it is not: I brought it with me from Paris.'

"He gave Cathcart and Cradock a rub for not being up the night before, and then we all got into our carriages—the Duke and suite for Colmar, and Hope and I for Cambray. . . .

"*Sunday.*—Hope and I got back to Cambray at about two o'clock in the afternoon. . . . Lady Aldborough came to Cambray. . . . I am as much convinced as ever that she is the readiest, quickest

person in conversation I have ever seen, but she is a little too much upon the full stretch. Was she quieter, she would be more agreeable. The truth is, however, she knows too well the imprudences of her past life, and she is fighting for her place in society by the perpetual exercise of her talents.

"*Septr.* 8.—On the evening of this day between 5 and 6 I saw the Duke's coach and six going full speed on the Valenciennes road, and I found after he was running away from the Duke of Kent, who had sent to say he was coming; so the D. of W. dispatched Cathcart to stop him, and went off himself. . . .

"*Wednesday, 9th.* — Barnes and I came over to Valenciennes in his chaise, and got there about half an hour before dinner. I met the Duke in the street, and he asked me laughingly if I had been to call on my friend the Duke of Kent, and said I should meet him at dinner. I thought from this I ought to call, so Barnes, Sir W. W. Wynn (whom I had picked up in the street) and myself went and wrote our names at the Duke of Kent's. This made us latish for dinner, and when we got there everybody almost was arrived — about sixty in number, I should say. As I was so late, I kept in the background, but the Duke of Kent saw me immediately, and forced his way to me. After shaking hands with me in the most cordial manner, and saying all kinds of civil and *apparently* most friendly things to me about my own situation (Mrs. Creevey being recently dead and myself being out of Parliament), and the regret of my friends in England at my absence, he began about himself.—'You may probably be surprised, Mr. Creevey, at seeing me here, considering the illness of my poor mother; but the Queen is a person of the greatest possible firmness of mind, and tho' she knows perfectly well that her situation is a hopeless one, she would not listen to any offers of mine to remain with her, and indeed nothing but her pressing me to come abroad could have made me do so.'

"The Dutchess of Kent had an old, ugly German female companion with her, and the Duke of Wellington was going about amongst his staff before dinner, saying—'Who the devil is to take out the maid of

honor?' and at last said—'Damme, Fremantle, find out the Mayor and let him do it.' So the Mayor of Valenciennes was brought up for the purpose, and a capital figure he was. We had an excellent dinner in a kind of occasional building, and as I got next Lord Arthur Hill * it was a very agreeable one. . . .

"*Thursday*, 10*th*.—Barnes took me out in his chaise about six or seven miles on the road towards Bouchain, where we found the troops on their ground, and then we got on horseback. The Saxon contingent I thought most beautiful, and the Danes I thought the dirtiest dogs I ever in my life beheld.

"The Duke of Kent's appearance was atrocious. He was dressed in the *jacket* and *cap* of his regiment (the Royals), and but for his blue ribbon and star, he might have passed for an orderly sergeant. The Duke of Wellington's appearance was, as it always is on such occasions, *quite perfect*. I have never seen any one to be compared to him. . . . After the review, we went back to Valenciennes, and dined again with the Duke of Wellington. . . . The party to-day was much less—about 40. Lord Darnley, I think, was the only additional stranger. Sir Lowry Cole handed out Mrs. Hamilton, Sir George Murray Miss Ord, and General Barnes Miss E. Ord,† and I got next to old Watkin, and talked over the Westminster election with him. In the evening the Duke gave a ball, which was as crowded as the very devil.

"*Friday*, 11.—This morning Barnes and I set off to see the Russian troops reviewed. . . . The Count Woronzow, Commander-in-chief of the Russians, had sent forty pair of horses with drivers, &c., &c., to bring over such English persons as were to be present. . . . A little short of Bovary we found a relay of 40 other pair of horses standing in the road, and these took us to the ground. . . . Here again Cossack saddle horses were provided by Count Woronzow for all the strangers. . . . We had been all invited beforehand to dine with Count Woronzow, and just as the review was finishing, he rode up to every English carriage to say he was to have a ball in the evening. . . . After

* Afterwards Lord Sandys.

† Creevey's step-daughter.

dinner, the ball opened, when my delight was to see the Mizurko danced by Madame Suwarrow and her brother the Prince Nariskin, Commander-in-chief of the Cossacks. The Dutchess of Kent waltzed a little, and the Duke of Kent put his hand upon her cheek to feel if she was not too hot. I believe it was this display of tenderness on his part that made the Duke of Wellington turn suddenly to me and say:—'Well, Creevey, what has passed between you and *the Corporal* since you have met this time?' So I told him of our conversation on the Wednesday at his dinner, not omitting, of course, the *pathetic* part about the Queen; upon which he laid hold of my button and said:—'God damme! d'ye know what his sisters call him? By God! they call him *Joseph* Surface!' and then sent out one of his hearty laughs, that made every one turn about to the right and left to see what was the matter. . . .

"The Duke of Wellington's constant joking with me about the Duke of Kent was owing to the curious conversation I had with the latter at Brussells in the autumn of 1817, the particulars of which had always amused the Duke of Wellington very much.* . . .

"*Saturday.*—We were all invited to breakfast at the Count's [Woronzow] this morning, but we were to go first at 9 o'clock to see the Count's school, which we did, and saw 400 or 500 private soldiers at their lessons—reading, writing and arithmetic, upon Lancaster's plan. Nothing could be nicer than the room, or more perfect than the establishment. This education takes eight months, and the whole army goes through it in turn. Besides this, there was another school where shoe-making, tayloring and other things are taught. As the Duke of Kent was to the last degree tiresome in examining all the details of this establishment, and asked questions without end, I expressed some impatience to get to my breakfast, upon which the Duke of Wellington, who heard me, was much amused, and said:—'I recommend you, whenever you start with any of the Royal family in a morning, and particularly with *the Corporal*, always to breakfast first.' I found he and his staff had all

* See vol. i. pp. 268–271.

done so, and his fun was to keep saying all the time we were kept there—'Voila le monsieur qui n'a pas dejeuné!' pointing to me.

"I got, however, to my breakfast at last, and found the Dutchess of Kent and other ladies there likewise. . . . I must say the Count Woronzow is one of the most captivating persons I have ever seen. He appears about 35 years of age: there is a polish and a simplicity at the same time in his manner that surpasses anything I have ever seen. He seems all work—all kindness—all good breeding—without a particle of pride, ostentation or affectation. I consider him as one of the greatest curiosities I have ever seen.

"*September* [*no date*].—I dined at the Duke of Wellington's, and was much pleased to find the Duc de Richelieu there, whom I had never seen before. He was just arrived, on his way to the Congress at Aix-la-chapelle. The Duke of W. introduced me to him, and I never saw a Frenchman I took such a fancy to before. His excellent manners, his simplicity and his appearance, are most striking and agreeable. We had a small party and no ladies. From Sir George Murray being between the Duc de Richelieu and myself at dinner, and my deaf ear towards him into the bargain, I lost much of his conversation. The Duke of Wellington, however, after Richelieu was gone, told me in conversation what had passed between them, which was not amiss. The D. of R. asked the D. of W. if he had heard what had passed at the Hague the other day at the christening of the Prince of Orange's second son, to which Wellington replied no. The D. of R. then told him that on that occasion, there being a dinner and *fête*, the Prince of Orange had made a flaming patriotic oration, in which he had expressed his devotion to his Belgic, as well as his Dutch, compatriots, and concluded by declaring he would sacrifice his life in repelling any power who dared to invade their country. Upon which the Duke of Wellington said to Richelieu:—'Who the devil does he mean? I suppose *you*—the French.'—'No,' answered Richelieu, 'it is said he meant you—the English.' There had been some talk of an army of observation being formed of our troops, to be kept in the Netherlands, so maybe it was an allusion to this.

"I said to the Duke what a pity it was that the Prince of Orange, after distinguishing himself as he had done at Waterloo, should make such a goose of himself: to which Wellington said with his comical simplicity:—'So it is, but I can't help it. I have done all I could for him.'

"Barnes has told me more than once during my stay at Cambray a fact about the Prince of Orange which, incredible as I at first thought it, must be true: viz.—that the Prince was mad enough to listen to some proposals made to him by certain French exiles as to making him think of France and dethroning old Louis Dix-huit. Kinnaird had often told me there was something of this kind going on, which I quite scouted; and then he told me afterwards, when he was interrogated by the police on the subject of Wellington's affair, that many questions were put to him on the subject of this plot in favor of the Prince of Orange, and as to what Kinnaird knew about it; but Barnes told me that Fagel, the Minister from the Pays Bas at Paris, told him (Barnes) that all this was perfectly true; and not only so, but that in consequence of it the Prince of Orange had been obliged to answer certain prepared interrogations which were put to him by the allied Sovereigns on this subject. So it must be true, and Wellington of course knew it to be so during this conversation with me.

"We had after this a very long conversation, and quite alone. I apologised for a question I was about to ask him, and begged him if I was doing wrong to tell me so immediately. I said Mrs. Hamilton expected to be confined in eight or ten weeks, and he would do me a signal favor if he would tell me if the army was *really* to leave France, as in that case she would never run the risque of being confined at Cambray, and left after the army was gone. He answered without the slightest hesitation:—'Oh, you must remove her certainly. I shall begin to move the army next month, and I hope by the 20th of November to have got everybody away.* I shall keep a single battalion for myself, and shall be the last to leave this place . . . so

* The Duke's farewell to the army of occupation was issued as *ordre-du-jour* on 30th October.

remove Mrs. Hamilton to Bruxelles or to Mons, but certainly out of France.'

"We then went to politics, and publick men and publick speaking. He said much in favor of Lord Grey's and Lord Lansdowne's speaking. Of the former he said that, as *leader* of the House of Commons he thought his manner and speaking *quite perfect;* and of Lord Lansdowne * he said that, had he remained in the House of Commons he *must* have been minister of the country long before this time. 'But,' said he, 'they are lost by being in the House of Lords. Nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords; the House of Commons is everything in England, and the House of Lords nothing.'

"I then favored him with my notions of some on the other side. I said there was no fact I was more convinced of than that Castlereagh would have expired politically in the year 1809—that all the world by common consent had had enough of him, and were tired out—had it not been for the piece of perfidy by Canning to him at that time, and that this, and this alone, had raised him from the dead, and given him his present great position. I then followed up Canning on the score of his infinite meanness in taking his Lisbon job and filling his present inferior situation under Castlereagh, whose present situation *he* (Canning) held in 1809, and then, forsooth! was too great a man to act with Castlereagh as his inferior.

"All this Wellington listened to, it is true; but he would not touch it,† except by saying he heard Canning and Whitbread have a sparring bout in the House of Commons, and he thought Whitbread had much the best of it. The conversation ended by further remarks about publick speaking.—'There's the Duc de Richelieu, for instance,' he said, 'altho' he speaks as Minister, and has everything prepared in writing, you never heard anything so bad in your life as his speaking.'

"It is a very curious thing to have seen so much

* Formerly Lord Henry Petty.

† The old soldier was far too wary to give himself away, knowing, as he must have done, from having heard all about the Duke of Kent's confession, how freely Creevey repeated confidential conversations.

of this said Duke as I have done at different times, considering the impostors that most men in power are—the insufferable pretensions one meets with in every Jack-in-office—the uniform frankness and simplicity of Wellington in all the conversations I have heard him engaged in, coupled with the unparalleled situation he holds in the world for an English subject, make him to me the most interesting object I have ever seen in my life."

The following memorandum, suggested by the publication in 1822 of O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*, refers to the autumn of 1818, immediately before the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation and the Duke of Wellington's return to England:—

Memorandum.

"Having met the Duke of Wellington accidentally in the Park at Brussels, and walked with him at his request to the French Minister's house, Monr. Mallet du Pan, and having talked a good deal about France now that the Allies had just evacuated it, I said:—

"'Well now, Duke, let me ask you, don't you think Lowe a very unnecessarily harsh gaoler of Buonaparte at St. Helena? It is surely very disreputable to us to put any restraint upon him not absolutely necessary for his detention.'*

"'By God!' he replied in his usual manner, 'I don't know. Buonaparte is so damned intractable a fellow there is no knowing how to deal with him. To be sure, as to the means employed to keep him there, never was anything so damned absurd. I know the island of St. Helena well. I looked at every part of it on my return from the East Indies'—and then he described three or four places as the only ones by which a prisoner could escape, and that they were

* "The irritation displayed by the captive of St. Helena in his bickerings with his gaoler affect most men more than the thought of the nameless thousands whom his insatiable egotism had hurried to the grave." [Lecky's *European Morals*, i. 139, ed. 1869.]

capable of being made quite inaccessible by a mere handful of men. I then said, from what I had seen of Lowe at Brussels in 1814 and 1815, he seemed to me the last man in the world for the general officer, from his fidgetty nature and disposition; upon which the Duke said:—

"'As for Lowe, he is a damned fool. When I came to Brussels from Vienna in 1815, I found him Quarter-Master-General of the army here, and I presently found the damned fellow would instruct me in the equipment of the army, always producing the Prussians to me as models; so I was obliged to tell him I had commanded a much larger army in the field than any Prussian general, and that I was not to learn from their service how to equip an army. I thought this would have stopped him, but shortly afterwards the damned fellow was at me again about the equipment, &c., of the Prussians; so I was obliged to write home and complain of him, and the Government were kind enough to take him away from me.'

"During the same autumn of 1818, being one night at Lady Charlotte Greville's, then living at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Duke of Wellington coming in asked me if I had any news from England, to which I replied 'none but newspaper news,' viz. that the Duke of Wellington was or was going to be Master of the Ordnance: to which he said 'Ho!' or 'Ha!' but quite gravely, and without any contradiction, so I was sure it was true. From that hour he was an altered man—quite *official* in everything he said, tho' still much more natural and accessible than any other official I ever saw, except Fox.

"A day or two after this conversation I met Alava, and, knowing his devotion to the Duke, I asked him what he thought of his new situation. He said he never was more sorry for any event in his life—that the Duke of Wellington ought never to have had anything to do with politicks—that he ought to have remained, not only as the soldier of England, but of Europe, to be ready to appear again at its command whenever his talents and services might be wanted. I have seen a good deal of Alava at different times, and a more upright human being, to all appearance, I never beheld."

The Opposition, which had lost one of its candidates for leadership in 1815, in the person of Samuel Whitbread, now lost another in Sir Samuel Romilly, and in the same dreadful manner—suicide. In replying to Mr. Bennet's letter announcing this event, Creevey took occasion to reply also to an earlier one, informing him of Tierney's election as Opposition leader in the House of Commons, which was little to Creevey's liking, for he and the rest of "the Mountain" had always derided "Old Mrs. Cole" as too timid for the part.

Mr. Creevey to Hon. H. G. Bennet, M.P.

"Brussels, Dec. 30th, 1818.

". . . I must advert to the great calamity we have all sustained in the death of poor Romilly. His loss is perfectly irreparable. By his courageous and consistent public conduct, united with his known private worth, he was rapidly acquiring an authority over men's minds that, had his life been spared a few years, would, I think, have equalled, if not surpassed, even that of Mr. Fox. He indeed was a *leader*, that all true Whigs would have been proud to follow, however his modesty might induce him to decline being called so.

"And now I am brought to the question you propose me—viz.: what I think of your having chosen Tierney for the leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons. In the first place, I think you deceive yourselves by supposing the leader of the Whigs of England to be an article that can be created by election, or merely by giving it that name. A man must make himself such leader by his talents, by his courage, and above all by the excellence and consistency of his publick principles. It was by such means that Fox was our leader without election and that Romilly was becoming so, and believe me, there is no other process by which a leader can be made.

"With respect to the object of your choice—as a piece of *humour* I consider it quite inimitable, and I

Sir Samuel Romilly.

am sure no one can laugh more heartily than Tierney himself in his sleeve as *Leader of the Whigs;* indeed his commentary upon the proceeding is very intelligibly, as well as funnily, displayed by his administering a kind of Luddite test to you, which having once signed, you are bound to your captain for better and for worse. . . ."

Follows a very long survey of Tierney's public career from 1793 onwards, and an expression of opinion that his opposition to Fox, his defence of the East India Company, &c., &c., had for ever disqualified him for the post to which he had been elected.

CHAPTER XIII.

1819–1820.

THERE is almost a blank in Mr. Creevey's correspondence during 1819, in which year he continued to live in Brussels. This is the more to be regretted because the fragments which remain are lively and full of gossip.

Lord Holland to Mr. Creevey.

"St. James Square, 19th Jan., 1819.

". . . I suspect that which you heard of the payment of cash at the bank will not be fulfilled this year, tho' an impression has been made on the country by the executions for forgery, and on the great body of retail traders by the forgeries themselves.* . . . Tierney moves on the subject on the 1st of next Feby., and so changed is the opinion on the subject since you were among us, that it is selected, and wisely selected, as the most popular question for Opposition to begin with. The Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage men are at a discount: Ministers worse than ever, and the Whigs, tho' better than I have remembered them for some years, far from being in a condition to lead with any degree of certainty publick

* Between the suspension of cash payments by the Bank in February, 1797, and February, 1818, three hundred and thirteen persons were sentenced to death for forgery; whereas during the fourteen years, 1783–96, preceding such suspension the convictions had only been three in number. During the six years, 1812–18, no less than 131,361 notes, varying in value from £1 to £20, were detected as forgeries on presentation for payment.

opinion and confidence, though I think they are, of the three parties, that to which the publick just now look most sanguinely for assistance in accomplishing their object. What these objects are, it is difficult to conjecture or define, and perhaps the very indistinctness of them will lead the publick to be disappointed with parties and men. But that there is great expectation that much can, ought and will be done in Parliament is clear beyond doubt, and moreover that expectation, if uncertain and even impracticable in its direction, is grounded on causes that lie too deep to be easily removed. . . . There is a wonderful change in the feelings, opinions, condition, property and relative state of the classes in society. The House of Commons hangs yet more loosely upon parties, and certainly on the Ministerial party, than the last; and the Ministers, exclusive of many grounds of dissension among themselves (which are suspected, but may not be true),* are evidently aware and afraid of the dispositions of the new Parliament. The Lords and Grooms of the Windsor establishment have received notice to quit, and no notice of pensions. Some say that they will muster an opposition to retrenchment in the Lords, which may lead to a dispute between the two Houses. Had they any spirit or talent as well as ill-humour, our Ultra's might worry the Ministers on this subject not a little; for what is more profligate than to resist all retrenchment at Windsor *during the Queen's life*, and on her death to abandon the establishment—so necessary, as they contended, to his [the King's] happiness? . . . Brougham is very accommodating, but not in such spirits as he was. He feels (indeed who does not?) the loss of Romilly doubly as the session approaches. . . . That mad fellow Verbyst promised to send over the Bipontine edition of Plato and L'Enfant's Council of Pisa. He received 144 franks for the first—so for the last. He wrote to say that if he could not get the books, he would

* Here speaks the old politician, wary from experience. When was there ever a Ministry about which rumours of internal dissension were not circulated and eagerly believed? In Lord Liverpool's Cabinet the great question of Roman Catholic Emancipation continued to be treated as an open one, and Ministers voted as they pleased.

return the money: he has done neither. I should prefer the books. Pray see him and make him do one or other. . . ."

Lord Kinnaird [?] *to Mr. Creevey.*

"London, no date [1819].

". . . Lord Lascelles' son has married Harriet Wilson's sister: Lord Langford's—an old wretch of the name of Aylmer, and there are some people who express a dread that young Whitbread will marry a woman who lives with him. Lord Byron's poem,* which I brought to England, is returned to Venice. Murray the Bookseller is afraid of printing it. Rogers's Poem, entitled 'Human Life,' is favorably talked of. Poor man, he treats himself upon these occasions as a woman does: he has shut himself up, and seems to think it necessary not to go out till his month is up."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"5, Hill St., no date [1819].

"MY DEAR C.,

"You talk like an idiot—a Liverpolian—a concentric—a PAUTRIOT (*quid plura ?*) in all you say about the Jerseys. I appeal to Bennet who was present when Lady Jersey said how delighted she would be to see you at Middleton. But suppose I had said you would go with me, and had written to her the day before—*that* would have been quite sufficient. Rely upon me—I am the last and shyest man in the world to do these things at such places as Holland House, Chatsworth, Croxteth, &c., but I am on a footing of friendship with the Jerseys as intimate as if I were a brother, and I know them thoroughly, and you may trust me. But a cross accident has for the present delayed it all. The D. of York goes there the 16th, instead of the 6th (as he had said), so *our* party (Sefton,

* *Don Juan.*

Thanet, Ossy,* &c.) is put off. Then Sefton is engaged to [*illegible*] on the 20th, and to Sir H. Featherstone 25th (pray mention this visit to him when you write); therefore we talk of Middleton the end of Jany. or beginning of Feby."

HAMPSTEAD PUBLIC LIBRARIES

At the end of 1819 or beginning of 1820 Mr. Creevey returned to England, after an absence, apparently continuous, of six years. In the interval he had lost his seat for Thetford, and, by the death of his wife, his income had fallen from a very comfortable figure to extremely narrow dimensions. On 29th January the long reign of George III. came to a close. The reign, indeed, had ended ten years before, when the Regency was proclaimed, and the old king had passed the rest of his days in hopeless, but harmless, insanity, and bereft of sight. When it became apparent that his end was at hand, the party of the Princess of Wales perceived necessity for her immediate return to England, inasmuch as the life of the Regent seemed not much better than that of his father. The Princess had been wandering over Europe and the East, giving rise to flagrant scandal by her irregular mode of life. When her husband became King, his Government offered her £50,000 a year to renounce her title of Queen and live abroad; but, acting under the advice of Brougham, she declined this, returned to London, and the consequence was the trial for divorce which occupied so much of Creevey's time and correspondence during the year. Meanwhile he paid a visit under Brougham's auspices to Lady Jersey at Middleton. From this time forward, his second step-daughter, Miss Elizabeth Ord — "Bessy" and "Barry" of a thousand letters—became his constant correspondent.

* Lord Ossulston.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Middleton [Lord Jersey's], Jan. 21, 1820.

". . . We got to Cashiobury [Lord Essex's] at ½ past five on Wednesday, too late to see the outside of the house, and were shown into a most comfortable library—a beautiful room 50 feet in length, full of books and every comfort. . . . We passed a most agreeable evening. I did not see the flower garden, which is the great lion of the place. Brougham and I had a most agreeable drive here, not the less so to me from the extraordinary friendliness of him. . . . We arrived here yesterday at five. We found only Lord Foley and Berkeley Craven, and they are gone this morning, so we compose only a quartette. The house is immensely large, apparently, for I have not seen it all, and cannot get out for the immense fall of snow during the night. . . ."

"23rd January.

". . . Shall I tell you what Lady Jersey is like? She is like one of her numerous gold and silver musical dickey birds, that are in all the shew rooms of this house. She begins to sing at eleven o'clock, and, with the interval of the hour she retires to her cage to rest, she sings till 12 at night without a moment's interruption. She changes her feathers for dinner, and her plumage both morng. and eveng. is the happiest and most beautiful I ever saw. Of the *merits* of her songs I say nothing till we meet. In the meantime I will say that I presume we are getting on, for this morning her ladyship condescended to give me two fingers to shake, and last night asked me twice to give her my verses on the Duke of Northumberland, as she had mislaid and could not find the copy Gertrude Bennet had given her. . . ."

"Liverpool, Jan. 30.

". . . What think you of the accounts of the King? He is, I apprehend, rapidly approaching to his death—and then for the Queen and Bruffam! I did not tell you the other day, he has now in his possession the proper instrument signed by herself, appointing him

her Attorney-General. The moment she is Queen—that is, the moment the breath is out of the King's body—this gives Bruffam instant rank in his profession, such as silk gown, precedence, &c., &c., in defiance of King, Chancellor and all the world, besides its importance in the public eye."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Hill St., 5th Feb.

"Dear C.,

"Your advice has been followed by anticipation (to speak Irish); at this moment my courier is within a couple of days' journey of the Queen. He was despatched on Sunday, for I had early notice from the D. of Sussex * coming to my bedside at 2 in the morning. The courier (Sicard) was with me by 7, and after some delay for a passport from the P. Minister, he was off. He took my appointment and Denman's as Atty. and Solr. General, as I did not like to use the blank one I have with me. He also took a letter from me, giving her no choice, but *commanding* her instantly to set out *by land*, and be at Brussells or Paris or Calais immediately. Then she will demand a yatch.

"Now—the young King † has been as near death as any man but poor Kent ever was before—150 oz. of blood let have saved his *precious* life. I never prayed so heartily for a Prince before. If he had gone, all the troubles of these villains ‡ went with him, and they had Fred. I. § their own man for his life—*i.e.* a shady Tory-professional King, who would have done a job or two for Lauderdale, smiled on Lady J[ersey], been civil at Holland House, and shot Tom Coke's ‖ legs and birds, without ever deviating right hand or left, or giving them,¶ politically, the least

* About the King's danger.

† Young, not in years, but in reign. It was just a week since the accession.

‡ Ministers.

§ The Duke of York.

‖ Of Holkham, created Earl of Leicester in 1837.

¶ Ministers.

annoyance. This King they will have too, for the present man can't long survive. He (Fred. I.) won't live long either ;* that Prince of Blackguards 'Brother William' is as bad a life,† so we come in the course of nature to be *assassinated* by King Ernest I. or Regent Ernest.‡

"Meanwhile, the change of name which Mrs. P.§ has undergone has had a wondrous effect on publick feeling. She is extremely popular. . . . The cry at the Proclamation was God save the Queen! but Perry durst not put it in his paper, tho' with the respectability which belongs to Mackintosh's gent of the Daily Press. He told me all this in private.

"The rage of the new monarch against Leach and Eldon and Co. exceeds all bounds. He finds he has now a Queen in possession to [*illegible*], she having 70 places (some of them very fat ones) to give away. I think of making her replace or offer to replace all the old Queen's pensioned household, to save salaries, and stop the mouths of a few courtiers, who will soon find out that she has every virtue.

"Yours,
"H. B."

The demise of the Monarch rendered necessary, according to the constitutional law of those days, a dissolution of Parliament, and this was accordingly effected by Royal Proclamation on 29th February. Mr. Creevey was returned for the borough of Appleby, by favour of his friend the Earl of Thanet. Mr. Wilbraham, writing to Lord Colchester, the former Speaker, observed: "I see no material change in your old dominions, the House of Commons, which is constituted of much the same materials as the last, with the addition of Creevey, who has become a great orator in his old age."

* He died in 1827.
† The Duke of Clarence [William IV.].
‡ The Duke of Cumberland.
§ The Princess of Wales, who had become Queen Caroline.

The profit which "the Mountain" had been waiting so long and impatiently to derive from the return of Queen Caroline turned to ashes in their hands. Popular sympathy, indeed, was vehemently—dangerously—in her favour, and the name of George IV. had only to be mentioned to create a hostile manifestation. So far so good, from the Mountain's point of view; but, on the other hand, the question thus revived only made more manifest the schism in the Opposition. Lord Grey and the Old Whigs shrank from espousing the cause of the Queen, which, however just it might be, was in truth exceedingly humiliating and even unsavoury. Holland House held aloof from the movement, and there appears in consequence a marked change in the references by Creevey and his friends to that great Whig rendezvous and its inmates.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Liverpool, 24th July.

". . . As for the wretched dirt and meanness of Holland House, it makes me perfectly sick. I have had the same story from Brougham some months back, who was then himself a competitor with Mackintosh for an epitaph upon poor Fox's tombstone. He repeated to me the thing got up by Mackintosh, which was fifty thousand times inferior to the lowest ballad in favor of the Queen. But Holland House has quite made up its mind that the two great and brilliant features of Fox's publick life (his resistance to the war upon America and the glorious fight which he made single-handed against helping the Bourbons to trample on the French nation) shall never have the sanction of either my lady or Mackintosh to appear in his history, and all this, least it might interfere with any *arrangement.* This is the true history of this despicable twaddling. . . ."

The Earl of Sefton to Mr. Creevey.

". . . Have you heard of the competition about the inscription for Fox's monument? Nothing can be more ridiculous than the intrigues about it at Holland House. Mackintosh's was preferred there to Grey's, tho' by all accounts it was great trash and Grey's very good. Lady H. found fault with the latter, and it was agreed that Mrs. Fox's opinion should be asked. She answered in Ly. H.'s words, and showed plainly she had been prepared with a reply. The end is, the monument is to be without any inscription but C. J. Fox. Can you conceive, in times like these, such stuff being made of importance?"

In regard to the proceedings of and against Queen Caroline, which formed the chief topic of public interest and gossip after the elections were decided, there is a vast amount of correspondence among Mr. Creevey's papers. He seems to have mistrusted Brougham throughout, who, of course, can be easily perceived, at this distance of time, to have behaved with the utmost cynicism, and to have treated the Queen and her cause as so much capital, to be turned to profit for his party, and, above all, for himself. Creevey seems to have been swayed alternately by indignation at Brougham's insincerity and admiration for his sagacity and rhetoric.

The facts of the case are matters of well-known history. It is only expedient to recapitulate the chief stages in the melancholy story, and to extract from Creevey's daily letters during the trial those passages which bring the tragic scene most vividly before the reader.

The reports of the Princess of Wales's proceedings

in the south of Europe, notably of the familiar terms to which she habitually admitted a male servant named Bergami, had become so persistent and specific that they could no longer be disregarded. So, at least, thought the Prince Regent and his Ministers. Accordingly in 1818 a commission was appointed and sent into Germany and Italy to collect such evidence as might afford ground for a divorce. The matter was of the greater gravity inasmuch as infidelity on the part of the Queen Consort or wife of the Heir Apparent constituted high treason and was punishable by death.

In June, 1819, Brougham made a proposal to Lord Liverpool on behalf, but without the knowledge, of the Princess of Wales, binding her to reside permanently abroad and never to assume the rank and title of Queen of England, on condition that her allowance of £35,000 a year should be secured to her for life, instead of terminating with the demise of the Crown. Lord Liverpool replied that there would be no unwillingness to treat on these terms, if her Royal Highness gave her approval to them. Needless to say that such a proposal, coming from the Princess's principal legal adviser at such a time, or, indeed, at any time, was considered tantamount to an acknowledgment of her guilt, or, at least, want of confidence in her defence.

In September of that year Brougham desired the Princess to meet him at Lyons, but although she went there and waited for him several weeks, he never took the trouble to keep the appointment, and no consultation took place between them upon the negotiation with Lord Liverpool.

On the accession of George IV. Caroline became

de facto Queen of England. The King pressed vehemently that she should be brought to trial; his Ministers shrank from the obloquy which would fall upon the Crown whatever might be the result of such a trial. The King exercised his prerogative in forbidding the Queen's name to be printed in the Liturgy, and that she should be named in the public prayers of the Established Churches.

On 15th April Lord Liverpool communicated to Brougham an offer identical with Brougham's of the previous year, except that the allowance to be paid was increased from £35,000 to £50,000 a year. One of the least defensible points in Brougham's conduct in regard to this case was that he neither communicated this proposal to Queen Caroline, nor, on the other hand, informed the Cabinet that it had not been made known to her Majesty.

In March Queen Caroline published a manifesto in the newspapers, setting forth some of her grievances; in May she began to travel north, and invited Brougham to meet her, which he did, accompanied by Lord Hutchinson, at Saint Omer, on 3rd June. Brougham made known to the Queen that Hutchinson was charged with certain proposals on her behalf from the Government, namely, the terms which Brougham ought to have made known to her long before. These terms having been submitted to her Majesty, she emphatically refused them, acting under Brougham's advice.

Leaving Brougham at Saint Omer, the Queen, accompanied by Alderman Wood and his son, Lady Anne Hamilton, and a person named Austin, sailed from Calais, and landed at Dover on 6th June. She was received by a royal salute from the garrison, and

travelled to London in a kind of triumphal procession, arriving there the following day. The mob were vehemently in her favour; all houses were illuminated —some from sympathy, many out of fear that the windows would be smashed in, and the most crying scandal of the nineteenth century was well under way. Lord Liverpool brought a message to the House of Lords from the King, announcing that his Majesty "thinks it necessary, in consequence of the arrival of the Queen, to communicate to the House of Lords certain papers respecting the conduct of her Majesty since her departure from this Kingdom, which he recommends to the immediate and serious attention of the House." A similar message was communicated to the House of Commons by Lord Castlereagh. Negotiations with the Queen were opened in order to induce her to leave the country quietly, Lords Fitzwilliam and Sefton being appointed to act for her Majesty, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh for the King's Government. This stamped the proceedings emphatically as a party contest, and this character was further emphasised later by the substitution of Messrs. Brougham and Denman, Attorney-General and Solicitor-General to the Queen, for the two Whig Lords.

After five days' conference, the negotiations broke down upon the question of restoring to the Liturgy the name of "our most gracious Queen Caroline." Upon that point King George was inflexible. When Brougham insisted upon it, "You might as easily move Carlton House," said Castlereagh. The ferment out-of-doors was mounting and spreading. Meetings were got up all over the country to protest against the persecution of the Queen. There was no

regular police force in London at this time;* the Guards were relied upon for maintaining public order, but the Guards had shown strong partiality for the Queen against the Government, and one battalion was in actual mutiny. On 19th June a debate arose in the House of Commons upon the King's refusal to restore his Consort's name to the Liturgy, in the course of which Denman used words which found an echo in millions of hearts throughout the realm. It had been urged from the Treasury Bench that even though the Queen was not mentioned by name in the Liturgy, she might be held as included in the general prayer for the royal family. "If her Majesty," retorted Denman, "is included in any general prayer, it is in the prayer for all who are desolate and oppressed."

On 5th July Lord Liverpool introduced in the Lords a Bill "to deprive her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogative rights, privileges and exemptions of Queen Consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth."

The second reading was taken in the Lords on 17th August, and showed a singular combination of judicial and parliamentary procedure, evidence being taken for prosecution and defence, and the verdict given in the division on the second reading, which did not take place till November, when it was carried by 123 votes to 95.

In Mr. Creevey's daily letters to Miss Ord, from which a number of extracts follow, will be found some curious personal impressions of the painful scene.

* The origin of the present police force may be traced in a memorandum by the Duke of Wellington upon the situation at this time [*Civil Despatches*, i. 128].

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Knowsley, 7th August, 1820.

". . . I came here on Saturday. I like Lady Mary * better every time I see her. You know what a d——d ramshackle of a library they have here, so I was complaining at breakfast this morning that they had no State Trials in the house; upon which Lady Mary said she was sure she could find some, and accordingly flew from her breakfast and came back in triumph at having found them for me. Upon the subject of the Queen, my lord and my lady are both *substantially* right, *i.e.*, in thinking there is not a pin to chuse between them, and that the latter has been always ill-used, and that nobody but the King could get redress in such a case against his wife. Little Derby goes further than the Countess, when she is not by; but *she* thinks it proper to deprecate all violence, and says, tho' Bennet and I are excellent men, and she likes us both extremely, still, that we are like Dives, and that Lazarus ought to come occasionally and cool our tongues. Is not this the image of her?"

"Liverpool, 12th August.

"I left Knowsley yesterday. Lord Derby has received a letter from Lord Roslyn, telling him there had been a devil of a blow up between the King and Duke of York. The latter wanted to absent himself from the approaching trial of the Queen; I presume from feelings of delicacy in his situation as having lost his wife.† The King, however, was furious, and has *commanded* the Duke to be present on Thursday. . . . I cannot resist the curiosity of seeing a Queen tried. From the House of Lords or from Brooks's you shall have a daily account of what passes."

"London, 16th August.

". . . I am just come from Lord Sefton. I learn from him that Lord Spencer has had an interview with Lord Liverpool, the object of it being friendly

* Lady Mary Stanley, married the 2nd Earl of Wilton in 1821.

† The Duchess of York died on 6th August, 1820.

on the part of Lord Spencer, at the same time to implore Liverpool to pause, and to retract indeed, before this terrible work was entered upon. Liverpool was friendly in return, and quite unreserved. . . . Lord Spencer was decidedly of opinion that the very openness of the Queen's conduct carried with it her acquittal from the supposed crime. This is most curious from such a solemn chap as old Spencer. . . ."

"House of Lords, August 16th.

". . . This is very convenient. There is not only the usual admission for the House of Commons upon the [steps of] the Throne,* but pen, ink and paper for our accommodation in the long gallery. There is a fine chair for the Queen *within* the bar, to be near her counsel and the two galleries. This makes all the difference. Two hundred and fifty peers are to attend, 60 being excused from age, infirmities, being abroad or professing the Catholic faith.

"Wilberforce told Bennet that the act of his life which he most reproached himself with was not having moved to restore the Queen to the Liturgy, and he was sure this was the only course. Grey says the Queen ought to be sent to the Tower for her letter to the King.

"Here is Castlereagh, smiling as usual, though I think awkwardly. . . . Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt has just been here and tho' in his official dress as Black Rod, was most communicative. He says the Government is stark, staring mad; that they want to prevent his receiving the Queen to-morrow at the door as Queen, but that *he will*. . . ."

"17th August.

". . . Near the House of Lords there is a fence of railing put across the street from the Exchequer coffee-house to the enclosed garden ground joining to St. Margaret's churchyard, through which members of both Houses were alone permitted to pass. A minute after I passed, I heard an uproar, with hissing

* In the present House of Lords admission to the steps of the throne is restricted to Privy Councillors and sons of Peers; accommodation being provided elsewhere for the Commons.

and shouting. On turning round I saw it was Wellington on horseback. His horse made a little start, and he looked round with some surprise. He caught my eye as he passed, and nodded, but was evidently annoyed.

"I got easily into the Lords and to a place within two yards of the chair placed for the Queen, on the right hand of the throne, close to its steps. They proceeded to call over the House and to receive excuses from absent peers. As the operation was going on, people came in who said the Queen was on her way and as far as Charing Cross. Two minutes after, the shouts of the populace announced her near approach, and some minutes after, two folding doors within a few feet of me were suddenly thrown open, and in entered her Majesty. To describe to you her appearance and manner is far beyond my powers. I had been taught to believe she was as much improved in looks as in dignity of manners; it is therefore with much pain I am obliged to observe that the nearest resemblance I can recollect to this much-injured Princess is a toy which you used to call Fanny Royds.* There is another toy of a rabbit or a cat, whose tail you squeeze under its body, and then out it jumps in half a minute off the ground into the air. The first of these toys you must suppose to represent the person of the Queen; the latter the manner by which she popped all at once into the House, made a *duck* at the throne, another to the Peers, and a concluding jump into the chair which was placed for her. Her dress was black figured gauze, with a good deal of trimming, lace, &c.: her sleeves white, and perfectly episcopal; a handsome white veil, so thick as to make it very difficult to me, who was as near to her as any one, to see her face; such a back for variety and inequality of ground as you never beheld; with a few straggling ringlets on her neck, which I flatter myself from their appearance were not her Majesty's own property.

"She squatted into her chair with such a grace that the gown is at this moment hanging over every part

* A Dutch toy with a round bottom, weighted with lead, so that it always jumps erect in whatever position it is laid.

of it—both back and elbows. . . . When the Queen entered, the Lords (Bishops and all) rose, and then they fell to calling over the House again and receiving excuses. When the Duke of Sussex's name was called, the Chancellor read his letter, begging to be excused on the ground of consanguinity; upon which the Duke of York rose, and in a very marked and angry tone said:—'*I* have much stronger ground for asking leave of absence than the Duke of Sussex, and yet I should be ashamed not to be present to do my duty!' This indiscreet observation (to say no worse of it) was by no means well received or well thought of, and when the question was put 'that the Duke of Sussex be excused upon his letter,' the House granted it with scarce a dissentient voice. Pretty well, this, for the Duke of York's observation!

"Well—this finished, and the order read 'that the House do proceed with the Bill,' the Duke of Leinster rose and said in a purely Irish tone that, without making any elaborate speech, and for the purpose of bringing this business to a conclusion, he should move that this order be now rescinded. Without a word from any one on this subject the House divided, we members of the Commons House remaining. There were 41 for Leinster and 206 (including 17 Bishops) against him; but, what was more remarkable, there were 20 at least of our Peers who voted against the Duke of Leinster—as Grey, Lansdowne, Derby, Fitzwilliam, Spencer, Erskine, Grafton, de Clifford, Darlington, Yarborough, &c. Lord Kenyon and Lord Stanhope were the only persons who struck me in the Opposition as new. The Duke of Gloucester would not vote, notwithstanding cousin York's observations. Holland, the Duke of Bedford, old Fortescue, Thanet, &c., were of course in the minority. . . . This division being over, Carnarvon objected in a capital speech to any further proceeding, and was more cheered than is usual with the Lords; but no doubt it was from our 40 friends. Then came Grey and I think he made as weak a speech as ever I heard: so thought Brougham and Denman who were by me. He wanted the opinion of the Judges upon the statute of Edward III. as to a Queen's treason, and after speeches from Eldon, Liverpool and Lansdowne,

Grey's motion is acceded to, and the Judges are now out preparing their opinion, and all is at a stand.

"I forgot to say Lady Ann Hamilton * waits behind the Queen, and that, for effect and delicacy's sake, she leans on brother Archy's † arm, tho' she is full six feet high, and bears a striking resemblance to one of Lord Derby's great red deer. Keppel Craven and Sir William Gell likewise stand behind the Queen in full dress. . . . Lord John Russell ‡ is writing on my right hand, and Sir Hussey Vivian § on my left. I have just read over my account of the Queen to the latter, and he deposes to its perfect truth.

"I have just given this lad, Lord John, such a fire for his buttering of Wilberforce ‖ that he had more blood in his little white face than I ever saw before; but all the Russells are excellent, and in my opinion there is nothing in the aristocracy to be compared with this family."

"Four o'clock.

"Well, the Judges returned, as one knew they would, saying there was no statute-law or law of the land touching the Queen's case. Then counsel were called in; upon which the Duke of Hamilton, in a most excellent manner, ask'd Mr. Attorney General for whom he appeared, or by whose instructions. A more gravelling question could not well be put, as appeared by Mr. Attorney's manner. He shifted and shuffled about, and Liverpool helped, and Lord Belhaven ended the conversation by declaring his utter ignorance of the prosecution—whether it was by the Crown, the Ministers, or the House of Lords. . . . There are great crowds of people about the House, and all the way up Parliament Street. The Guards, both horse and foot, are there too in great numbers, but I saw nothing except good humour on all sides.

* Second daughter of the 9th Duke of Hamilton.

† Lord Archibald Hamilton, M.P., second son of the 9th Duke of Hamilton.

‡ Afterwards Prime Minister; created Earl Russell in 1861.

§ Commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade at Waterloo; created a baronet in 1828, and Lord Vivian in 1841.

‖ Lord John had written to Wilberforce upon the Queen's trial, complimenting him incidentally upon his talents.

The Civil Power has regained the Pass of Killiecranky * again, but it is fought for every time a carriage passes. . . ."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

"Brougham in his speech has fired a body blow into the Duke of York on Mrs. Clark's affair, which has given great offence."

"York St., 18th Aug.

". . . Brougham's speech (the last hour of which I did not hear) is allowed on all hands to have been excellent. We had a full Brooks's last night, and much jaw; Grey affable, *quite sure* the bill will be knocked up sooner or later, and offering to take [? lay] ten to one it will disappear, even in the Lords, before Saturday fortnight. He knows the cursed folly he committed yesterday in forsaking the Duke of Leinster. . . . Western is first rate in his decision that it *won't do*, and that Grey never can shew his face as a public man again. . . ."

"House of Lords, 12 o'clock.

". . . Denman is speaking as well as possible, tho' I am all against his introducing jokes, which he has been doing somewhat too much. I was much astonished at their lordships being so much and so universally tickled as they were by some of his stories. Denman, holding the bill in his hand, said:—'Levity of manner is one of its charges. Why this charge applies to all Royal people: they are all good-tempered and playful.' Then he gave a conversation which took place between his present Majesty and Sam Spring, the waiter at the Cocoa Tree, where Sam cracked his jokes and was very familiar with the Prince; upon which the latter said:—'This is all very well between you and me, Sam, but beware of being equally familiar with Norfolk and Abercorn.' All the Lords recognised the story and snorted out hugely—Bishops and all.

"I thought the Lords rose to receive the Queen with a better grace to-day than yesterday. Everything respecting her coming to the House is now as perfect as possible. She has a most superb and beautiful

* The barrier described on p. 306.

coach with six horses—the coachman driving in a cap, like the old king's coachman; and a good coach of her own behind for Craven and Gell. . . ."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

". . . Nothing can be more triumphant for the Queen than this day altogether. . . . The truth is the Law Officers of the Crown are damnably overweighted by Brougham and Denman. . . ."

"House of Lords, 19th August.

". . . The Queen is not here to-day; and she does not mean to come, I believe, till Tuesday. I am rather sorry for this, because there was so very great, and so well-dressed, a population in the street to see her to-day. Where the devil they all come from, I can't possibly imagine, but I think the country about London must furnish a great part. It is prodigiously encreased since the first day. . . . Now Mr. Attorney General has at last begun by opening his case against the Queen, and I have heard just one hour of him, and then left it. *Now* her danger begins, and I am quite unable to conjecture the *degree* of damage she will sustain from the publication of this opening. I say *degree*, because of course it is quite impossible that a very great effect should not be produced upon the better orders of people by the production of this cursed, disgusting narrative, however overstated it may eventually prove to be, and however short (if all strictly true) it may fall of the actual crime charged by the Bill."

"Brooks's, 22nd Aug., ½ past 4.

". . . Upon the whole, I hope things are looking better for us to-day. The people in the streets were numerous, but not so much so as formerly, nor was their quality so good. Yesterday's evidence had certainly shook her friends—always excepting Lady Gwydyr * and her family at their house at Whitehall. I stood on Lord Melbourne's steps to see the Queen pass, and the Dowr. Gwydyr (*alias* Eresby) with all

* The Dowager Lady Gwydyr was Lady Willoughby d'Eresby and joint Great Chamberlain in her own right.

her family black as sloes, with weepers, windows open, &c., all bowed at once again and again, with an awe and devotion as if they had been good Catholicks and the Queen the Virgin Mary. . . ."

"House of Lords, 25th Aug., 1 o'clock.

"Our matters, so far in the day, stand much better than they did at the close of yesterday. The two captains, Pechell and Briggs, have been called, and so far from proving anything against the Queen, they have distinctly sworn there was not the slightest impropriety in the conduct of the Queen during the period she was on board their ships. The fact of Bergami having come the first time as servant, and afterwards sitting at table on board one of these ships, was of course proved; but everybody knew it before, and it does not signify a damn. . . .

"The discovery of this day, viz. that Capts. Briggs and Pechell were to be the only English witnesses produced against the Queen, was most agreeable and unexpected to me, because of a conversation which had passed between the Duke of Wellington and myself on the subject. The night after I made my speech in the House of Commons in support of Genl. Ferguson's motion for the production of the Milan commission, I saw the Duke at the Argyle Rooms, who, with his usual frankness, came up to me and said:—'Well, Creevey; so you gave us a blast last night. Have you seen Leach since?' Then we talked about the approaching trial with the most perfect freedom, and upon my saying their foreign evidence would find very few believers in this country, he said:—'Ho! but we have a great many English witnesses—officers;' and this, I confess, was the thing that always frightened me the most. . . . I sat between Grey and Sir Robert Wilson * at Sefton's

* General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson [1777–1849], commonly known as "Jaffa Wilson," owing to the charges made against Napoleon of cruelty to his prisoners at Jaffa in Wilson's *History of the British Expedition to Egypt*. Having warmly espoused the cause of Queen Caroline, he was present at the riot in Hyde Park on the occasion of Her Majesty's funeral. Although he was endeavouring to prevent a

yesterday, and two greater fools I never saw in all my life. The former, in consequence of the day's evidence being unfavourable to the Queen, was a rigid lover of justice: he did not care a damn about the cause: he was come up to do his duty, and should act accordingly. Wilson, on the other hand, was perfectly certain the Bill would never pass the House of Lords, and that, if it did, it must take at least *two* years in the Commons. Tierney was more guarded in his opinion. He said he had got something in his head somehow or other that the Bill would never come to us in the House of Commons. So much for the chiefs in the Whig camp.* Thanet and I agreed afterwards as to their insanity. I dine with him and Cowper at Brooks's to-day, and to-morrow at the house of the latter to meet the Derbys, &c. Western is gone to Fornham [the Duke of Norfolk's] to-day. The Duke asked me to come with him."

"Brooks's, 2 o'clock, 26th August.

"I am just returned from the Lords, and their lordships have hampered themselves as with one of their own absurdities, that they have adjourned till Monday to consider how they are to get out of it. . . . I am at this moment the centre of at least a dozen lords. You may suppose it is a scrape when Wicked-shifts Grey is at this moment grinning from ear to ear, and telling me he sees no way out of it but by the Lords adjourning the second reading of the bill for six months. Old Fitzwilliam tells me he thinks *little* of the chambermaid's evidence; and, as to that, both Grey and King think much less of it than I do. Certain it is that Mr. Attorney's perfect incompetence to manage a case like this, added to the villainy of the Court, gives considerable—indeed a very great—advantage to the case of this eternal fool, to call her [the Queen] by no worse a name. . . ."

collision between the Horse Guards and the mob, and despite a long record of gallant service in the field, Wilson was dismissed the army in 1821, but was reinstated on the accession of William IV.

* Nevertheless the chiefs were right—Grey in his resolution to give his verdict according to the evidence, Tierney in predicting that the Bill would never reach the Commons.

"House of Lords, 3 o'clock, 28th August.

". . . I met Lady Charlotte Greville in the street yesterday, and walked a little with her, when I found her *fury* against Brougham to be perfectly unbounded. I told her her state of mind was everything I could wish, and so I left her. There is a report about, said to rest on good authority, that the King sent for the Duke of York yesterday, and that he wants to go to Hanover,* leaving the Duke *Regent.*

"House of Lords, 29th August, 5 o'clock.

"Here's a capital scene such as I never saw before. Always keep in mind the point in discussion—viz. whether Brougham should have a *little* cross-examination now, and an unlimited one hereafter. This was conceded to him early on Saturday—refused yesterday, and to-day Harrowby begins by moving that, under the peculiar circumstances, Brougham shall have an unlimited cross-examination both now and hereafter. This motion was opposed by Lord Eldon, and a division has just taken place, when Harrowby's motion was carried by 121 to 106. The three law lords—Eldon, Redesdale, and Manners—the two Royal Dukes—York and Clarence—and all the King's friends were in the minority, and Sidmouth was the only other member of the Cabinet besides Eldon who voted against Harrowby's motion. Our people of course voted with Harrowby. Was there ever such a state of things? . . ."

"House of Lords, 2 o'clock, 1st Sept., 1820.

The *chienne* Demont † turns out everything one could wish on her cross-examination. Her letters have been produced written to her sister living still in the Queen's service. . . . They contain every kind of panegyric upon the Queen, and she often writes of a journal or diary she has kept of everything that has occurred during the whole of her service and travels

* George IV. was hereditary sovereign of Hanover as well as of Great Britain and Ireland.

† Former *femme-de-chambre* to the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), an important witness for the prosecution.

with the Queen; the object of such journal being, as she says, to do the Queen justice, and to show how she was received, applauded, cherished, wherever she went. At length she writes—'Judge of my astonishment at an event that happened to me the other day. A person called upon me at Lausanne, and said he wished to speak to me alone. I brought him up into my chamber: he gave me a letter: I broke the seal. It was a request that I would come immediately to England under the pretext of being a governess: that I should have the first protection: that it would make my fortune. True it is, there was no signature to the letter, but as a proof of its validity I had an immediate credit given me on a banker.' The Attorney-General here objected to this evidence. . . ."

"½ past 3.

"The House put a question to the Judges whether these letters could be read in evidence, and they decided they could not unless Demont admitted them to be her handwriting. They have just been put into her hands, and she *has* admitted them all to be hers. . . ."

"5 o'clock.

"Adjourned . . . a most infernally damaging day for the prosecution. . . ."

"House of Lords, 2 o'clock, 2nd Sept.

"The *chienne* Demont is still under her cross-examination, and is, if possible, fifty times nearer the devil to-day than she was yesterday. . . . I have told you, I believe, that the Bishops won't support the Divorce part of the Bill, and that in consequence it is to be withdrawn; so that the title of the Bill ought to be—'A Bill to declare the Queen a w——, and to settle her upon the King for life, because from his own conduct he is not entitled to a divorce.'"

"House of Lords, Sept. 4, 3 o'clock.

"Here's a fellow examining who says he came on Saturday night with *eleven* others, so it can't close so soon as I had thought. We are still in the dark as

to the Lugano devil being included in this arrival. He is the fellow Brougham has always been the most afraid of: however, he has just told me there are such proofs of the high price his evidence is to cost, that he thinks he shall do for him. . . ."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

"Eleven witnesses examined to-day: much *dirt* and some *damage* certainly."

"House of Lords, Sept. 6.

". . . Do you know this bill will never pass! My belief is it will be abandoned on the adjournment. The entire middle order of people are against it, and are daily becoming more critical on the King and the Lords for carrying on this prosecution."

"½ past two.

"By far the most infamous act that even this jury of the Lords ever committed has just been done by them. The Judges, after three hours' consultation, decided that a particular question, proposed by Brougham, could not be put. Lord Buckingham has just put the same question thinking it would damage the Queen. No one objected. The answer was given, and compleatly the reverse of what Lord B. expected. Then Brougham rose and with great gravity said:—'My lords, I humbly request your lordships to accept my thanks for having permitted a member of your own House to put a question which, only two hours ago, after great deliberation and consultation with the Judges, you refused to me.' Not a word or a sound was heard in answer to this knock-down blow from *Bruffam*. He told me afterwards that it was by his own address and personal application to Lord Buckingham that the latter was induced to put the question. . . ."

"½ past 4.

"The evidence is closed—that is, all that is in England. Mr. Attorney has been making his application for an adjournment of a few days to give time for the Lugano witnesses to arrive. Brougham's

objection to this has been the feeblest effort he has yet made, and Mr. Attorney is now replying. I suppose it will be granted, and this will fill up the measure of their lordships' iniquity.

"P.S.—Erskine has made the *most beautiful* speech possible: Grey an excellent one: Eldon and Liverpool are *shook*, and I think the application will be refused."

"Brooks's, Sept. 6, 12 o'clock at night.

"I have been dining to-day at Lord Sefton's with the Duke of Bedford, Lords Grey, Thanet, Cowper and Foley, Brougham, &c. Grey was a decided lunatic at dinner, and so Brougham and I settled him in a walk we had together. Brougham is quite aware of the prodigious part he has to play upon this approaching speech of his, and I have been trying all I can to make him connect himself with public opinion as far as he can consistently with propriety and the dignity of his situation.

"House of Lords, 12 o'clock, 7th Sept.

"The first thing done to-day was Mr. Attorney coming forward and stating that within the preceding half hour he had received letters from abroad, stating that the journey of the Lugano witnesses was unavoidably delayed, and that under such circumstances he should not persist in asking for time. So, after this *infernal lie*, he said his case was closed. . . . Mr. Solicitor is now summing up.

"Here's a breeze! The Solicitor having finished, Lauderdale moved that the Queen's counsel be asked if they were ready to go on, upon which Lord Lonsdale begged to state that, before such question was put, it would be a great satisfaction to him and others to learn that the divorce part of the Bill was to be given up; upon which Lord Liverpool said if it was the wish of the religious part of the House and of the community that this clause should be withdrawn, his Majesty had no personal wish in having it made part of the bill. . . . Well! Grey made a speech for the divorce part remaining! and Donoughmore is now asserting with great fury that Liverpool has given the King's consent without his leave."

"8th Sept.

". . . It is said Ministers are quite determined not to let Brougham open his case *now*. For the first time, he bullied the Lords a little too much yesterday; so much so, that he has turned Carnarvon quite violently against him; which is a very great pity, because he is so eminently useful.

"I had a most agreeable day yesterday at Cowper's, the company being the Derbys, Jerseys, Lansdownes, Grey, Thanet and Erskine. It was my good fortune to sit next the latter, and he was as lively and as much the soul of the company at *72* as he could have been at 32. . . . You know the Queen went down the river yesterday. I saw her pass the H. of Commons on the deck of her state barge; the river and the shores of it were then beginning to fill. Erskine, who was afterwards at Blackfriars Bridge, said he was sure there were 200,000 people collected to see her. . . . There was not a single vessel in the river that did not hoist their colours and man their yards for her, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the watermen on the Thames, who are all her partisans, are kept from destroying the hulk which lies off the H. of Commons to protect the witnesses in Cotton Garden. . . . I dine to-day at Sefton's: only Brougham and myself. . . ."

"House of Lords, 8th Sept., 1 o'clock.

". . . Liverpool is now speaking against Grey, and when the debate is to end I know not, but Brougham has just called me out to consult with me. The Queen, backed by Wood, is all for going on *de suite*, and, as Brougham thinks, the decided plan is to fling her counsel overboard. In this situation of peril for the idiot, Brougham thinks of asking only till Monday fortnight to be ready to go on with his defence. . . ."

"Brooks's, Sept. 9th.

"The House of Lords is adjourned to Tuesday three weeks, the 3rd of October. You can form no conception of the rage of the Lords at Brougham fixing this time: it interferes with everything —

pheasant shooting, Newmarket, &c., &c. . . . Grey is just set out for Howick, the most furious of the set. . . . Brougham's chaise is now at the door to carry him home to Brougham Castle. He has performed miracles, and the reasons he has just been giving me for fixing the time he has done, shew his understanding (if one doubted it) to be of the very first order. The Queen is delighted at their going on so soon: she clapped her hands with delight when he communicated it to her last night. . . ."

Mr. Western, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Buxton, 10th Sept.

". . . The abandonment of the divorce clause forms the ultimate climax of baseness, cowardice, folly, &c. It is a Bill of Pains and Penalties upon the King, to expose him to the most dire disgrace that ever was inflicted upon mortal man—to enact that, whereas his wife is the MOST ABANDONED of women, he is a fit associate for her! Oh, there never was the like!!! . . ."

Henry Brougham, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brougham, 14 Sept., 1820.

"DEAR C.,

". . . Either you or Bennet should by all means ask a question respecting the two late outrages in Scotland committed by Sir Alexr. Gordon and his son Mr. James Gordon. These two worthies being at Crossmichael church one Sunday, and observing the parson, Mr. Jeffrey, pray for the Queen, they caused a vestry (kirk session) to be held instanter; and, there being no further notice, they two and the parson were the only members present; whereupon, by a majority of 2 to 1, they recorded a censure on him and an order against ever again praying for the Queen by name! The Presbytery, being the ordinary ecclesl. jurisdn., immediately took it up, revised the whole proceeding, and have ordered the parties to appear before them—I suppose to be censured.

Again: the son, James Gordon, being Col. of a Yeomanry corps lately on duty, the chaplain, Mr. Gillespie (whom I have known for many years, and who is a man of admirable character and *perfect loyalty*), preached a very loyal discourse, but prayed for the Q. The Col. put him under arrest! The ecclesl. authorities have taken this matter up, and I suppose (indeed it is quite clear) must take Gillespie's part strongly. But why do I specify these two matters? Because *Jas. Gordon is a judge in Scotland*, and an ecclesiastical one: viz. one of the Commissaries who are the 3 Judges of the supreme Consistorial Court at Edinr. . . . You are aware that the Scotch Church acknowledge no head but J. Christ—utterly denies the King's or Parlt.'s right to interfere in any respect, and rejects with the utmost indignation all attempts (which, since the aboln. of Episcopacy, indeed, have never been made) to dictate, or even hint at, any form of prayers, each parson being left wholly to himself, except as far as the Church Courts (viz. Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly) may regulate their doctrine and discipline. Now a question ought to be asked on this Gordon's conduct. . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, 13 Sept.

". . . Do you know they say the King is intent upon turning out Lord Hertford to make room for Conyingham as Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Cholmondeley to make way for Lord Roden. Was there ever such insanity at such a time? It is said the Ministers have exacted a promise from him not to make the first change, at least *pending the trial.* In writing the last sentence, I heard a noise of hurraing and shouting in the street; so I ran out to see. It was, I may say, the *Navy of England* marching to Brandenburgh House with an address to the Queen. I have seen nothing like this before—nothing approaching to it. There were thousands of seamen, all well dressed, all sober—the best-looking, the finest men you could imagine. Every man had a new white

silk or satin cockade in his hat. They had a hundred colours, at least, or pieces of silk, with sentiments upon them, such as 'Protection to the Innocent,' &c. M'Donald asked one of them how many there were, to which he answered very civilly—'I don't know, exactly, sir, but we are many thousands, and should have been many more, but we would not let any man above forty come, because we have so far to walk.' Remember what I say—this procession decides the fate of the Queen. When the seamen take a part, the soldiers can't fail to be shaken."

"House of Lords, October 3rd, 1 o'clock.

". . . Brougham has been at it nearly two hours and a half, and may continue an hour or two more, for aught I know; but it is infinitely too hot to stay in the crowd, so I have just escaped. . . . I think I may say he was as good as I expected. . . ."

"4 o'clock.

"He has been at it again two hours, and will evidently be so till five—criticism in detail upon the evidence for the prosecution — damned dull and damned hot, so I have been walking about amongst my friends on Westminster Bridge."

"House of Lords, Oct. 4, ½ past 1.

"Brougham has just finished his opening. . . . I never heard him anything like the perfection he has displayed in all ways. . . . In short, if he can prove what he has stated in his speech, I for one believe she is innocent, and the whole case a conspiracy. . . . He concluded with a most magnificent address to the Lords—an exhortation to them to save themselves—the Church—the Crown—the Country, by their decision in favour of the Queen. This last appeal was made with great passion, but without a particle of rant. . . . I consider myself infinitely overpaid by these two hours and a half of Brougham, for all the time and money it has cost me to be here, and almost for my absence from all of you. . . ."

"Oct. 5th.

". . . I had a very agreeable day at Powell's with the Duke of Norfolk, who called for me here, and we walked there together. We went to Brooks's at night, where, as you may suppose, the *monde* talked of nothing but Brougham and his fame, and the comers-in from White's said the same feeling was equally strong there. . . . [The speech] not only astonished but has shaken the aristocracy, though Lord Granville did tell me at parting this morning not to be too confident of that, for that the H. of Lords was by far the stupidest and most obstinate collection of men that could be selected from all England. This, I think, from a peer himself, and old virtuoso Stafford's brother, was damned fair. . . . General St. Leger was called, and was only useful as a very ornamental witness. . . . Then came Lord Guilford, who is the most ramshackle fellow you ever saw. He is a kind of *non mi ricordo* likewise.* He seems, however, to have been a pretty frequent guest at her Majesty's table . . . has dined more than once with Bergami at the Queen's table and that he never saw the slightest impropriety. . . . But the witness of all witnesses has just closed her examination in chief—Lady Charlotte Lindsay. In your life you never heard such testimony as hers in favour of the Queen—the talent, the perspicuity, the honesty of it. . . ."

"House of Lords, Oct. 6th.

"Wonders will never cease. Upon my soul! this Queen must be innocent after all. Lady Charlotte went on in her cross-examination, and could never be touched; tho' she was treated most infamously—so much so as to make her burst out a crying. There was a ticklish point about a letter from her brother, advising her to give up her place under the Queen, which [letter] she said she could not find. The fact

* Referring to the evidence of some of the Italian witnesses for the prosecution, who in cross-examination so often answered, *Non mi ricordo*—"I don't remember"—that it passed into a saying.

is, her husband, Lindsay, who is in the greatest distress, has absolutely *sold* her correspondence on this subject to the Treasury. She told this to Brougham himself under the most solemn injunction of secrecy, and he has this instant told it to me. When, therefore, Brougham mentioned loudly the name of Maule as a person to be called as a witness, the Chancellor decided the letter should not be produced—this Maule being the Solicitor to the Treasury, who bought the correspondence of Lindsay. Was there ever villainy equal to this? Eldon and Liverpool had some sharp words on this occasion in the House. Thank God, the villains get out of temper with each other! . . . Gell, cross-examined and examined by the Lords, left everything still more triumphant for the Queen; so much so that Pelham and a few other bishops are gone home to cut their throats. Lord Enniskillen has just said in my hearing that the Ministers ought to be damned for coming out with such a case. . . ."

"House of Lords, 9th Oct., 10 o'clock.

". . . The town is literally drunk with joy at this unparalleled triumph of the Queen. There is no doubt now in any man's mind, except Lauderdale's, that the whole thing has been a conspiracy for money. The Ministers were down at Windsor yesterday, taking with them the *ould customer* Lonsdale, and a new one in the Duke of Rutland. . . ."

"4 o'clock.

"Captn. Flynn of the polacre is just call'd. He is mad, and in trying to do too much has, for the present, done harm; but it will be all set right to-morrow."

"House of Lords, 2 o'clock, October 10th.

"This cursed Flynn is still going on. He has perjured himself three or four times over, and his evidence and himself are both gone to the devil. He is evidently a crack-brained sailor. . . . he has fainted away once, and been obliged to be carried out."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

". . . Lady Jersey stopt me in the street to reproach me for never coming to her, so I went last night and found all the political grandees there. Brougham, of course, was one, and he and I came away together. . . ."

"Oct. 12th, one o'clock.

"By Jove, my dear, we are coming to critical times, such as no man can tell the consequences of. It is quite understood that the Lords—at the suit of the Ministers—are resolved to pass this Bill, upon the sole point of the Queen being admitted to have slept under the tent on board the polacre, while Bergami slept there likewise. . . . I predict, with the most perfect confidence, that commotion and bloodshed must follow this enormous act of injustice, should it finally be committed; but (tho' I stand alone in this opinion) I will not and do not believe the Bill will pass the Lords. I have this instant seen Brougham; . . . he says he means to call the Duchess of Beaufort, Ladies Harrowby, Bathurst, their husbands, &c., to prove their intimacy with the Queen *till the Regency*. He means, too, that the Queen shall bring down a statement of all her sufferings, and of everything relating to the Royal family, from her arrival in England. It is now copying, and she is to come down and deliver it to the Chancellor to be read before the Bill passes. Brougham says everything that has happened yet is absolutely nothing in effect compared with what this statement will do."*

"House of Lords, one o'clock, 13th October.

". . . A question arose as to a point of evidence, and whether a particular question might be put; upon which Carnarvon fired such a shot into the whole concern, and called the bill such names as you never heard before. He made, in short, a most capital speech, and the thing exactly wanted at this period

* *Subsequent note by Mr. Creevey.*—"Why all or any of these threats were never put into execution remains for Mr. Brougham to explain."

of the case; but alas! my lords Grey and Lansdowne and Holland were perfectly mute: they *dared* not criticise so roughly the measures of a man whom they *hope* so soon to call their Master. . . ."

"3 o'clock.

"Here's a breeze of the first order! The last witness having ended, Rastelli was called back; when behold! it turned out he had been sent *out of the country*, instead of staying to be indicted for perjury. . . . Liverpool admits it was scandalous to send him away, but that it was unknown to the Government. Holland and Lansdowne have made furious speeches upon the occasion, and Eldon is now speaking. . . . I dine at Holland House to-day. . . . We shall have a breeze on Tuesday in the Commons. The base devils who voted against me the last time are wanting me to make the same motion on Tuesday, and they will support me. . . ."

Duke of Norfolk to Mr. Creevey.

"Fornham, 13 Octr., 1820.

"DEAR CREEVEY,

"Are you really become the champion of the H. of Lds., and suppose there is any atrocity they are not ready to vote for? For my own part, if they do pass this horrible Bill, I shall no longer consider it a disgrace or a hardship to be excluded * from a seat in their House; but, on the contrary, rejoice that I have not been implicated in so foul a crime. Is it possible that the slight evidence they have for the tent scene alone can establish their whole case? I am anxious beyond measure to hear the result. Ly. Petre desires to be kindly remembered, and we hope you will come down. If by any miracle the Bill should *not* pass, what a jolification we will have!

"Yours sincerely,

"NORFOLK."

* As a Roman Catholic.

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"York St., 16th Oct.

". . . I dined yesterday at Ridley's with Grey, Lansdowne, Rosslyn, Sefton, Brougham and various others. Grey is looking horribly ill. I dine at Lord Derby's to-day."

"House of Lords, 2 o'clock.

"We are now evidently going to have a *splashing* debate. The same witness that we had on Saturday has deposed to another person besides Rastelli, of the name of Raganti, having attempted to bribe him to come and give evidence against the Queen. He not only offered him money to come, but told him the *particular thing* to swear to. Mr. Attorney and Solicitor have objected to this as evidence. Brougham has taken the opportunity of firing the most capital broadside into the whole concern as a conspiracy. . . . A damned flat debate going forward instead of a splashing one. Grey has moved that the examination shall proceed, and Liverpool opposed it, but has let out most clearly to my mind that *all the Italian evidence* is to be flung overboard. So much for the Milan commission! . . . I find that Hutchinson and Donoughmore were with the King at Windsor to-day, so Liverpool's speech is accounted for. It is the first breakdown."

"House of Lords, 17th Oct., 1 o'clock.

". . . I went in from the Derbys last night to 'Sally' Jersey's, and it was really very agreeable—only 'Sally,' Madame Lieven, Lady Eliz. Stuart and Madame Flahault, with four or five men besides myself.

"The House of Commons meets at ½ past three to-day, and I must contrive somehow or other to have a brush there. . . ."

"House of Lords, 18th Oct., 1 o'clock.

"Alas poor Cole!* I had always a misgiving she would get her death from me, and last night I fear the presentiment was nearly verified. It was a great deal too contemptible to hear the leader of the Whigs, with this damnable Bill of Pains and Penalties before his eyes, meet a question of adjournment with the ridiculous amendment of a *shorter* adjournment, and without uttering a syllable upon the Bill itself or the circumstances of the time. I was compelled, therefore, to take the field, as no one else seemed inclined to shew. I had not pronounced two sentences before one and all of his troops deserted him. The roar that resounded from every part of the benches behind him (which were very full) was as extraordinary to me as it must have been agreeable to him. . . . As to the speech itself, being right and absolutely necessary to be spoken were its principal merits. I lost my head in the middle of it, and thought I should have been obliged to sit down, tho' I never was so cheered during any speech I have made in Parliament. Sefton overheard a conversation between Cole and Duncannon at night, in which the latter said—'Had you come to town a day earlier, an arrangement might have been made, and all

* *Note by Mr. Creevey.*—"The reason I call Tierney by the name of 'Cole' is this. It used to be his constant practice in making his speeches in Parliament to bear particular testimony to his own character—to his being a 'plain man,' 'an honest man,' or something of that kind. Having heard him at this work several times, it occurred to me that he had formed himself upon that distinguished model Mrs. Cole, an old lady in one of Foote's farces, who presided over a female establishment in Covent Garden. Mrs. Cole was always indulging herself with flattering references to her own character.—'For fourteen years,' said she, 'have I lived in the Garden, and no one has said black was the white of my eye. For fourteen years, did I say? Aye, for sixteen years come Lammas Day have I paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Bride's, and no one has said, "Mrs. Cole, why did you so?" excepting twice I was taken before Mr. Justice Duval, and three times to the Round House.' Brougham was for many years quite enamoured of the resemblance of the portrait. He christened Abercromby Young Cole, and the whole shabby party 'the Coles;' but he has become much more prudent and respectful of late."

this scene avoided.'—'No,' said Cole, 'I am confident nothing would have stopt Creevey's mouth.' Poor thing! she has not been here to-day, so I suppose she has returned to the sea. . . . Lord Donoughmore had a curious conversation with Sefton yesterday, in which the former said the Ministers ought to be impeached for having brought the Bill forward—so compleatly had they deceived him as to their case. He mentioned his visit to Windsor last Sunday, and the difficulty he and his brother had in making the King see that the Bill would never go down. One of the royal arguments was:—'Why, Lord Sefton has betted Lord Thanet 10 to 1 that the Bill will pass the Lords, and as Lord Sefton is known to be so strongly against the Bill, surely this is quite convincing.' . . . It was perfectly true that this bet had been made by Sefton with Thanet, which of course greatly enhances the merit of the royal argument. . . ."

"House of Lords, Oct. 19.

". . . Most important! McDonald has just returned to me. He has seen and talked with the Archbishop of York, and it is not only true that Lord Stafford has become the strenuous opposer of the Bill, but he has waited upon Lord Harrowby to state his conviction that the Bill *must* be given up. You know McDonald is nephew both to the Archbishop and Lord Stafford. . . ."

"House of Lords, Oct. 20, 1 o'clock.

". . . Having said that Brougham had made up his mind not to examine Oldi and Mariette, let me say why; so that, if you keep my account of this trial, posterity may know what the Queen's counsel really thought of his client—a very rare thing to know and in this case, quite authentic. Denman, Lushington, Tindal and Wilde are all decidedly for calling both Oldi and Mariette; Brougham has no doubt of the fidelity of these witnesses, and of their perfect belief in the Queen's innocence; but he is equally sure that the villainy of these judges—the Lords—would inflict a persecution of two days' examination upon each of these witnesses, and, from the experience of their

monstrous injustice in raising such diabolical inferences from admissions so natural and innocent as those of so capital a witness as Howman was, or from the rambling imbecility of Flynn, he *dare* not trust these foreign women to the same ordeal. All this I had from Brougham last night. He told me, too, as he has done before, that, altho' he was in possession of many circumstances unfavorable in appearance to the Queen, which were not known to me, he did nevertheless believe her to be *compleatly innocent*—in direct opposition to his former sentiments; and that, furthermore, should this Bill ever come to the House of Commons, he will then, being no longer in the character of her counsel, take an opportunity of declaring, upon his honor as a gentleman, his sincere belief in her innocence.*

"I had a very agreeable day at the Derbys yesterday, as indeed it always is there—the Fortescues, Darnleys, Kings and Bennet. To-day I dine at Sefton's with Brougham. . . . Holland House is the only place I have heard of as being in a state of rage at my attack on Cole.† . . . A division has just taken place, when Liverpool and our people beat the Chancellor‡ and his by 122 to 79; but Grey, with his usual candour, has carried an amendment to Petty's§ motion, that in my belief, and with such a villain as Powell to deal with, will make the motion perfectly nugatory. Grey's conduct throughout this business has been most injurious to the Queen, her counsel and her cause."

"House of Lords, Oct. 21st, 1 o'clock.

"Before I begin with the trial, let me tell you a story. On my arrival here at 10 this morning, I perceived a black man of an extraordinary appearance in Tom Tyrwhitt's‖ box at the other end of the House, and another black by his side, both in bushy black wigs. Upon enquiry, I found it was no less a person

* He did so on February 5, 1821.
† Mr. Tierney.
‡ Lord Eldon.
§ Lord Lansdowne.
‖ Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Black Rod.

than the King of New Zealand and his Grand Chamberlain; and it was presently reported that they were *white*, and not black men, and that the black shade was merely the effect and impression of tattooing. Western and I went round, and got near enough to touch his Majesty; when I found his royal face to be one of the very finest specimens of *carving* I have ever beheld. The Chamberlain's face was fair: the sunflowers on it were highly respectable; but the King's nose, which surpassed the average size, was one blaze of stars and planets. The groundwork of their faces, of which a mighty small portion remained without ornament, was evidently fair, but had been painted a deep orange colour. . . . I just learn it was the Minister of the King, and not his Chamberlain; and also that they are both just entered at some college in Cambridge, where I flatter myself these dingy academicians will do honor both to themselves and my favorite University. . . .

"Sefton called yesterday on his uncle Lord Harrington, who is confined with the gout. In the course of the visit, to Sefton's surprise and, as you may suppose, delight, Lord Harrington said—'I shall be well enough to go and give my vote against this infamous Bill.' Upon Sefton leading him on, the other said—'After the evidence of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Mr. Craven and Sir Wm. Gell, no man with the pretensions to being a gentleman ought to have gone a step further with the Bill.'—Well done, old Gold Stick!"

"House of Lords, Oct. 23rd, 2 o'clock.

"*Premièrement*, let me bring up the *rear* of my narrative respecting the King of New Zealand. It is confidently reported that *en derrière* both his Majesty and his Minister are much more profusely decorated with ornamental carving than on their faces—but you'll not quote me!

"Sefton told me last night of a conversation he had had with Thanet. It seems Lady Holland had complained to the latter in the strongest terms of my conduct to Tierney on Tuesday, and had stated that Cole was hurt by it to the last degree.—'What did Thanet do or say?' says I.—'Why,' says Sefton, 'he

snorted out into a loud laugh—said you was quite right, and that the Whigs were little better than old apple-women.'—This was a great relief to me; tho' I was quite sure from Thanet's manner all was right; but I shd. certainly have felt myself bound to surrender my seat had we differed about it. . . . Yesterday I dined at Brooks's with Ossulston: to-day I dine at the Derbys, with Brougham, Denman, the Seftons, and a huge party, I believe. . . . Grey, according to custom, has done all the harm he could. He is more provoking in all he does than these villains of Ministers themselves. However, thank God the case for the Queen is closed, and all looks well."

"House of Lords, Oct. 24th, 2 o'clock.

". . . Denman begun to sum up, and is now engaged in so doing. Their mighty case, you see therefore, is now finished, and a miracle no doubt it must appear to after times that all these charges of an adulterous intercourse which have been got up with so much secrecy—that begun six years ago and continued three years—that have had absolute power and money without end to support them, have been one by one demonstrably disproved by witnesses unimpeachable. . . . This admitted fact of the Queen sleeping on deck under the awning, and Bergami doing so likewise, under all the explanatory circumstances of the case, is the sole foundation of the Bill. . . . And now then—will the Lords pass the Bill? I say *No*—I say it is *impossible:* and yet something the villains of Ministers must do to save their own credit. . . . The Duke of Portland told Lord Foley he was one of 60 peers who usually supported the Government, and who would vote against the Bill. This Foley told me himself. I fear this is too high an estimate, but the Duke of Portland himself is a most fair and honorable person."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

"Denman's last two hours have been *brilliant.* His parallel case of Nero and his wife Octavia was perfect in all its parts. . . . I am just going to dinner at Sefton's, and then to go and see Cymbeline with him and Brougham."

"Brooks's, Wednesday morning, ½ past 12.

". . . Lady Fitzwilliam goes to pay her respects to the Queen to-morrow. Lord Fitzwilliam has been here to-night, quite pleased to tell of his wife's intention. . . . Lady Jersey goes likewise. . . . Sir Willoughby Gordon has just told me he was quite sure he saw 40,000 people, with banners, pass through Piccadilly to-day on their way to the Queen. A division from another body passed us by on the water to the same destination, and saluted us with cannon as they passed."

"York St., 26th Oct.

". . . I dined at Lambton's yesterday *en famille*. Grey (who stays there) dined at Billy Gloucester's, and came in before dinner in his prettiest manner to say to me how sorry he was he dined out. *Apropos* to Grey, he has somewhat made up to me for his past conduct by a reply he made to Liverpool. The day before yesterday, at the rising of the House, the latter came across to Grey, and, with the usual muggery they are always applying to him, asked him what adjournment he thought would be long enough for the consideration of the evidence, between the finishing by the counsel and the 2nd reading; upon which Grey, in his rudest manner, said he did not see the necessity for any adjournment at all, as there was not a tittle of evidence to support the Bill! Our people, who all heard this, were delighted with it. . . . Grey expressed the same sentiment to myself yesterday in the strongest manner. . . . What must the private tutor, Lauderdale, say to this? I wonder when Lauderdale and idiots like himself will begin to think of the situation into which this infamous Bill has thrown this town. Every Wednesday, the scene which caused such alarm at Manchester is repeated under the very nose of Parliament and all the constituted authorities, and in a tenfold degree more alarming. A certain number of regiments of the efficient population of the town march on each of these days in a regular lock step, four or five abreast —banners flying—music playing. . . . I should like any one to tell me what is to come next if this organised army loses its temper. . . ."

"House of Lords, 28th Oct., 2 o'clock.

". . . Grey, Rosslyn, the Lansdownes, &c., dined at the Duke of Gloucester's on Wednesday, when the Duchess after dinner talked to Lady Lansdowne about this trial, and said:—'It was a very foolish, and indeed a very wrong thing to have got into, but the King had been *greatly deceived* upon the subject.' My authority for this is Lord John Russell, who told me that Lady Lansdowne told him. This is just as it should be: the gay deceiver has a good prospect. I wonder who he is. Is it Leach or Eldon?

"I'll now tell you another story, perhaps not unconnected with this. Yesterday and to-day I have walked to Kensington Gardens before I came here; and to-day I met Lady Conyngham and Lady Elizabeth* walking with a footman behind them. You know the palpable, unqualified *cut* they have treated me with these last two years, but to-day it was quite another thing. No, no! an old acquaintance was not to pass her in that way: had there been any bystanders, they might have thought she was asking alms of me. She was evidently dying for me to turn about with her to talk politicks, and I was an idiot not to do it. I might have learnt from her how the dear King had been deceived. . . . Mr. Attorney has just finished, and the Solicitor has taken the field. He has announced that he shall finish to-day, and then the House will adjourn till Thursday. The object of this adjournment is a last effort to bring this noble jury to their collars; but it is too late—the charm for once is broken. . . ."

"3 o'clock.

". . . Mr. Solicitor is to have two hours more on Monday morning. A more vulgar, bombastical, blackguard chap I never in my life heard. . . ."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock, Monday, 30th October.

". . . Thursday is the day fixed for battle. Calcraft is the greatest croaker; his list has been a majority of 40 for the Bill. He has reduced it to 35, and with

* Her daughter, who married the 10th Earl of Huntly, and died without issue in 1839.

this majority he thinks the Government will carry the Bill, and go with it to the Commons. . . . Holland has just come to me and had a long conversation with me. He has taken great pains with *his* list too. . . . He gives a majority of 30 for the Bill as the maximum, and 15 as the minimum; but he is quite certain of the Bill not passing the Lords. . . . Lord Hutchinson offers to bet that 200 Peers will not vote. I never saw such a beautiful sight in my life as the Brass Founders' procession to the Queen to-day. I had no notion there had been so many beautiful brass ornaments in all the world. Their men in armour, both horse and foot, were capital; nor was their humour amiss. The procession closed with a very handsome crown borne in state as a present to the Queen, preceded by a flag with the words—'The Queen's Guard are Men of *Metal*.' I am quite sure there must have been 100,000 people in Piccadilly, all in the most perfect order. I am very much pleased that Hutchinson has taken to me again. It is quite his own doing, and I am to meet him at dinner at Rogers's* on Wednesday."

Mr. Western, M.P., to Mr. Creevey.

"Brighton, October 29th.

". . . Pray read Cobbet's attack upon Denman's speech. He is a foul-mouthed, malignant dog; but there is so much point in his criticism, that one cannot help admitting there is generally *some* truth in his remarks, and I certainly agree in his remarks on the tact of this speech. There is a great deal of bombast nonsense of quotations from the devil knows where, finishing the whole—'Go and sin no more.' And the Lords to say this! . . ."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord.

"Brooks's, Nov. 1.

". . . Here is Holland, asking me in the most humble tone if I really think the Bill will pass the Lords. Grey, it seems, thinks so, and it is the fashion to say so to-day. My opinion is unshaken that *it can't*."

* Samuel Rogers, the poet and banker.

"House of Lords, 2 o'clock, 2nd November.

"Eldon begun this morning, and it was expected he would have made a great masterly judicial summing up; instead of which, he spoke for an hour and a quarter only, and a more feeble argument for his own vote I never heard in all my life. He begun by intimating very clearly that the preamble of the Bill was to be altered, and the divorce part given up: then, without reserve or shame, he abandoned Miocci and Demont, and, in truth, all the filth of his own green bag, and all the labours of the Milan commission. Howman's evidence and the admitted fact of Bergami's sleeping on the deck under the same awning as the Queen, was his sheet anchor. . . . He said he was perfectly convinced of her guilt, and he further said that no one who had not the same opinion ought to vote for the second reading. Erskine followed, and had spoken for about three quarters of an hour, when he fainted away, and was carried out of the House; since when, that villain Lauderdale has been speaking.

"Yesterday and today have altered most materially the state of public opinion as to the fate of this diabolical Bill. The cursed rats are said to have returned most rapidly to their old quarters, and the ministerial majority is rising in the market to 40, 45 and 50. It is added, too, that the Bill is certainly to pass, and to be with us on the 23rd. I will not give my assent to any one of these reports till I have ocular proof of their being true; at the same time, with such rogues and madmen as one has to speculate upon, it is being almost mad oneself to expect anything being done that is right. . . ."

"Brooks's, evening.

"Primrose,* who is a government man, and one of the 16 Scotch Peers, made a very good speech after Lauderdale—*against* the Bill. . . . I have just been over Norfolk House with the duke, and a capital magnificent shop it is. I dined yesterday at Rogers's, with Hutchinson, Brougham, Denman, &c.: to-morrow with Foley. Seymour Bathurst has just told Lambton

* The 4th Earl of Rosebery, grandfather of the present earl.

that the Bill will not go beyond the 2nd reading. God send this may be true!

"House of Lords, 3rd Nov., ¼ past 3.

"I have not heard *all* Lord Grey's speech, being obliged to go into the City, which I am truly sorry for, as what I did hear was quite of the highest order —beautiful—magnificent—all honor and right feeling, with the most powerful argument into the bargain. There is nothing approaching this damned fellow in the kingdom, when he mounts his best horse. . . . Lord Liverpool is now answering Lord Grey, and is as bad as one would wish him to be."

"House of Lords, 4th November, 2 o'clock.

". . . I must say, since my affair with Tierney on Wednesday week his behaviour has been perfect: not so that of Young Cole,* who is now at the same table with me, and would not for the world turn his beautiful eyes towards me."

"House of Lords, 6th Nov., 2 o'clock.

". . . Lord Lansdowne finished his speech in the very first rate style . . . since then the speakers *against* the Bill have been the Duke of Somerset, Lords Enniskillen, Howard of Effingham, de Clifford, Grantham, Stafford and Calthorpe. The speakers *for* the Bill have been the Dukes of Athol and Northumberland, and Lord Grenville is now speaking on the same side; but, thank God, he comes too late. . . . Old Stafford uttered an opinion that is worth ten votes at least in the H. of Commons. He made no doubt of the Bill being lost in the H. of Commons, and that *then* there was an end of the Constitution. It never can come to the H. of Commons, by God! That little chap de Clifford is an agreeable surprise. He is such a cursed Queen-hater that we always calculated upon his being *for* the Bill. We had a most agreeable dinner yesterday at Brooks's—Fitzwilliam, Grey, Cowper, Norfolk, Jersey, Thanet, Albemarle—and, in short, 17 of *us*. Grey was all

* The Hon. James Abercromby, M.P.

good humour and gentleness, and I had great pleasure in petting him—abusing him at the same time for all his palaver with Liverpool and Eldon, particularly the latter. . . . If you could see little Barny * with me you would say it was almost *too much.* Every day at the rising of the House he comes regularly to ask me to let him walk up with me, and so we do. At other times he is equally in pursuit of me. He wants me very much to let him take me a little tour with him to shew me Arundel, &c., &c. He wants me, too, to dine with him at Dowr. 'July's' to-day, but I shall do no such thing. I dine at Ferguson's."

"Brooks's, 5 o'clock.

"All is over—that is with the 2nd reading—123 for the Bill and 95 against it—leaving a majority for the Bill of 28 only. This is fatal. Eleven Bishops voted for it, and the Archbishop of York † alone against it. I am delighted the young Duke of Richmond ‡ voted against it. The other curious persons on the same side were Lords Bath, Mansfield, Bagot, Plymouth, Amherst, Delawar, Dartmouth, Enniskillen, Egremont, Audley, &c., &c. . . ."

"House of Lords, Nov. 7, 2 o'clock.

"Our first step this morning was Lord Dacre presenting a protest from the Queen against the proceedings of yesterday. . . . This occasioned a short discussion, upon form only; excepting, indeed, another attempt from the Duke of Newcastle in favor of himself, in which, according to his practice, he distinguished himself as a d——d fool . . . and received his final castigation from Grey. . . . It is supposed the Government have not made up their minds as to what course they are to take and that to-day has been used by them merely as a jaw for time. I had a very good-humoured nod from Wellington this morning while the people in the Park were hooting him."

* The Duke of Norfolk.
† Right Rev. Edward Venables Vernon.
‡ The 5th Duke, father of the present peer.

"Brooks's, 4 o'clock, 8th Nov.

"The House has been up these two hours, a division having taken place upon the question whether the divorce clause should be part of the Bill. In favor of this 129 voted, including all our people: against it there were 53, including *every one* of the Ministers, and all the Bishops but three. Was there ever such a spectacle! . . . In ordinary times a Government would instantly abandon a measure over which they had no controul; there is an end, however, here to speculating upon men's conduct. . . . And now let me give you a little joke of mine which is very favorably received. Many of us are invited to dine at Guildhall to-morrow by *very large* cards of invitation from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; so, having procured a card of equal dimensions, I send it to Lord Kensington with this alteration only in the style and contents —'Messrs. Gog and Magog present their compts., &c., &c., and request the pleasure of his lordships' company at Guildhall to partake with them of a Baron of Beef.' . . ."

"Brooks's, Nov. 9.

". . . Castlereagh got roughly handled at Covent Garden last night; so much so, as to be obliged to decamp from the house. Erskine was greatly applauded. . . ."

"Brooks's, Nov. 10, 3 o'clock.

"*Three times three!* if you please, before you read a word further. The Bill is gone, thank God! to the devil. Their majority was brought down to 9—108 to 99; and then the dolorous Liverpool came forward and *struck.* He moved that *his own* Bill be read this day six months. You may well suppose the state we are all in. The Queen was in the House at the time, but Brougham sent her off instantly. . . . The state of the town is beyond everything. I wish to God you could see Western. He is close by my side, but has not *uttered* yet—such is his surprise."

"York Street, 11th Nov.

"I was a bad boy *for the first time* last night, and drank an extra bottle of claret with Foley, Dundas,

Western, &c., &c., in the midst of our brilliant illuminations at Brooks's: not that I was the least *screwy*, but it has made me somewhat nervous. . . . We could distinctly see there were high words between Liverpool and Eldon before the former struck his colours, and when he moved the further consideration that day six months, Eldon answered with a very distinct and audible 'Not content.' It is quite impossible any human being could have disgraced himself more than the Duke of Clarence. When his name was called in the division on the 3rd reading, he leaned over the rail of the gallery as far into the House as he could, and then halloed—'Content,' with a yell that would quite have become a savage. The Duke of York followed with his 'Content' delivered with singular propriety. . . . It must always be remembered to the credit of our hereditary aristocracy that a decided majority voted against this wicked Bill. It was the two sets of Union Peers * and these villains of the Church † that nearly destroyed for ever the character of the House of Lords. However, thank God it is no worse.

"I have said nothing to you of my City feast. . . . My attention was directed to a much more splendid object ‡—the Princess Olivia of Cumberland.§ No one can have any doubts of the royalty of *her* birth. She is the very image of our Royal family. Her person is upon the model of the Princess Elizabeth,‖

* The Representative Peers of Scotland and Ireland.

† The Bishops.

‡ Than Madame Oldi, whom he has described.

§ This remarkable woman, Olive Wilmot Serres, presented a petition to the House of Commons, 14th July, 1820, setting forth that she was the legitimate daughter of William, Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II., and claiming recognition as such. She was the daughter of a house painter in Warwick named Wilmot, and married a foreigner named Serres, by profession a painter. Her striking resemblance to the royal family seems to have convinced many persons of the truth of her story, which was totally unsupported by any valid evidence. [See *Annual Register*, vol. lxii. p. 331; and vol. xliii. p. 150.]

‖ Third daughter of George III., married in 1818 to Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg.

only at least three times her size. She wore the most brilliant rose-coloured satin gown you ever saw, with fancy shawls (more than one) flung in different forms over her shoulders, after the manner of the late Lady Hamilton. Then she had diamonds in profusion hung from every part of her head but her nose, and the whole was covered with feathers that would have done credit to any hearse. Well! after another quarter of an hour we all took the field again—the Lord Mayor at our head, and the gentle Lansdowne following with dear Miss Thorpe * under his arm. As we approached the great splendid hall, the procession halted for nearly ten minutes, which we in the rear could not comprehend. It turned out that Princess Olivia of Cumberland had made her claim as Princess of the Blood to sit at the right hand of my Lord Mayor. The worthy magistrate, however, with great spirit resisted these pretensions, and, after much altercation . . . she was compelled to retreat to another table, leaving the three Miss Thorpes the only ladies who had the honor to be surrounded by our English nobility. . . . The company assembled in the hall were nine hundred in number, ladies and gentlemen, at five tables. . . . We were marched entirely round the hall, till we arrived at the top, where a table on a slight elevation went across the hall for us guests. Western's great delight was three men in complete armour from top to toe, with immense plumes of feathers upon their helmets. They were seated in three niches in the wall over our table. . . . It was their duty to rise and wave their truncheons when the Lord Mayor rose and gave his toasts; which they did with great effect, till one of them fainted away with heat and fell out of his hole upon the heads of the people below. . . .

"It is an abominable outrage to leave the Queen till February or the end of January without addresses from the two Houses upon her coming to the Throne, and without making any pecuniary provision for her; but so it will be, for of course the Black Rod will tap at our door on the 23rd the moment the Speaker is in the chair, and thus Parliament will be prorogued

* The Lord Mayor's daughter.

before a word of complaint can be uttered on this shameful conduct. Thank God, however, whoever is Minister has a pleasant time before him. The people have learnt a great lesson from this wicked proceeding: they have learnt how to marshal and organise themselves, and they have learnt at the same time the success of their strength. Waithman, who has just called upon me, tells me that the arrangements made in every parish in and about London on this occasion are perfectly miraculous—quite new in their nature—and that they will be of eternal application in all our public affairs. . . . They say the river below bridge to-day is the most beautiful sight in the world; every vessel is covered with colors, and at the head of the tallest mast in the river is the effigy of a Bishop, 20 or 30 feet in length, with his heels uppermost, hanging from the masthead.

"I enclose a little love-letter I got from Lady Holland some days since. It was preceded by a message to the same effect a day or two before; but, as you may suppose, I have taken no notice of either." *

"Brooks's, Nov. 23, 4 o'clock.

"No! I have seen many things in my life, but, in point of atrocity, nothing equal to our proceedings of to-day in the H. of Commons. Brougham wrote a note last night both to the Speaker and Lord Castlereagh, telling them he should have a communication to make to the H. of Commons from the Queen. Castlereagh did not answer the note; but the Speaker wrote him an answer that he would take the chair at ½ past 2, provided there were members enough present to make a house. We were there, of course, in great force, and he took the chair at the time appointed; but, after swearing in two new members, and when Denman was upon his legs, just opening the Queen's communication, the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door. . . . You may suppose we all made a lusty holloa of 'Mr. Denman! Mr.

* Holland House disapproved of the activity of "the Mountain" in the Queen's defence; while Creevey and the rest of the Mountain resented bitterly the deference shown by Holland House to the King's party.

Denman!' The Speaker, however, left the chair, upon which Bennet called out with a loud voice—'This is scandalous!' As the Speaker walked down the house, followed by Castlereagh, Vansittart and a few others, we holloaed out—'Shame! shame!' that might have been heard in any part of Westminster Hall. Certainly such a scene has never occurred in the H. of Commons since Charles the 1st's time. There were 150 members present. The villains dared not shew this specimen of their low and pitiful spite in public: *the galleries were closed;* but Lambton has just given the editor of the *Traveller* an account of what passed. Canning was *not* in the House. . . . After all, there was no Speech from the Throne, quite contrary to all practices. *If there had been one,* the Speaker must have come back to report it to us; but this was the thing meant to be avoided; so, after being literally hooted out of our House, after going from the Lords he found his way the nearest road home, leaving us to find out as we could that we were actually prorogued."

END OF VOL I.

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